WEEK
ENDING
AUG. 30, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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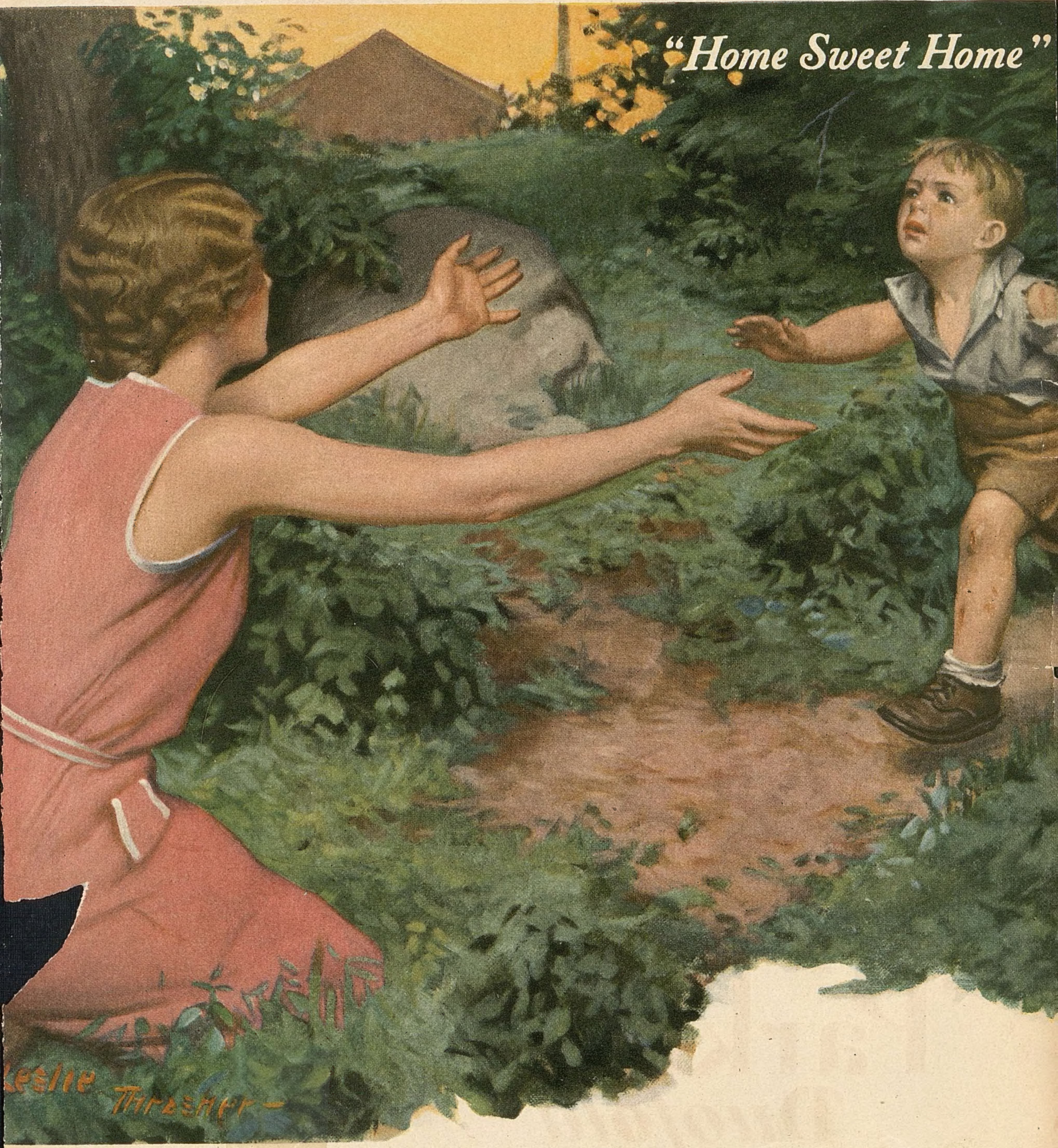

"Home Sweet Home"

Leslie Thrasher

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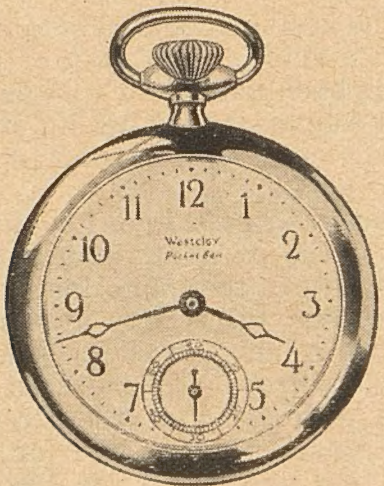

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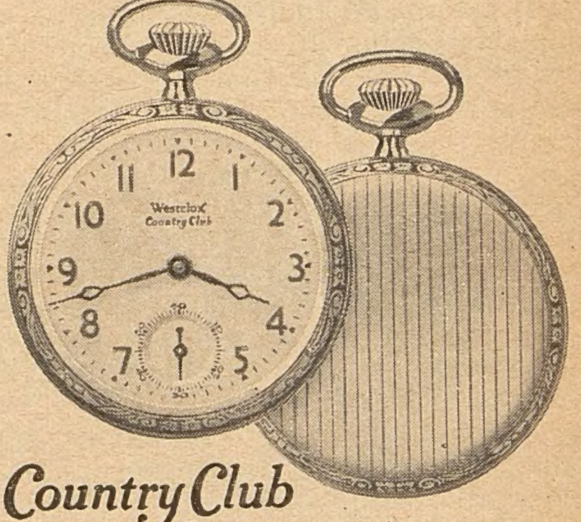

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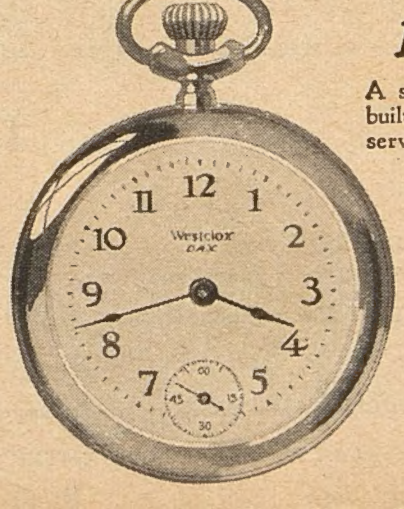

Westclox

ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

AUG. 30, 1930

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

SOMETHING ABOUT SEX

Don't be misled by this title. What we have in mind is not sex appeal but its occasional consequences—specifically, offspring.

There seems to be quite a widely accepted belief that, in heredity, it is the rule that mothers transmit their characteristics to sons and fathers to daughters. Some publicists even go so far as to call this Galton's law, and to write of it as though it were an accepted scientific dogma.

We admit that we have not read all of Sir Francis Galton's works, but we have read what various encyclopedias say of him, and we have found none which mention anything like this theory. The fact is that it is like the belief once held by Galton's cousin, Charles Darwin, that a female, once mated, always bears the imprint of that mating, so that it shows in the offspring of later matings.

Thus it was advanced by Darwin that a mare bred first to a zebra and then to a horse produced, by the second mating, colts with traces of stripes in their hides. The trouble with that is that there are traces of stripes in the offspring of mares that never saw a zebra. And the trouble with this theory and with "Galton's law" is the same—both are myths.

That mothers do not transmit their characteristics chiefly to sons, or fathers to daughters, is amply proved by Mendel's law, now accepted by scientists as the actual law of heredity. Mendel's law is hard to explain in the brief compass of this editorial, but anyone who cares to examine it can see how it upsets what folks have been referring to as "Galton's law."

Or, if you don't want to bother with Mendel's law, you can see it by simply looking around. We all know that boys take after their fathers in their looks, the shape of their craniums, and their nervous systems, as often as after their mothers.

It is a fair inference that if a boy's head is shaped like his father's, what is inside may bear a corresponding resemblance.

All this is equally true of girls. Likewise it is true that children often have characteristics of both their parents.

Of course, as far as humans are concerned, experiments in these matters have been so limited that no scientific proof can be cited. But experiments on animals have been made in laboratories, and to a great extent in farming, and this is the rule which seems to obtain: When pure bred stock—that is, stock which is unmixed as far back as can be traced—is mated with mongrel stock, the pure bred stock is prepotent.

If you mate a pure bred bull with a mongrel cow, the calf (whether male or female) shows the characteristics of the bull more than of the cow. The same thing has been shown to be true in all cases of domestic animals.

It can be assumed that this applies, at least in some degree, to humans. If a man of pure stock for many generations back marries a woman of mixed stock, it is reasonable to expect that his influence will be the more decisive on a child of that marriage, whether the child be male or female.

As a matter of fact, in our country's history we have had some of the most striking examples of the recurrence of ability in the male line of families.

We have had thirty Presidents, and one of these—John Quincy Adams—was the son of a President. In other words, three and one-third per cent of all our Presidents have been of the President's-son variety. When you consider the number of individuals on whom the lot of fate might fall for President, the fact that in one case both father and son were chosen for that office is a remarkable indication of father-to-son heredity. Such a thing could hardly happen by chance.

And the vigor of the Adams line has not waned. It continues to the present day, wherein we have, as Secretary of the Navy, a direct descendant of these same Adamses.

Again, we have had a President—Benjamin Harrison—whose grandfather was a President, and in this case the transmission of abilities evidently went through the male line, because the individual who linked together William Henry and Benjamin Harrison was not the daughter of the first and mother of the second, but the son of the first and father of the second—John Scott Harrison. And this intermediate Harrison, too, attained eminence by having a seat in Congress.

Leaving politics for the world of finance, the present J. P. Morgan, one of the most influential financiers in the world, if not the most influential, had as father and grandfather two of the most eminent financiers of their times. A like phenomenon is to be observed among the Du Ponts, who have transmitted remarkable business acumen and success from father to son through several generations. And so it goes.

It is an odd and interesting contradiction to all this that there remains one slight indication of mother-to-son inheritance. In hæmophilia—easy bleeding—which occurs almost exclusively in males, the transmission of tendencies *is* usually through the female line—from a "bleeder" through his daughters to their sons. It is the exception that proves the rule, and the only known exception.

We have dwelt on this old wives' tale at some length because it seems to be generally believed, but there is no more truth in it than in that other fantasy, that the impression of a female's first mate is transmitted to the offspring of subsequent matings.

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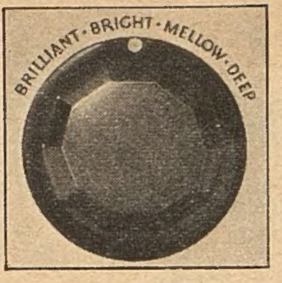

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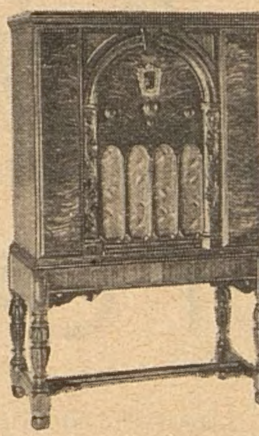

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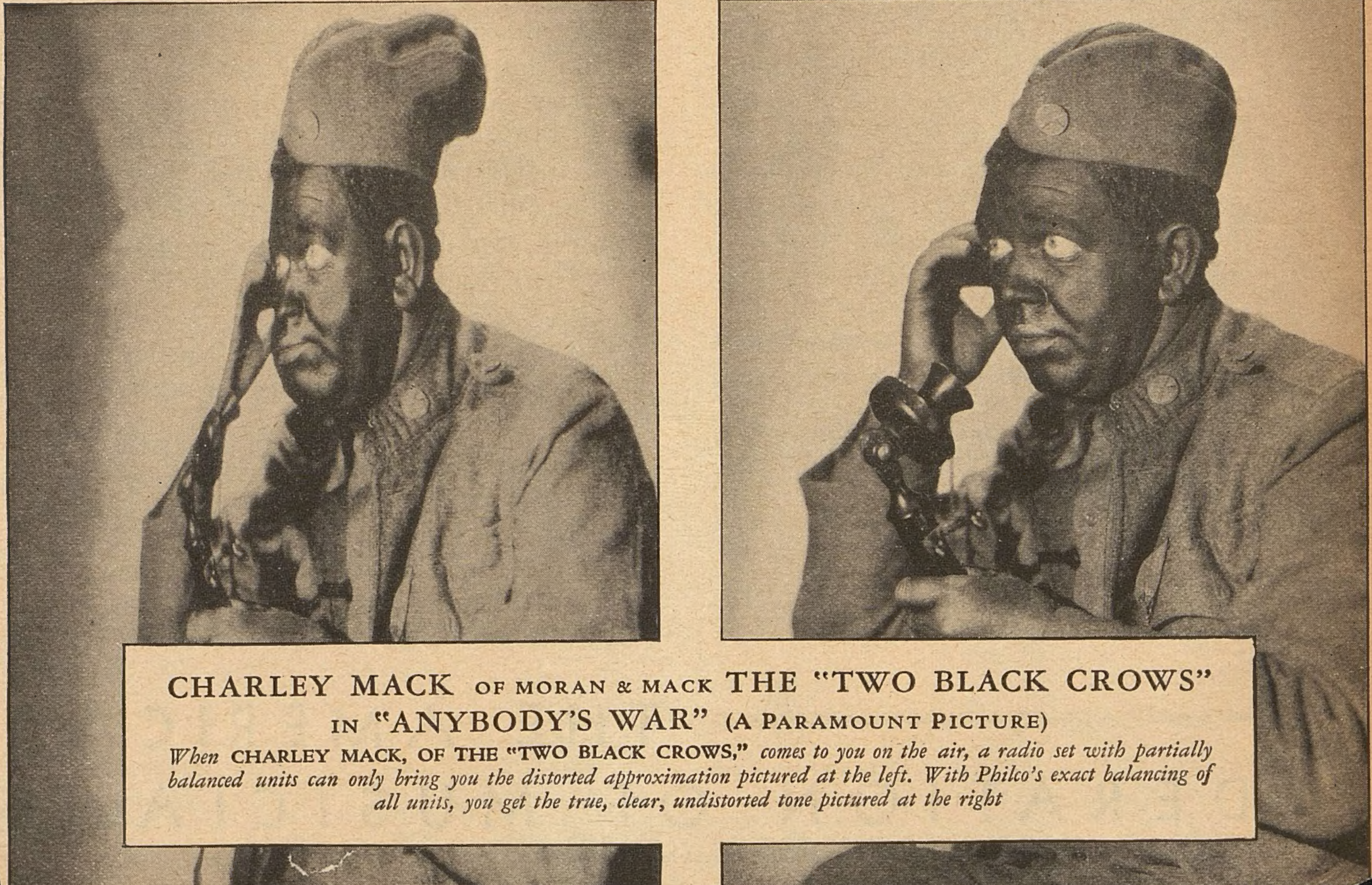

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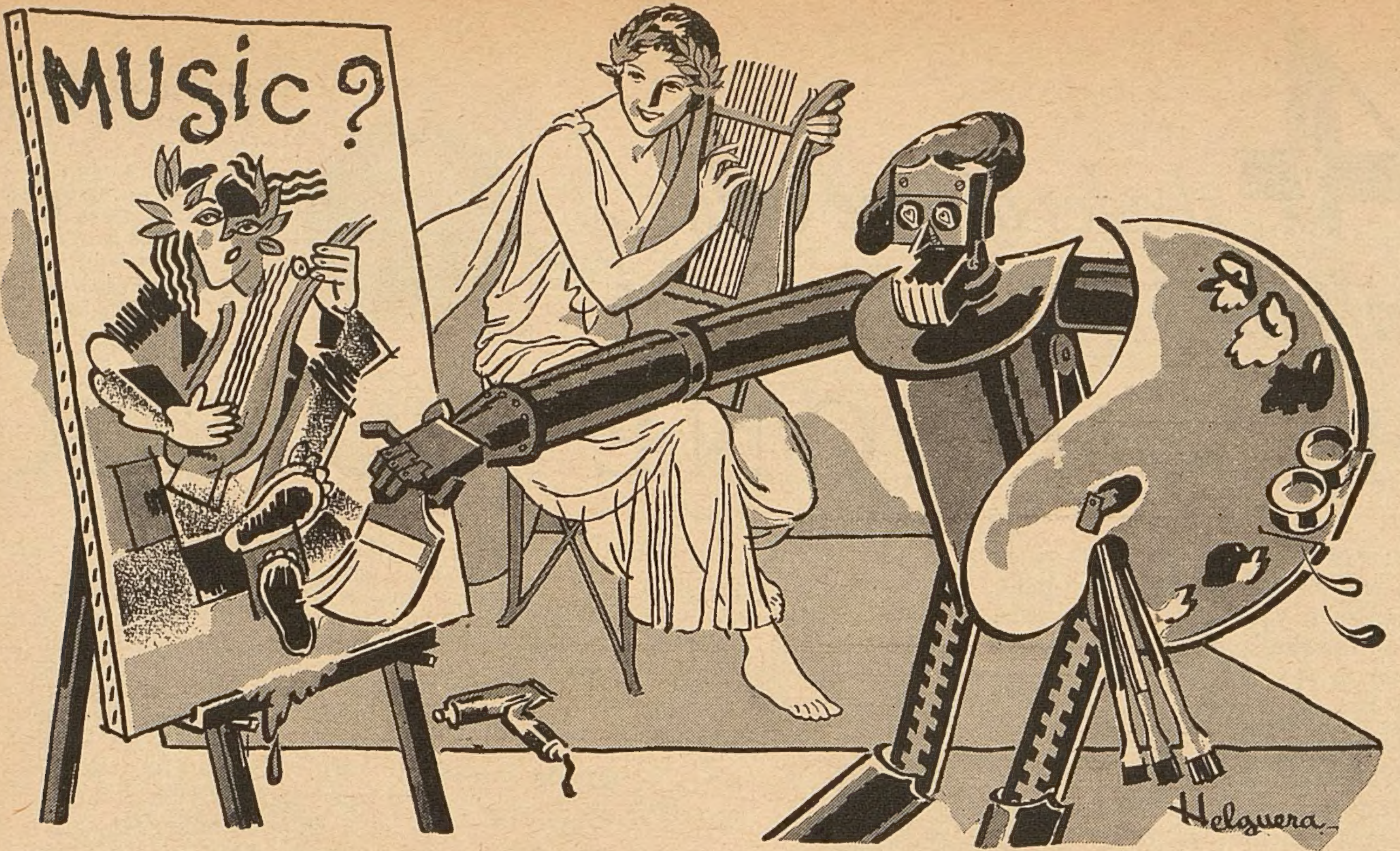

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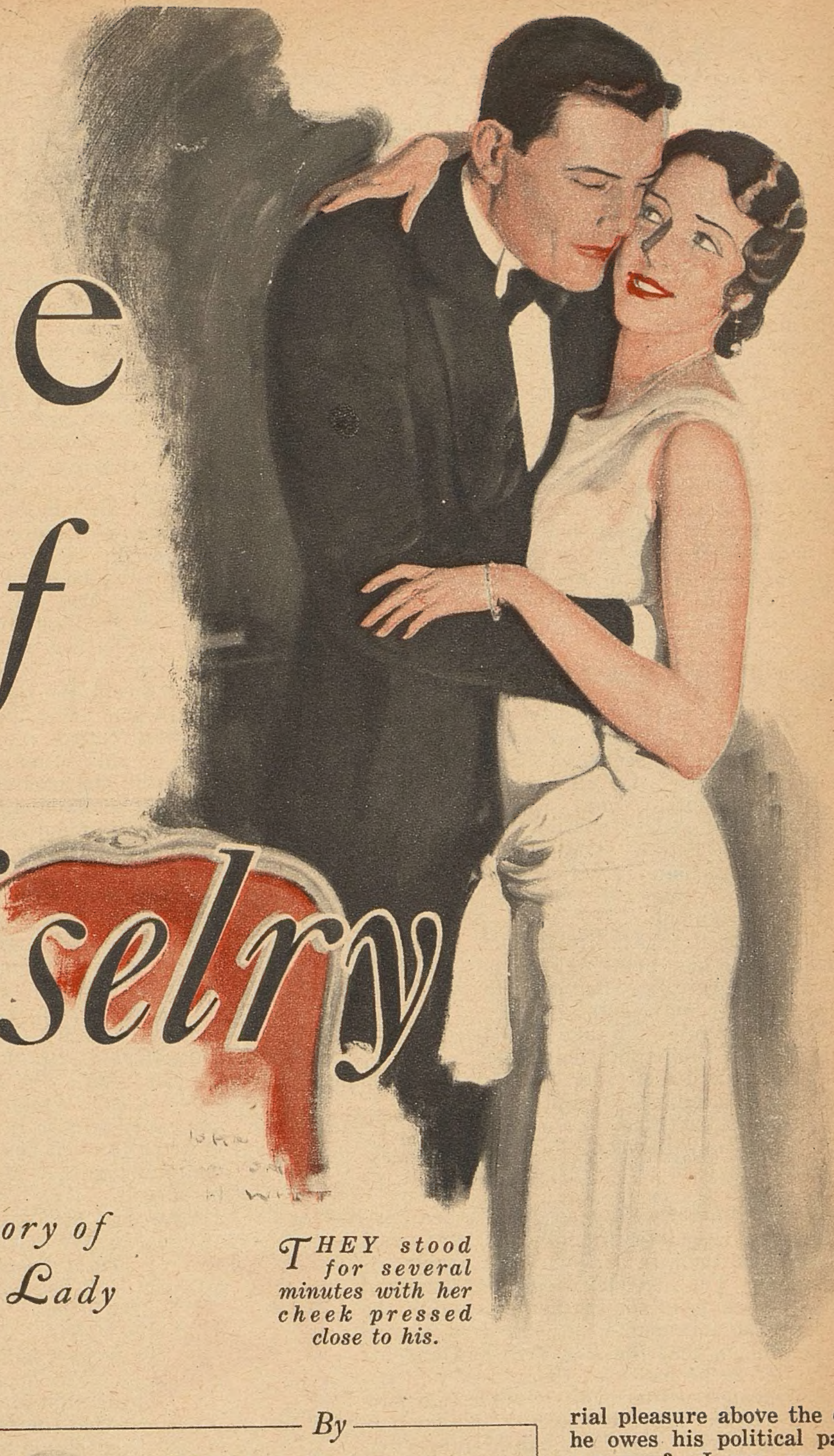
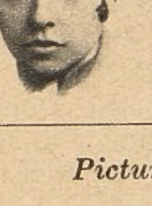
The Age of Chiselry

The Story of a Lost Lady



THEY stood for several minutes with her cheek pressed close to his.

By



VIÑA DELMAR

author of the novels "Kept" and "Bad Girl" and of short stories, many of which Liberty has published during the three years she has been writing. She is married, has a young son, and lives near New York.

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

"THEY say she isn't a bad sort," Walters said. Now that he had had his luncheon and two glasses of real beer, it didn't seem possible that she *would* be a bad sort.

Cannel grunted. He didn't like beer and this restaurant sold nothing else. "Who's ever seen her?" he demanded.

"Well—" Walters hesitated. Now that he was asked, it was difficult to recall just exactly who it was who had said that good word for Daisy Dawson. "Well," he repeated, "the Big Shot's seen her." He laughed then.

Cannel didn't laugh. "Yes," he said, "the Big Shot's seen her." He puffed for a moment on his fifty-cent cigar, then asked, "I can't figure a man putting material pleasure above the duty he owes his political party, can you? I say, can you, Walters?"

Walters shook his head. "All men play about a bit," he said tolerantly, "but it should and hitherto always has been done with good taste."

"Exactly," Cannel agreed. "There was Higby, now. He was no angel, but there never was any one woman with him." Cannel paused a moment, then added, "That's where the danger lies."

He made his last observation with such elaborate emphasis that Walters thought that some startling new thought had just occurred to him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE AGE OF CHISELRY
Continued from page seven

“Where?” he asked innocently.

Cannel scowled. “In having one woman, of course.”

“Oh,” said Walters.

“It's an out and out scandal. Half the people in the city know about it. He's well liked though.”

“I like him myself,” Walters said.

“Um!” said Cannel. “I liked him until I tried to discuss that woman with him. He said he wanted Daisy Dawson more than he wanted the damn' job. It's a fine situation.”

“We could drop him,” Walters suggested.

“My dear boy, that's out of the question. He's the only man we have who stands a chance of beating Rapham. How'd we look, putting a man like Lotley up against Rapham?”

“Don't you think the Big Shot's liked well enough for this gossip to perhaps be discredited?”

“Nobody discredits gossip that involves a pretty girl. It's too interesting. It's the respectable element that scares me. They won't stand for Daisy Dawson. If we could get him to drop her now, there'd be time enough before election to dismiss her as malicious gossip, but, hell, man, there she is, with the Big Shot's visits to her growing more frequent and prolonged.”

Walters said, “Well, we either have to run Lotley with his spotted past or the Big Shot with his spotted present. Which will it be?”

Cannel irritably banged his fist upon the table. “It'll be the Big Shot,” he said, “with a virtuous present. That girl's got to be ousted. I'm going to see his wife about it. She's a sensible woman and certainly she won't let the privileges and services that she gets in her present position slip away. I'll get her to talk to him.”

“Wait a minute, Cannel. Do you mean that you'd tell his wife about Daisy Dawson?”

“Why, she knows. Didn't he say, ‘You gentlemen mind far more than my wife does’?”

“Yes, but it seems a dirty trick, just the same. Maybe he was only bluffing.”

“You fight dirt with dirt, my boy. Could anything be dirtier than a man bringing a woman like Daisy Dawson into his own fair city, flaunting her in the faces of his wife and his constituents?”

“Wait a minute. I'll take that speech down and sell it to Rapham's campaign committee.”

“You think it's all very funny. You'll change your mind when Rapham's in and you're out.”

Walters said nothing for a moment, then: “Maybe we could buy Daisy Dawson off.” And his tone now was serious enough to please even Cannel.

THE Big Shot's wife consented to see her husband's political associates the following afternoon. She received them in her own comfortable sitting room. The lustrous rugs upon floor and walls, the beauty of the furnishings and of the incidental appointments, all served to remind the gentlemen that the Big Shot had had his money before he had ever thought of politics.

Their hostess waited politely while they surveyed the room. She did, however, indulge herself to the extent of a little counter-surveying. Cannel's cadaverous face had always fascinated her. Walters she had not met before, but she felt certain that no harmful thought could exist behind that round pink face.

Walters was aware that he was grinning idiotically at the Big Shot's wife. He had seen her before, but never this intimately. A fine-looking woman, but fortyish. At a distance she looked only thirty, thanks to an extremely nonpartisan mop of auburn hair.

Cannel began by saying that it was a fine day. Walters felt that he could have done that well himself, but Cannel recaptured the wavering adherent by a masterful thrust.

“Madam, in this room stands—including your gracious self—three admirers of that man.” Here Cannel waved an arm in the direction of the Big Shot's photograph, which stood on the table. “Is he not a prince among men? Is he not the idol of every woman in the city?”

“No,” responded the lady, “he is not.”

Cannel looked annoyed and distinctly taken aback.

The lady went on. “That round brass thing beside you is a clock, Mr. Cannel, not a microphone. We can dispense with the business of my husband's good qualities. Especially since it's his bad qualities you came here to talk about.”

Cannel laughed hollowly. “You are a lady after my own heart,” he said. “You desire plain speech, and at once, eh? Well, we have come to ask that you use your influence in the matter of the coming election.”

“I haven't any,” she said. “Now look! I'll say ‘Daisy Dawson.’ Now that her name's been mentioned you can proceed more swiftly.”

“MY dear lady, it was not my intention to touch upon anything that would offend you. But since you have seen fit to mention Miss Dawson, I will voice a thought or two that has been on my mind concerning her. She will ruin your husband's political career if you are not careful. Do you know that he has the ability to go far? Perhaps he could even be President some day if things went well. To me an even greater satisfaction than his being President would be the sight of you as first lady of the land. You will pardon the intimate note, but first ladies of the land are so rarely beautiful that it would be ‘Hyacinths for the soul,’ as the poets say, to see you gracing—”

“I accept the nomination. Do get on, Mr. Cannel.”

“In short, for the good of the party, for his future, for *your* future, madam, will you urge your husband to give up this woman?”

“I will not even mention it to him.” Her answer was as swift and sharp as lightning. “Do you suppose for a petty, unimportant organization, which any political party is, that I'd debase myself to that extent? If I loved him madly, I would not make that request, but for you with your filthy flattery and chicanery I'm supposed to do it, eh? If Rapham wins the election you'll lose your jobs and your contracts, won't you? Rapham's friends will have them then. To prevent this catastrophe from occurring I'm to humble myself. Go to hell, all of you!”

The gentlemen withdrew. They did not speak until they were in Mr. Cannel's limousine. Then Mr. Cannel himself said, “In some ways I think she's worse than the Big Shot. She sure handed it to us.”

“Not *us*,” Walters protested. “She was looking at you every minute that she spoke.” . . .

After the bell had been rung, Walters suffered a momentary panic. “My God!” he said, “the Big Shot will be sore.”

“Let him be,” said Cannel virtuously. “I can stand a few hard words when I know I am doing the right thing.”

“The Big Shot won't be here by any chance, will he?” asked Walters nervously.

“No,” Cannel assured him. “There's that school dedication.”

The door was opened by a pale tan girl dressed in coral-colored shantung. It was only what the gentlemen expected. The maids of respectable women wore black or white.

“Miss Dawson, please,” demanded Cannel.

“Whom shall I say, sir?”

“Tell her three gentlemen on important business.”

“I'll have to have the name, sir.”

“Tell her the name is Cannel.”

“Will she know you, sir, just by that name?”

“My God! Don't you?”

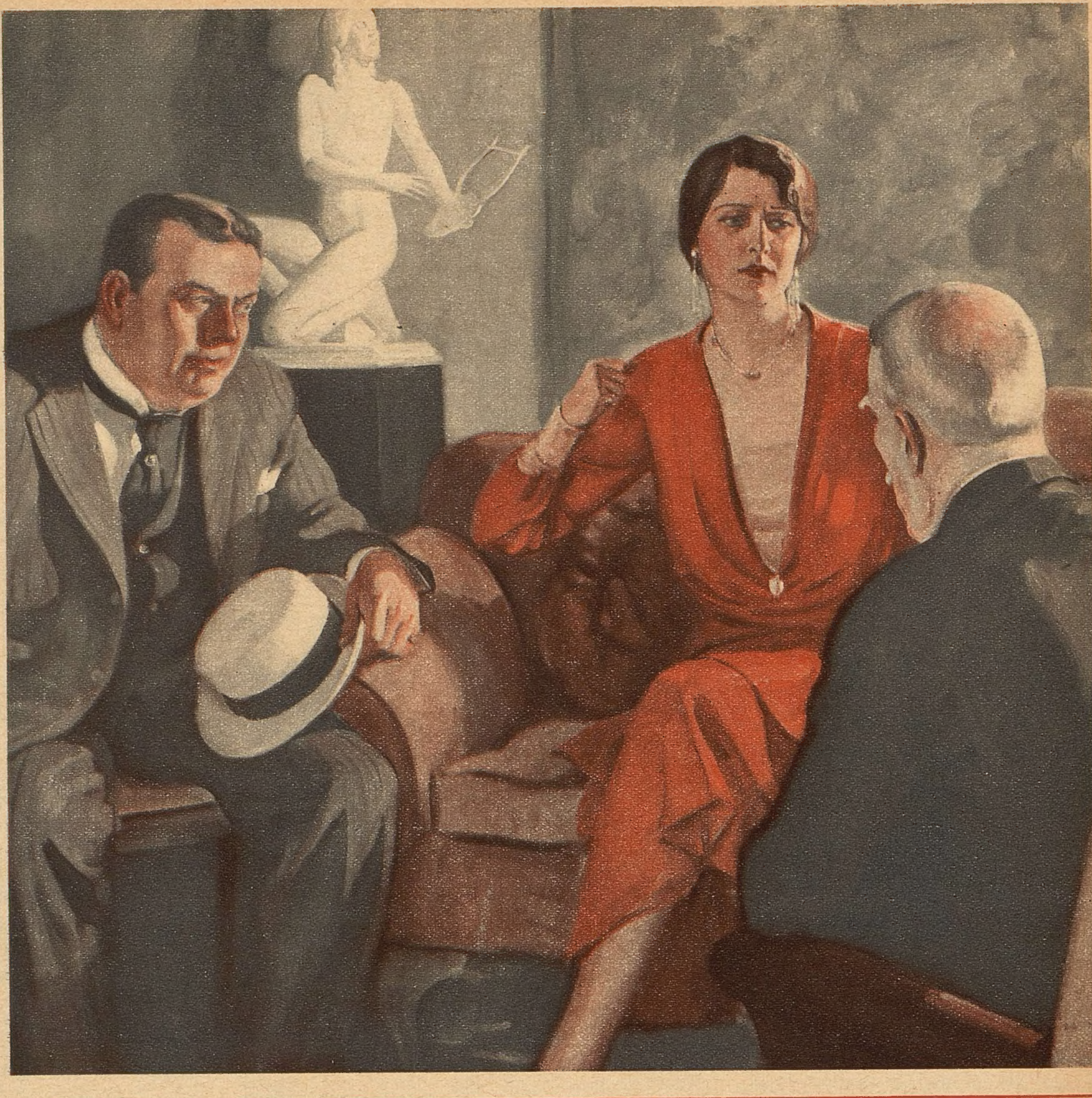
“No, sir. I'm sorry I don't.”

“Well, she will. Run along now and tell her.”

“Yes, sir.”

The gentlemen advanced into the living room and made themselves comfortable. A cheerful room with solid, simple furnishings. Not crowded like the living room of the Big Shot's wife, yet giving off the same unmistakable odor of big money.

The Messrs. Walters and Cannel had augmented their forces on this occasion with Whitey Link. They got no



Her answer was as swift as lightning. " Do you suppose for a petty organization, which any political party is, that I'd debase myself to that extent? "

pleasure out of his company, but they felt that Whitey ought to have Miss Dawson's face in his mind for future reference. He was a slim, mild-eyed chap with a good memory, an absolute fetish for not telling the truth, and a reputation for general all-around disloyalty. He was open for any kind of job, providing he'd be paid for it, and was, therefore, a handy man to have about. During the times that Messrs. Cannel and Walters felt it necessary to associate with Whitey, they tried to put from their minds the seven years Whitey had served in the big house for a little plain and fancy forging. Whitey walked about, examining the drapes and the few pictures. He opened a humidor and helped himself to a cigar.

WALTERS said, " For God's sake, put that cigar back, Whitey, and sit down. Where do you think you are—in a public house? "

Whitey settled himself comfortably on the divan and lit the cigar. " Say, I can't afford this brand on my stipend," he said. " Besides, you can't have any respect for a house like this, can you? It's just a—"

There was a sudden sound of light, fleet steps on the stairs. Three pairs of eyes turned to the doorway, and Daisy Dawson came into the room. She scanned the three faces, then walked to Cannel.

" You're Mr. Cannel," she said.

" Yes. Won't you sit down, Miss Dawson, and give us a few minutes of your valuable time? "

" Why, yes." She sat down and looked inquiringly at Mr. Cannel.

" You're not the girl I expected you to be, Miss Dawson. If you will permit the personal note to enter, I will tell you that you are a glorious surprise to me."

Her expression did not change. She continued to regard him with deep blue, questioning eyes.

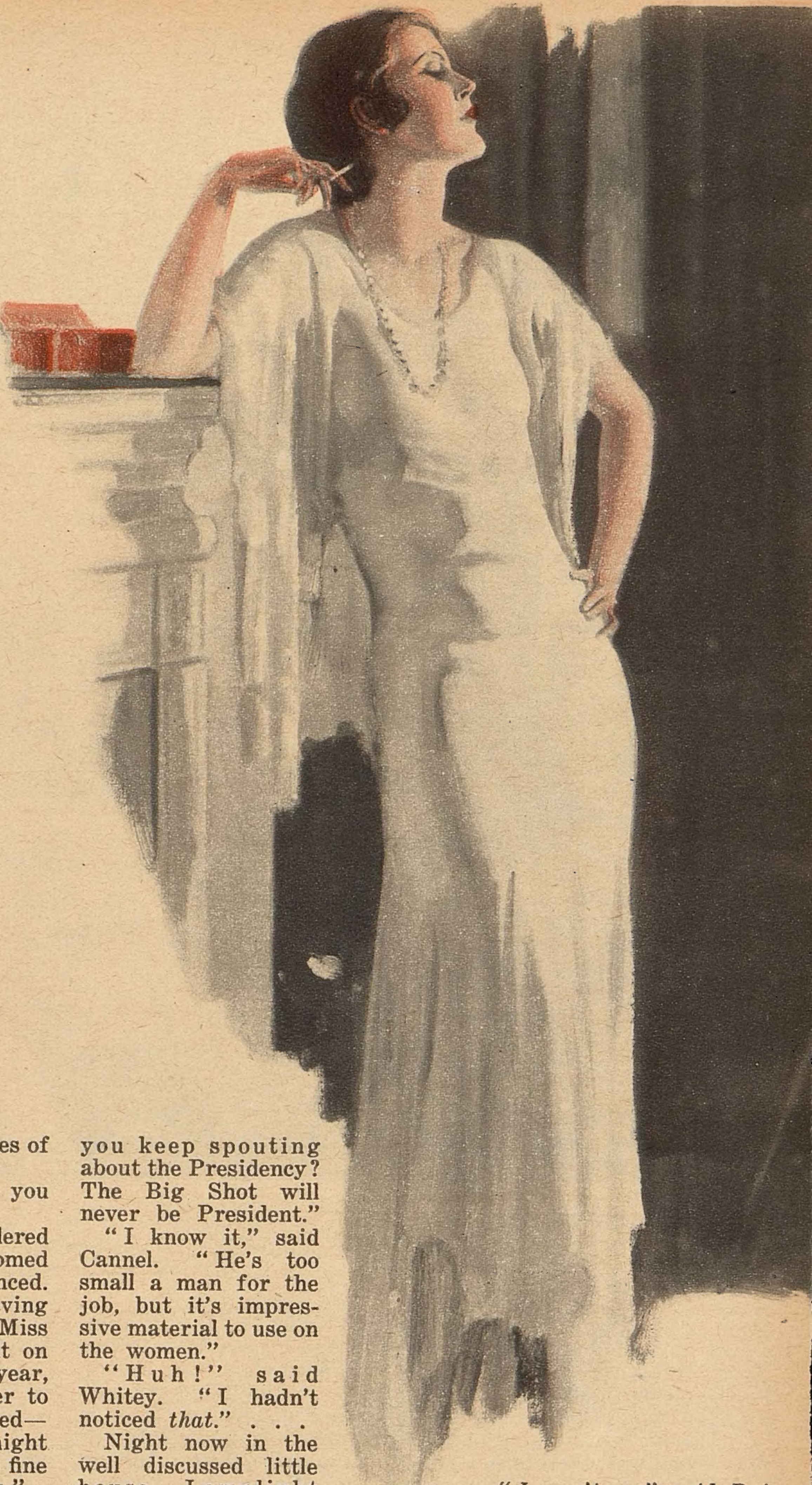
" Women who place themselves in the position in which you have placed yourself generally do so because they care nothing for honor and have not the intelligence to know that an individual or a political party whose foundations are not solidly based upon honor must perish in ignominy."

Walters thought that something red flashed in Daisy Dawson's eyes.

" Permit me, Miss Dawson, to present Mr. Walters and Mr. Link, who are, I am certain, charmed with your in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE AGE OF CHISELRY
Continued from page nine



"I won't go," said Daisy.

telligent and cheerful face, even as I am. These gentlemen join you and me in our heartfelt desire to see a certain man advance so far in the hearts of our fellow citizens that of necessity they will bestow upon him in time the greatest honor which this country can bestow. I refer, Miss Dawson, to the Presidency of the United States."

The girl stirred in her chair, and Cannel proceeded in a chiding tone: "Ah, you doubt his ability."

"I don't," she contradicted. "I doubt that he wants to be President."

"Of course he doesn't. Not at the moment. He is too modest to even dream of such eminence. And he is too young. For the moment he is content to fill the minor position which the country offers. But now, my dear, we come to the human element, which is always difficult. Something pleasant, beautiful, but yet dangerous."

"Here's where I come in," Daisy interrupted. She arose and got herself a cigarette from the mantel shelf. The political gentlemen observed now that she was tall and straight and carried herself with an easy grace.

Cannel started to speak again, but Daisy was too quick for him. "Just what do you want me to do? Step out of the way? Am I so big that I'm blocking your vision of the White House?"

"You are," Cannel said gravely. "If your name gets mixed up in the forthcoming election you have ruined a man's life. We gentlemen here assembled love that man like a brother. We want to see him sit in the high place for which he was destined."

"Surrounded by a bunch of chiselers," she added.

"Chiselers?" asked Cannel. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, let's be ourselves. You know what a chiseler is."

"I know," said Whitey. "It's a girl who gets everything she can out of a man."

"Well, yes," said Daisy. "It can mean that, or a politician who gets everything he can out of the people. But let's not get personal."

CANNEL smiled his rare, frosty smile. "In the new knowledge which I have just gained I see that we gentlemen have come to you today in the rôles of chiselers."

Daisy Dawson took a step forward. "What do you mean?"

"We are not brutes," Cannel said. His eyes wandered about the living room. "We see that you are accustomed to fine things. We do not want you to be inconvenienced. Every young woman wishes to see Paris, and, once having seen Paris, her dearest wish is to live there. That, Miss Dawson, is our offer to you. Paris, an apartment on the Champs Elysées, with expenses paid for one year, providing"—here Cannel raised a reproving finger to check the girlish enthusiasm which he anticipated—"providing you are packed and out of this house tonight and have left no messages behind. You could make fine contacts there and undoubtedly a splendid marriage."

"I won't go," said Daisy. "You're a bunch of swine, but being politicians there is no use calling you names. You're used to that. All I can say is that I won't go."

"Not under any circumstances?"

"Not under any circumstances."

The gentlemen arose in silence and paraded to the door. Daisy stood in the center of the living room and watched her cigarette burn toward her fingers. Whitey Link saw that she was not watching so he snatched another cigar from the humidor as he passed it.

Mr. Cannel paused in the doorway. "You may change your mind," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked breathlessly.

But the gentlemen had closed the door.

Back in Cannel's limousine Walters asked, "Why do you keep spouting about the Presidency? The Big Shot will never be President."

"I know it," said Cannel. "He's too small a man for the job, but it's impressive material to use on the women."

"Huh!" said Whitey. "I hadn't noticed *that*." . . .

Night now in the well discussed little house. Lamplight poured its warm radiance upon the living room, and Daisy Dawson stood gazing intently upon a familiar face.

"They said," she murmured, "that if I stayed your life would be ruined."

"Oh, the fools! Cannel told me that he had been here. He wanted to beat you to telling me."

"I called them chiselers," she laughed. "Are they?"

"And how!" he sighed. "I don't trust anybody alive except you and my wife and Holty." He looked admiringly toward the sun parlor where Holty, who accompanied the Big Shot on all his visits, dozed pleasantly.

"And sometimes you have your doubts about me," Daisy admonished.

"I used to have," he admitted, "but not any more. It's only natural, darling, that a man who is always good-time Charlie for a bunch of chiselers would suspect that you were too good to be true."

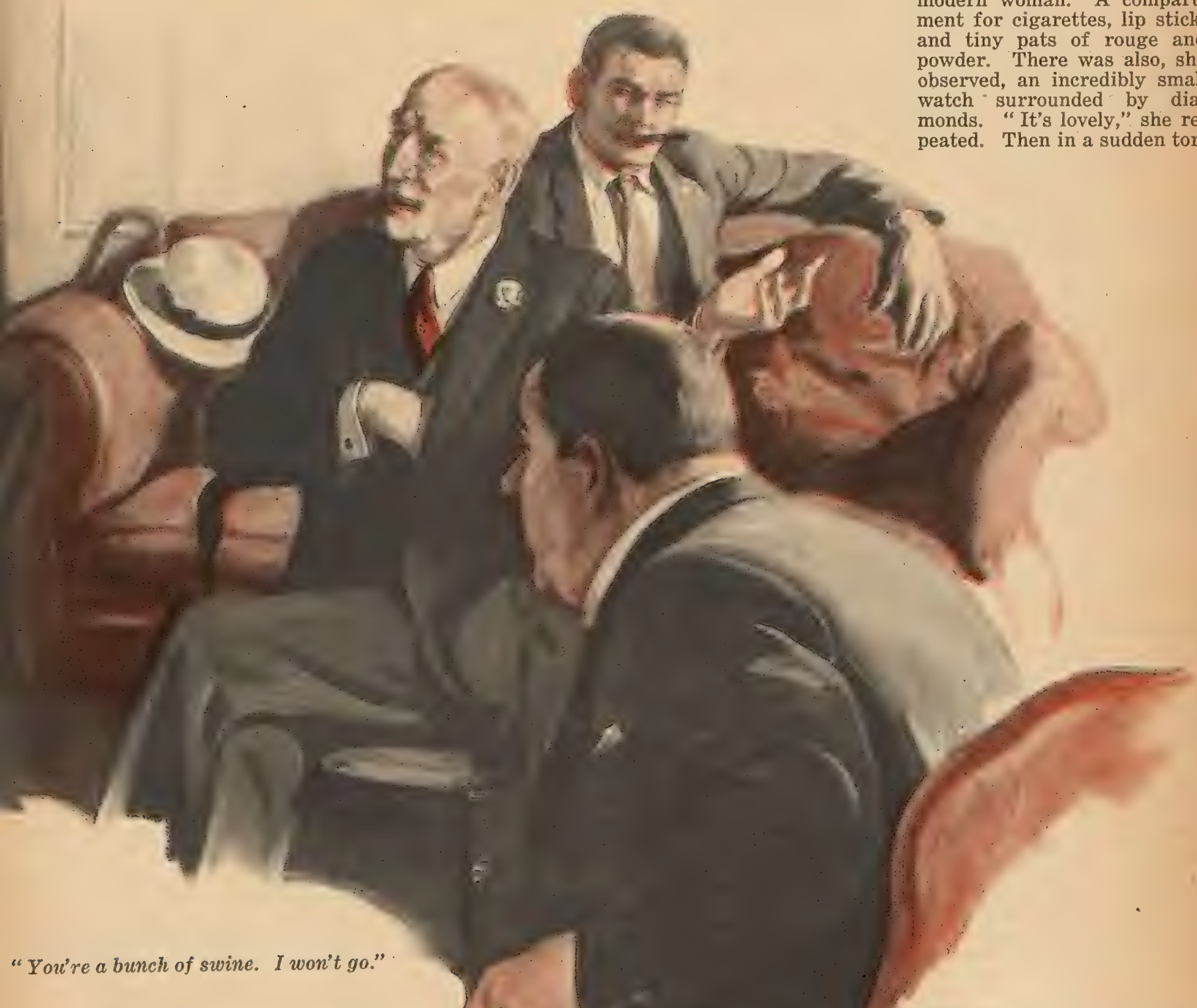
His eyes lingered adoringly upon her lovely face. "All they want of me," he continued, "is to use me. If I was a panhandler tomorrow, only you and Holty would stick to me—and my wife if she thought I wanted her."

"She must be nice," Daisy said.

"She is. We're good friends. She handed Cannel plenty when he wanted her to play jealous wife for the sake of my future."

"But the main thing, dear," Daisy pursued, "is what am I to do? I want to do what you think best. Shall I go?"

"No! Oh, no!" He walked to her swiftly and took her in his arms. They stood so for several minutes with her soft, faintly perfumed cheek pressed close to his. Presently he drew away and said, "I told them I didn't give a hang for the job. I told them I'd let them put me up again only if I could have you too. It's an accommodation to them. I'm not throwing myself bouquets, but Lotley hasn't a chance. If I don't run they'll all be bidding legitimately on contracts next year. Can you imagine Cannel doing anything legitimate?"



"You're a bunch of swine. I won't go."

He and Daisy giggled childishly. Their laughter died a sudden death as he consulted his watch. "Oh, Lord!" he said. "I'll have to go."

She clutched his arm suddenly. The wave of terror which she had suppressed all day now threatened to engulf her. She bit her lip to keep back a cowardly, unreasonable request for him to linger. Or if he could only leave Holty there. But no! To suggest that would be to foolishly bring lines of worry to the beloved face.

He misread the expression in her eyes. He saw only her usual reluctance to let him depart.

"Listen, sweet. I have something for you," he said. "I saved it for just this minute when you would be feeling sad. Look."

He produced a white-velvet jeweler's case and snapped the little pearl button.

"Oh, it's lovely, dear!" She lifted from its downy bed a platinum case that supplied many needs of the modern woman. A compartment for cigarettes, lip stick, and tiny pats of rouge and powder. There was also, she observed, an incredibly small watch surrounded by diamonds. "It's lovely," she repeated. Then in a sudden torrent of words she plunged on: "Listen, dear! Every time I go out I'll take it with me. Do you understand? Every single time I go out I'll take it with me."

"Oh, it's only a novelty. You don't have to carry it always."

"Listen to me," she entreated. "I'm going to keep it in the desk drawer. Here. Do you see? Only you and I will know it's there. Nobody else. If you ever come here and find me out and you don't know where I am, then

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE AGE OF CHISELRY
Continued from page eleven

look in this drawer. If the case is gone I've gone out of my own accord and I'm safe. But, darling, if you look and the case is there, you'll know I went against my will, and then, for God's sake, start looking for me."

"Daisy, what are you talking about?"

She laughed reassuringly. "I mean I like it so much that only a strong-arm squad could force me to go without my lovely case."

"Oh! You funny child. Come on, Holty. Time to get moving."

Holty arose and stretched. "Yep. We got to show ourselves to the Bigger and Better Bankers' Association."

"No kidding?" the Big Shot asked. "Is that where we're going? Why, I thought it was the Lithuanian-Americans' banquet. Oh, heck, this is a snap! We'll be back then, Daisy. Will you be in all evening?"

"Yes."

"Well, Holty will give you a ring to let you know positively. Good-by, dear." He dropped a light kiss on her cheek, but she clung to him and kissed him on the lips.

"Good-by, darling," she said.

Then she watched him pass through the door followed by the reassuring bulk of Holty.

"Oh, I'm a silly fool," she thought. "And how I've always hated nervous women." . . .

The Big Shot was mentally wording what he would say to the president of the Bankers' Association in parting, when a waiter timidly brought him a message. The Big Shot read, "Am in booth trying to get number, but there is no answer. Shall I keep ringing, or do you think your friends have retired for the night?"

The Big Shot went hurriedly to the line of booths on the mezzanine floor. Afterwards he remembered that he never did make a proper farewell speech to the president of the Bankers' Association.

Wild-eyed and suddenly unaccountably shaken, he ran down the length of booths searching for Holty. It was silly. The operator was probably ringing the wrong number. But, God, suppose she wasn't? Daisy always waited if there was a chance in a million that he'd phone, and she never went to bed early.

HE found Holty in the last booth. "They don't answer, boss," Holty said.

"Did you get my regular night operator?"

"Yes, boss."

"Well, come on, Holty. We're leaving. Maybe Daisy's ill or something."

Holty did not point out the rather obvious fact that that would not keep Daisy's maid from answering a phone that had been ringing for a half hour.

They hurried into the car. "The brick house," Holty said to the chauffeur. "And step on it," added the Big Shot.

Through the city they rolled, doing seventy-five. The police smiled and saluted as they passed, people stared, and the chauffeur kept his hand on the horn. The Big Shot's car is coming. Pull over there, you damn' tin can. Don't you know the Big Shot's car when you see it? Wonder where he's going in such a rush. Gee, pretty soft to have his job. There ain't a person in town would dare do anything he didn't want done. Gee, he's a big shot all right.

In the car the Big Shot was sitting tense and thoughtful. Holty gave him a cigarette and said, "Calm down, boss. No use borrowing trouble. What's eating you so?"

"I don't know, Holty. I feel sick. I got a rotten sinking sensation. She's never gone out when there was a possibility that we'd be back."

Holty said nothing. He was sick himself. He kept remembering the piece of news that had been slipped to him in the hotel lobby. Surely it couldn't have anything to do with Daisy. Still, Holty wished he'd been able to get a description of the girl. He glanced sidewise at the Big Shot. No use giving him that awful idea to fool with till after they'd seen the brick house. The Big Shot was worrying plenty as it was. Holty wondered if there was such a thing as mental telepathy. Had he unconsciously shared his horror with the Big Shot? Dutifully Holty tried to convince himself that Daisy would meet them at the door as she had done on so many other nights.

The brick house at last. The Big Shot's eyes wandered swiftly over it. "Not a light," he whispered painfully. His throat was dry and aching and he felt a strange, uncomfortable throbbing in his temples. "God, Holty!" he said. "I never noticed before what a little house it is and how helpless it looks."

He produced his key and the door swung open before them. Holty switched on a light. The Big Shot called, "Daisy." Then louder, "Daisy!" He ran from room to room like a frightened child left alone. "Daisy!" The panic in his voice touched Holty's strangely soft heart.

"I'll look upstairs, boss." But the Big Shot, unhearing, passed him on the stairs.

From room to room again. "Daisy! Daisy!"

Everything was in perfect order. Holty looked for signs of a scuffle, but there was none. He left the Big Shot on the second floor and ascended to the maid's quarters. The little cubicle was empty. He opened the closet. Empty, too. He returned to the second floor and entered Daisy's room. He flung open her closet door. The faint, tantalizing sweetness of her perfume floated out to him from the frocks which were hanging there. He shut the door swiftly and looked to see if the Big Shot had observed his action.

"LISTEN, boss." Holty choked and looked away as he spoke. "I think we'd better look for Daisy. Now, when a person disappears, the people who want to find them look everywhere, see? They don't anticipate bad news, but they look everywhere just to be sure, see?"

"What are you thinking, Holty? Say it. I can stand it."

"Well, just before you came down to the phone booth tonight, that cop, Farrell—you know him—came up to me. I passed the time of day with him and asked him what was new. And he said that an unidentified girl had been flung from a car."

"Oh, God! Did he say what she looked like?"

"No. He didn't know. She's in the morgue. Now, I know there isn't a chance that it was Daisy, but, like I was saying, people have to look everywhere when someone disappears."

"Don't kid me, Holty. Why should Farrell have picked you out to tell it to?"

"Because I asked for news."

"Well, come on. We'll go down there."

There was no word spoken between them as the big car made its swift way to its gloomy destination.

"You wait here, boss," Holty entreated. "Let me go in."

"No." The Big Shot's face was stern and his voice steady. "This is once I wouldn't trust you, Holty."

They were back in the car before five minutes had passed. The girl was not Daisy.

"Poor little kid," the Big Shot said. "I hope they get the guy who did that." He sighed. "Oh, God, where is Daisy?"

"Where'll we go now, boss?" Holty asked gently.

"Back to the brick house. We'll call up from there and get everybody out looking for her."

"Yes, boss."

"We'll call Cannel, too. He may know something about this."

Cannel was not home. He was at a concert. The Big Shot had him located and sent the message that he wanted Cannel immediately at the brick house.

Cannel came, looking more lean and gray than ever in his full-dress clothes. He peered up into the Big Shot's white face.

"What's all the excitement?" he asked.

"Daisy Dawson has disappeared," the Big Shot told him. "Do you know anything about it?"

"Plenty."

"Well, where has she gone?"

"That I couldn't say." Cannel seated himself with maddening deliberation and lit a cigar.

"Come on, Cannel, tell me. I've been through hell."

"My dear boy, first you must know that what I have done was prompted by my feeling for you. You will say that it was for myself, but it is ever a young man's way to suspect a friend who does what is necessary but unpleasant. As children we hated our mothers when we were refused an extra piece of candy."

"Where is Daisy, Cannel?"

"I am coming to that. I have long believed her a mercenary little vixen. That is why I dared come here this afternoon and make the proposition of which she no doubt told you. She refused, and I was delighted. I thought, 'She is really a woman who cannot be bought. She actually loves him.' Then, because an old man has learned to doubt the existence of woman's honesty, I thought the matter over again when I had left her. I thought that perhaps I had not offered her enough."

"You would think that."

Cannel raised a silencing finger. "I returned here this evening and found that I was right. She was willing to bargain when she found that I could do better than my earlier proposition."

"You lie!"

"No, I wish I did. It would be nice to think there was a true love in existence. She agreed to go at once for seventy-five thousand dollars. I had brought a hundred thousand in cash. I was prepared to go that high, but her cupidity dulled the keenness of her business sense. She took the seventy-five thousand and departed. You have probably observed that most of her clothes remain here. She had to travel with only her suitcases. Her maid had but clothing enough for one bag, but Miss Dawson took three. You will find that she took only the most valuable things in her wardrobe—her fur coat and things like that. She was hurried, poor thing, and had to travel lightly, otherwise I am certain that she would have taken everything. She took her jewel case with contents and other valuable articles that required little space. She also selected an escort."

The Big Shot swayed slightly and closed his eyes. "You are a liar," he said, but now his tone lacked conviction and his expression hope.

Mr. Cannel touched him gently on the arm. "My boy," he said, "Malcolm Hertzberg was her lover once, wasn't he?"

"No," said the Big Shot. "He wasn't. He loved her, but she couldn't stand him. Not that it's any of your business."

"Well, this is your business." Mr. Cannel produced an envelope which he handed to the Big Shot. The Big Shot tore it open and read the inclosed note. He handed it to Holty then and sat down weakly.

> I have gone away. You will think this is dreadful because my choice is what he is, but a gambler's wife is at least a wife. And I love him. I write this note at Mr. Cannel's request. He does not want you to worry about me. I beleive we will be started for Buenos Aires by the time you read this. Good luck and thanks for everything. Sincerely, Daisy.

MR. CANNEL peered at the note. "I gathered from her remarks," he said, "that Malcolm Hertzberg was the fellow she meant, especially considering her past relations with him."

"There were none," the Big Shot blazed.

Mr. Cannel ignored him. "And," he added, "we all know that Malcolm started for South America tonight."

"I can hardly believe this." The Big Shot's voice was little more than a moan.

"It's her writing, isn't it?" Mr. Cannel demanded.

The Big Shot nodded and rose to his feet. "Somebody get me home, will you? I'm as sick as a dog."

"Let me take you," Mr. Cannel offered. The Big Shot turned pleading eyes upon Holty, but for once Holty failed him. And Cannel led the Big Shot from the little brick house.

Holty stayed behind. He heard the Big Shot give an order at the door about calling off the search. He heard the door of the car slam and the purr of the motor. He walked swiftly then to Daisy's desk and opened the drawer. The case would be there if she had been forced to go. The Big Shot hadn't thought of this, but Holty remembered the high-pitched words that had penetrated his doze early in the evening. But the bag was gone. That meant seventy-five thousand dollars and Malcolm Hertzberg and Buenos Aires.

Holty walked back to the table upon which the note lay. He picked it up and read it again. He noticed that the line about Mr. Cannel's request seemed pretty much dragged in and unnecessary. Suddenly Holty whistled and walked to the sun parlor, where he had noticed a dictionary. Quickly he ran through the pages. Yes, the word "believe" was spelled wrong in the note. That wasn't like Daisy. Still, everybody made mistakes at times. Holty scratched his head and looked wonderingly from the note to the desk and then back again. . . .

ELECTION had come and gone and the Big Shot was still the big shot. People said he was a little thinner and not so full of life as he once had been. But it was a good thing to see him settling down. After all, a man in his position! He was milder, too. He never flew into tempers any more. Better living improves a man's disposition, people said. But Holty thought that the Big Shot was more amenable nowadays because he didn't care any more what happened.

Holty had more free time now. He was not glad that this was so. It made it necessary to accept invitations which he would have preferred to refuse. Such as dinner at Whitey Link's house. Whitey was so anxious for Holty to meet his bride.

She was a nice, brazenly pretty little thing. Stupid enough, Holty reflected, to remain in ignorance indefinitely concerning her husband's niche in civic affairs. No doubt she knew nothing of his past. She seemed to realize that Holty, though not a public figure nor yet Whitey's boss, was important in some manner.

After dinner she left the dishes on the table so that she could entertain their guest while Whitey went out to get some cigars. She showed Holty pictures of her family and of herself from infancy on. Then she showed him what Whitey had given her for a wedding present. It was a platinum case for cigarettes, powder, and rouge, and there was a tiny, diamond-encircled watch ticking in its side.

"Pretty?" asked Mrs. Link.

Holty gasped. "Where—where did Whitey get that?"

"Oh, no fear! He didn't buy it," Mrs. Link said. "We can't afford things like this yet. Whitey won it."

"Won it?"

"Yes, he took a chance and won. You know, a raffle. He won't often let me carry it," she added wistfully.

"Why not?"

"Well, not around people he works with, I mean. It's all right if we're going to a show or something like that. But that day when Mr. Cannel got me the invitation to the Big Shot's luncheon Whitey wouldn't let me carry it. He said that the Big Shot would kill him, and he was sore as a pup when I insisted. He took the case and hid it that day. I guess he thinks the Big Shot wouldn't believe about the raffle, and he'd think that Whitey had swiped the case somewhere. Whitey's awfully particular about his job. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes," Holty mumbled. "I always understood, but didn't trust my own common sense." He got up then and took his hat from the piano. "Tell Whitey I couldn't wait," he said. "And tell him that I'm expecting him within an hour up at my place, and you tell him that he damned well better be there."

"But he never goes out at night without me unless it's on business. Why can't you stay here?"

"Because I want to talk to him very privately about a lady he knew before he was married."

Mrs. Link's eyes narrowed. "Did he know her well?" she asked.

Holty shrugged. "Not very. But one night," he said just before he closed the door, "he took her for a ride."

THE END

WE DEMAND AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES ENFRANCHISING THE WOMEN OF THIS COUNTRY

Photo © Brown Bros.

A suffrage parade in Washington back in 1913, led by Inez Milholland on the horse.

How Many Homes Did It WRECK?

Woman's Suffrage Is Now Ten Years Old—What About It?

By

GRACE ROBINSON

who is well known to Liberty readers through her frequent contributions on a wide variety of subjects. She has also worked on newspapers east and west, and comes from Nebraska.

THIS week—on August 26—women throughout the country will have had the vote ten years. Several individual states enfranchised their women before 1920, but it was not until that year that the necessary two-thirds of the states ratified the Nineteenth Amendment and it became a nation-wide law.

People complain that suffrage has not been a success. Where, sneer the critics, are the great reforms that women promised would come about if only they had the opportunity to voice their will at the ballot box? Where is the millennium? What has happened to the imminent Utopia?

It is true they don't exist—these great benefits that the hotter zealots—and only the hotter zealots—in the suffrage cohorts predicted. But, on the other hand—

Where are the great evils—the vast tides of iniquity that, according to the antisuffragists, would engulf and inundate the world, once women had the vote? They don't exist either. They seem laughable when recapitulated today—as absurd as the old bogy-man seems to the child that has grown up.

On the whole the antisuffragists seem the more ridiculous, viewed in the clear, cold light of the decade after. In this day of successful feminine participation in almost every imaginable business and profession, requiring long hours, concentration, endless energy, and neck-and-neck competition with able men, it seems incredible that a large group of people only a quarter of a century ago looked on woman as too sickly and emotional a creature to stand the strain of the franchise.

Woman, as the antisuffragists saw her, was unstable—a kind of decorative firecracker, likely to explode at any moment in a flame of death and destruction. She was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

I made a special shopping trip to see the newest Fifth Avenue Fashions in Faces

The other day I decided to go see what the smart Fifth Avenue shops, that are my next-door neighbors, could tell me about the very newest complexion fashions.

Well, I *wish* you could all have gone with me—from one colorful shop to another. I talked to the salesgirls at the fragrant and sparkling toilet goods counters. I investigated all the new powders and rouges and lipsticks.

And *what* do you think is the most fashionable kind of face? It's the very *nearest* possible approach to what your own complexion would be if you could simply *live* in the sunny, fresh out-of-doors!

Of course, the very smartest thing is to have your own complexion as fresh and clear and outdoor-looking as possible. So I'm going to give you a set of rules that I *know* will help you, because they've already helped so many girls.

The 5 Rules for Beauty

1. **Cleanliness** — This is the most important part of any beauty treatment. Dermatologists say so—and they are *the only* real authorities on complexion care, you know. And, to them, perfect cleanliness means washing with soap and water.
2. **Proper Diet**—eating simple foods that you like and that agree with you.
3. **Sleep**—an average of eight hours.
4. **Exercise**—walking, sweeping, golf, tennis, a daily dozen—anything active.
5. **A Happy Frame of Mind** —keeping the corners of your mouth turned up.

Now the first rule—cleanliness—is just so important that I must emphasize it. For 73 of the leading American dermatologists, whom I consulted, prescribe a thorough soap-and-water cleansing with a gentle, mild soap as the most important item in complexion care.

And since these eminent physicians, after testing Camay's effect on all the different types of skin, gave it their unanimous approval as the right kind of soap for even the most delicate complexions, do you need any more authoritative assurance that here is the perfect soap for *you?*

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist? The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-80, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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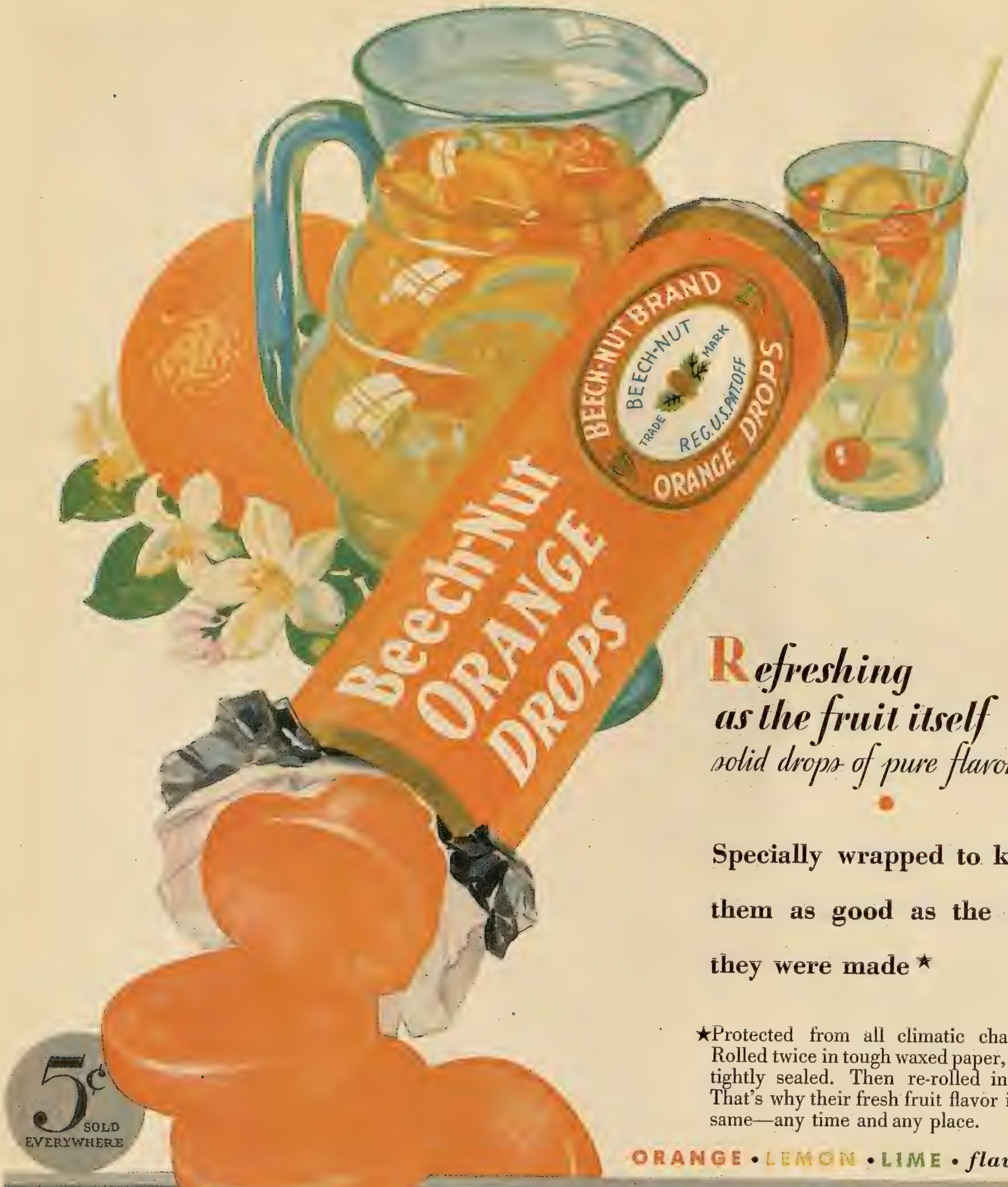
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★Protected from all climatic changes. Rolled twice in tough waxed paper, ends tightly sealed. Then re-rolled in foil. That's why their fresh fruit flavor is the same—any time and any place.

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OREGON
ILLINOIS

International photos

State delegates in a Washington parade, with Dr. Anna Howard Shaw in black.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

"neurotic," she was "hysterical," she was likely to go into "violent paroxysms." No one in the admitted world of orderly and logical males could tell when the female might fly off at a tangent and turn this earth into a pot of "seething turbulence."

How could such a creature handle the grave responsibilities of government? Enfranchising women meant "political and social convulsions," "wrathful jealousy and hate" released in capital-labor disputes, "a grotesque, ill-formed nation, where women are never mothers, and where men will know more of the tariff and the election law than of God and the Ten Commandments."

Preachers publicly called on God to "forbid that we should ever see the day that a man, a husband or a father, is to find his will opposed and thwarted at the polls by his daughter or his wife. Then farewell to that reverence which belongs to the character of a woman." We quote from the Rev. J. P. Bodfish, preaching at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross at Boston in 1886.

Seven of the eight women in the Seventy-first Congress. Front row, left to right: Mrs. Pearl P. Oldfield, Arkansas; Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, Massachusetts; Mrs. Ruth Baker Pratt, New York; Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Illinois. Back row: Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, Florida; Mrs. Mary T. Norton, New Jersey; Mrs. Florence Kahn, California.

Dishes would stand unwashed in the sink; socks would go unmended in the bureau drawer; babies would no longer be born—if women were permitted to go once a year to the ballot box and cast a vote. It is putting it mildly to say the old world would go to the bowwows. Civilization itself would perish.

THE supposed physical limitations of women everlastingly cited by the antis perhaps astonish us most today. Women had borne children and performed the most onerous household duties for centuries. This didn't count, it appeared. It was nothing compared with the back-breaking, nerve-tearing game of politics, for which only males were physically accoutered, the antis held. Now that women have the vote and some of them are in politics, they are still wondering why men feared for the health of the "angels" whose backs had stood up so well over the washtubs!

"Women . . . can never dispense with the protecting influences society throws about them," wrote Francis Parkman. "A man in lonely places has nothing to lose but life and property; and he has nerve and muscles to defend them. He is free to go whither he pleases, and run what risks he pleases. Without a radical change in human nature, of which the world has never given the faintest sign, women cannot be equally emancipated. . . .

"HER greatest limitations are not of human origin. Men did not make them, and they cannot unmake them. Through them, God and nature have ordained that those subject to them shall not be forced to join in the harsh conflicts of the world militant. . . .

"The frequent low state of health among American women is a fact as undeniable as it is deplorable.

"In this condition of things, what do certain women demand for the good of their sex? To add to the excitements that are wasting them other and greater excitements, and to cares too much for their strength other and greater cares. Because they cannot do their own work, to require them to add to it the work of men, and launch them into turmoil where the most robust sometimes fail."

But that was not all. How was this half-fainting, half-cracked individual going to vote if she did get a chance at the ballot? If women voted as men told them to vote, suffrage was useless because it merely doubled the vote. "If, on the other hand, women vote as they see fit, without regarding their husbands, then unhappy marriages will be multiplied and divorces redoubled. We cannot afford," continues Parkman ominously, "to add to the elements of domestic unhappiness."

Every newspaper reader knows that almost every excuse under the sun is advanced as a reason for a divorce, except that of political discord.

He goes on to warn the world of the dangers of rash legislation, characteristic of a popular form of government: "This danger would be increased immeasurably if the more impulsive and excitable half of humanity had an equal voice in the making of laws, and in administration of them. . . . In politics the virtues of women

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW MANY HOMES DID IT WRECK?
Continued from page seventeen]

would sometimes be as dangerous as their faults."

The ignorant vote would be enormously increased, he declared. The better class of women would be outvoted in their own kitchens—a worse menace than the male ignorant vote, because "it is often more numerous, always more impulsive and less subject to reason, and almost devoid of responsibility."

But worse than all these, in Parkman's view, was the female politician. Here would rise the ultra-modern prostitute, who would give herself not for money but for votes!

With the thundering of a new Savonarola and the accurate prophesying of a Pekingese puppy, he wrote:

"None know better than women the potency of feminine charms aided by feminine arts. The woman 'inside politics' will not fail to make use of an influence so subtle and strong, and of which the management is peculiarly suited to her talents. If—and the contingency is in the highest degree probable—she is not gifted with charms of her own, she will have no difficulty in finding and using those of her sex who are.

Brown Bros. photo

A new voter in New York City casting her first ballot after the right of equal suffrage was granted to women.

"If report is to be trusted, Delilah has already spread her snares for the congressional Samson; and the power before which the wise fail and the mighty fall has been invoked against the sages and heroes of the Capitol.

"When 'woman' is fairly 'inside politics,' the sensational press will reap a harvest of scandals more lucrative to itself than profitable to public morals."

Can you imagine brilliant and dignified women like Ruth Hanna McCormick and Ruth Bryan Owen, now in Congress, sneaking up on pot-bellied tariff antagonists and attempting their seduction?

Female suffrage, the writer predicts, will "seek the broadest areas and the lowest depths, and spread itself through the marshes and malarious pools of society. . . . From the earliest records of mankind down to this moment, in every race and every form or degree of civilization or barbarism, the relative position of the sexes has been essentially the same, with the exceptions so feeble, rare, and transient that they only prove the rule. Such permanence in the foundation of society, while all that rests upon it has passed from change to change, is proof in itself that this foundation lies deep in the essential nature of things. It is idle to prate of the old time that has passed away and the new time that is coming. The new time can no more stir the basis of human nature than it can stop the movement of the earth. . . .

"WOMEN have great special tasks assigned to them in the work of life, and men have not. To these tasks their whole nature, moral and physical, is adjusted. . . . Everything else in their existence is subordinated to the indispensable functions of continuing and rearing the human race; and during the best years of life, this work, fully discharged, leaves little room for any other. . . . In fact, there are but a few of the most advanced nations in whom the universal exercise of the pretended 'inalienable' right to vote would not produce political and social convulsions."

Then the writer came to that most mighty of the anti-suffrage arguments—what force will a woman's vote have when she cannot back it up with ability for warfare? "Suppose the majority to consist chiefly of women. Then legality will be on one side and power on the other. . . . Suppose, again, a foreign war in which the sympathies of our women were enlisted on one side or the other. Suppose them to vote against the judgment of the men that we should take part in it; or, in other words, that their male fellow citizens should fight whether they liked it or not. Would the men be likely to obey?"

Since suffrage became a federal law we have had no foreign wars. But so far no issue has come before the country where all the women have been on one side and all the men on the other. The old antis' constant division of the country on the basis of sex rather than on the basis of opinion, business interests, or locality is a puzzlement to women voters today.

IN disputes between capital and labor, this oracle continues that on account of women's "strong social rivalries and animosities, far exceeding those of men," participation of women will be "like throwing pitch and resin into the fire. The wives and daughters of the poor would bring into the contest a wrathful jealousy and hate against the wives and daughters of the rich, far more vehement than the corresponding passions in their husbands and brothers." Men, he believes, will show "great self-restraint." Finally he compares suffragists "to those who roam the clouds hanging to a bag of gas," which as an epithet of derision nowadays is as futile as his arguments.

On the strong suffrage argument of "taxation without representation" he becomes maudlin. "Because the fathers of the republic gave certain reasons to emphasize their creed that America should not be taxed because America was not represented in the British Parliament, they [the suffragists] cry out that we must fling open the floodgates to vaster tides of ignorance and folly, strengthen the evil of our system and weaken the good, feed old abuses, hatch new ones, and expose all our large cities—we speak with deliberate conviction—to the risk of anarchy."

The Rev. Father Walsh of Troy, New York, believed women should not vote because the polling places were "pestilential spots, seething with perjury, bribery, unclean language, and rowdyism." He could not believe that "most of the female voters would be proof against bribery and intoxicants and, in time, more degrading and iniquitous crimes."

In practice, as every woman voter knows, voting is no more disagreeable than going to one's bank. The rowdyism, etc., seem to have became a legend.

Father Walsh viewed with special alarm the possibility that female citizenry might aspire to hold office. "If, being eligible to these offices, the mother's and wife's ambition covets them against the protest of husband and children—what then? If to prevent her election, husband and children must vote against her—what then?" And the final dreadful thought, "If during the tenure of office the duties or functions of motherhood demand her retirement—*what then?*"

It is unnecessary nowadays to point out that most women office-holders have already raised their families; that most of the women who are occupied with raising children don't go into politics as a profession any more than they would undertake to be doctors or newspaper reporters or saleswomen if their young required all their energy; and, finally, that if a woman does become pregnant while in office, she may retire, just as a man may resign because of ill health.

The good father points out that "the excessive development of the emotional in her nervous system ingrafts on

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

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BEAUTY . . . as essential to human existence as the very air we breathe . . . the beauty of great green waves rolling in from a summer sea . . . of curved beaches and pink-hearted shells echoing the song of far ports and tropic adventure . . . the beauty of a bather's lithe, young form . . . bright robe flying with the wind, silhouetted against sun and sky.

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The Arbiter

Electric Phonograph and Radio Combination

A truly versatile instrument that provides complete entertainment for any occasion in the modern home. Soft, crooning music from the air as a background for conversation . . . then someone says, "Let's dance!" Instantly the radio receiver is switched to the electric phonograph and the latest dance hits. The CROSLEY ARBITER livens up your parties . . . makes your home the center of social attraction for the youngsters and their elders. A cabinet of superlative beauty, a super-selective and sensitive radio receiving set, a power speaker of utmost tone flexibility, Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, A. C. electric, electric phonograph . . . . all these are yours in the new CROSLEY ARBITER for only **$137.50** LESS TUBES

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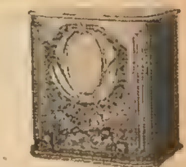
The CROSLEY NEW *Companionship Series*

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

The NEW *Buddy*



An exquisite table, mantel or clock type self-contained receiving set, with power speaker, only 15⅝" high, 15⅝" wide, and 9¾" deep, so small in size and light in weight that it is easily moved from place to place. Contains the same type receiving set as The PAL and The MATE. Employes three Screen Grid tubes. Nothing ever equalled it at so low a price . . . . **$64.50** WITH TUBES

The Pal

A marvelously beautiful cabinet 25⅝ inches high, suitable for use as an end, bedside or occasional table. Contains the same receiving set and power speaker as The MATE. The price is amazingly low for the quality and performance . . . . . **$69.50** LESS TUBES

The Mate

A delightfully designed and executed cabinet that harmonizes with any surroundings in the home. It contains an entirely new receiving set and power speaker. Employs three type -24 Screen Grid tubes, one type -45, and one type -80. The unusual value of The MATE at the exceptionally low price is self-evident . . . . **$75.00** LESS TUBES

The CROSLEY NEW *Leadership Series*

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

The Director

A particularly beautiful cabinet containing a receiving set employing three Screen Grid tubes type -24, one type -27, two type -45, and one type -80. Positive automatic volume control, local-distance switch and dynamic-power speaker are features of this set. Astonishingly low in price only . . . . . **$107.50** LESS TUBES

The CROSLEY ARBITER *Electric Phonograph and Radio combination is a member of The* CROSLEY NEW *Leadership Series*

[HOW MANY HOMES DID IT WRECK?
Continued from page eighteen]

the female organization a neurotic or hysterical condition, which is the source of so much of the female charms when it is kept within due restraints. In emergencies or difficult situations," like casting a ballot, presumably, "or moments of excitement, or under continued strain, it is liable to explode in violent paroxysms, when all the mental and physical faculties are perverted and thrown into a condition of startling turbulence. Every woman, therefore, carries this power of irregular, illogical, and incongruous action; and no one can foretell when the explosion will come."

The woman voter today, reading this astonishing analysis of herself, marvels at the forbearance of man who permits her to work in his office, handle his money, and raise his children. It doesn't seem possible she could be a good influence anywhere outside of a padded cell.

Goldwin Smith, D. C. L., voicing his irritation over the general forwardness of women in 1894, laments that "some of them have taken to riding astride"! On the education of women—"among other things, it is to be considered whether children would be healthy if the brain of the mother, as well as that of the father, were severely tasked."

John Boyle O'Reilly, Irish-American poet, in 1886 fulminated in this manner: "It would be no more deplorable to see an angel harnessed to a machine than to see a woman voting. . . . It is not fair to let women make laws they cannot enforce. They could set the world by the ears," he continues in alarm, "and leave the men to fight it out."

Underwood & Underwood photo
Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts, first woman to open a session of the House.

The Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane, D.D., Bishop of Albany, speaking thirty-five years ago before a graduating class, exclaimed piously: "If it [woman's suffrage] should be permitted, which God forfend, the abstract woman may rejoice, but it will be in the spirit of the maniac who has laid waste the homes and marred the happiness and murdered the hopes of *women*. Privilege, courtesy, chivalry, respect, deference, consideration will have melted away."

A man named M. E. L. McKeen advanced the novel notion that the vote would make women too attractive, and thus muddle up the existence of the working girl. "The ballot, instead of helping the working girl," he said, "would add another difficulty to her already rough path. The worst danger that threatens a young girl who must earn her own living is the fact that in her beauty, in her power for helpfulness, she is an object of desire to men. If, in addition to making his home life pleasant, she could aid him in his political ambition; if she could be employed generally in political caucus to wheedle and coax and threaten rivals; or if her vote were in the market to be won by argument or bought by favor, the whole policy of our education for girls would be reversed."

HAROLD OWEN, in his book, Woman Adrift, titled one chapter Superfluous Woman, and showed that, outside her function of childbearing, woman was of no more use than an old razor blade.

He said her job "of bringing children into the world was the only function which made women essential to the state." Apparently as an afterthought, he admitted that she had some slight use in the home, but "woman could be dispensed with entirely, so far as the state is concerned."

B. V. Hubbard, in Socialism, Feminism, and Suffragism, the Three Terrible Triplets, mentioned the possibility that suffragism would bring prohibition. Then he said: "It were better to have one man in a thousand a drunkard than to have our women drunken in pride, debased by disobedience, debauched by feminism, and in a mad delirium of materialism."

Women vote. Nevertheless homes all over the land still function, and babies are being born at such a rate that economists predict overpopulation unless we stage wars enough to kill them off. Due to the increased intelligence of mothers and their increased efficiency in bringing up their children, infant mortality in the United States has fallen 41 per cent in twenty years.

The race is in no danger of perishing despite the fact that women have the vote. On the contrary, with modern machinery being substituted for human labor, it looks as though there will soon be too much race for the number of jobs available. Such vast crops of babies reach the working age every year that men are called old at thirty-five before they have reached the height of their usefulness. The unemployment of both men and women who have only reached the halfway mark of their allotted span has become so acute that old-age pensions are urged.

AS for the security of the American home, which was to have been swept away when women obtained the franchise, any observer of life in large cities will admit that the comparatively frivolous pursuits of bridge and golf are more of a menace than women's activity in politics.

So much for the antis and their dark, delirious prophecies. What about the promises made by the rasher elements among the suffragists? The vote was the weapon with which women were to purify the world—"a sort of feminine Holy Grail," as one writer, Mildred Adams, recalls.

As Miss Adams points out, the flappers who inherited the vote ready-made don't value it particularly. They are too young to remember the exciting suffrage campaigns, the great women of suffrage—Alice Paul, Inez Milholland, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, and Carrie Chapman Catt—at the height of their labors. Today's flapper reads casually about women at the polls and she listens with polite interest to the women who call on her from the local party committees. But it all seems natural enough as a part of the election, and she wonders what it was her suffrage mother used to get nervous prostration about.

Listing the reforms that may be credited to women we find nothing of cosmic import, any more than we find anything startling in the political exploits of American men during the last ten years. In elections the female vote is not segregated. The voters are Republicans, or Democrats, or Socialists. They are not men and women, politically speaking. Consequently there is no way of ascertaining definitely whether it is the women or the men that elect or defeat a candidate.

In national legislation the Sheppard-Towner Infancy and Maternity act and the Cable bill are directly traceable to women's efforts. The Sheppard-Towner act, passed in 1921, authorized an appropriation for the promotion of maternal and infant welfare and hygiene. It followed the discovery that this rich land was losing more babies during their first year and more mothers in childbirth than were lost in most of the other civilized countries. In 1927, after half a dozen years of the special medical education made possible by the law and the ministrations of state nurses in remote sections, 24,500 babies survived their first year who would have died if the ratio of 1921 had continued.

The act has expired, and the Jones-Cooper bill is now being urged to continue this work.

The Cable bill removed citizenship limitations, which discriminated against women. Under this act a woman's citizenship, generally speaking, is no longer dependent on her husband's. Formerly, an American woman lost her United States citizenship if she married an alien.

Various discriminative state laws have been removed or altered.

The most striking evidence of women's participation in politics is the number of women elected and appointed to important public offices.

In the Seventy-first Congress eight women hold seats in the House. They are Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, from Florida; Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, from Illinois; Mrs. Florence P. Kahn, from California; Mrs. Katherine Langley, from Kentucky; Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, from Massachusetts; Mrs. Mary T. Norton, from New Jersey; Mrs. Ruth Pratt, from New York; and Mrs. Pearl P. Oldfield, from Arkansas.

IN Ohio, Miss Florence E. Allen was reëlected in 1928 as judge of the Supreme Court. According to a compilation by Sarah Schuyler Butler, 149 women sit in the legislatures of thirty-eight states. Scores of women hold smaller local jobs.

Justice Genevieve Cline, as associate justice of the United States Customs Court, holds a $10,000-a-year job and a commission for life.

Mabel Walker Willebrandt's spectacular career as Assistant United States Attorney General intrusted with the disagreeable task of enforcing prohibition is well known. Two women have been governors of states. In New York state, Miss Frances Perkins is head of the Department of Labor.

The world has not been "purified" since women have had the vote. It was foolish to expect it would be. On the other hand, the jobs of child-raising and home-making have not suffered any relapse that is traceable to women's possession of the franchise.

Men, seeing the zeal with which women battled for the vote, fancied they would start to overturn governments once they had equal rights at the ballot box. Women, on the contrary, have proved excessively cautious with their new weapon, fearing to misuse it and unwilling to expose themselves to ridicule and charges of incompetence.

A few among the old antis still predict that, given sufficient time, their dismal prognostications will come true. This reminds us of a big real-estate signboard on the Jersey side of the Hudson River, at one of the New York ferry terminals.

You leave New York with its six million of people, its astonishing transportation systems, its unprecedented and incomparable wealth, power, and prestige. Crossing on the ferry you land at a nondescript Jersey town. With the lights of New York skyscrapers twinkling in the distance your eye lights on this optimistic sign:

"The biggest city in the world will be built on *this* side of the Hudson.—Alexander Hamilton."

Ma-a-a-y be. But, somehow, we doubt it.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the duodenum?
2—How many lunar months in a year?
3—What is a mustang?
4—Who was the Roman god of fire?
5—Reykjavik is the capital of what country?
6—What is the area of a section of land?
7—What is a cygnet?
8—What is the birth stone for August?
9—What does the prefix tetra mean?
10—Who was Mrs. Malaprop?
11—Who wrote the Waverley Novels?
12—Who was Xantippe?
13—What metal is fluid in its natural state?
14—What does *pro tempore* mean?
15—What was the place of Napoleon's first exile?
16—What important Oregon city has the same name as one in Maine?
17—Who were the publicans of Roman antiquity?
18—What empire was ruled by Catherine the Great?
19—To what family of animals do lions and tigers belong?
20—What two states border Idaho on the west?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-two)

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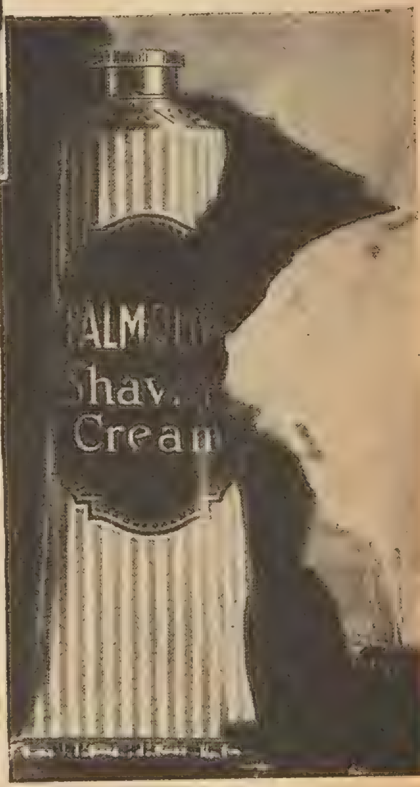

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Glamour and

An Old Play for Miss Garbo and Three New Ones About War

William Powell and Kay Francis in For the Defense.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ Romance

CAST

Rita Cavallini	Greta Garbo
Cornelius Van Tuyl	Lewis Stone
Tom Armstrong	Gavin Gordon
Harry	Elliott Nugent
Susan Van Tuyl	Florence Lake
Miss Armstrong	Clara Blandick
Beppo	Henry Armetta
Vannucci	Mathilde Comont
Nina	Countess de Liguoro

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by Clarence Brown.

ROMANCE, the play that Doris Keane made memorable when she created the part of Rita Cavallini on the stage some years ago, is brought to the screen in almost the same form that it was produced as a play, but with the glamorous Garbo in the leading rôle.

The original play by Edward Sheldon ran four months in New York, but it made history by playing continuously for three years in London.

Garbo brings to the part of the Italian opera singer all the charm and allure that makes the love story of this beautiful woman with the young simple clergyman the very essence of romance.

But in spite of Garbo this Romance is not going to make history as the stage version did. Principally because Gavin Gordon is miscast in the part of the young rector of St. Giles. He has none of the personal magnetism and irresistible charm that the clergyman would have possessed to attract the sophisticated Cavallini. His interpretation makes Tom unpleasantly fanatical.

Lewis Stone, as Cavallini's elderly lover, is a dignified gallant of the period and he fits perfectly into the picture.

★ ★ ★ For the Defense

CAST

William Foster	William Powell
Irene Manners	Kay Francis
Defoe	Scott Kolk
District Attorney Stone	William B. Davidson
McGann	John Elliott
Daly	Thomas E. Jackson
Miller	Harry Walker
Parrott	James Finlayson
Joe	Charles West
Charlie	Charles Sullivan
Eddie Withers	Ernest S. Adams
Judge Evans	Bertram Marburgh
Judge	Edward Le Saint

Produced by Paramount. Directed by John Cromwell.

Like The Street of Chance, which also starred William Powell, the story of For the Defense is supposed to be based on the life of a well known New York character whose spectacular career ended a few years ago in death. The principal character is a brilliant lawyer who devotes his talents to keeping criminals out of jail. William Powell's portrayal of the rôle of Foster is a triumph of reserved acting. The story, simply but effectively told by Oliver H. P. Garrett, is skillfully transferred to the screen by John Cromwell.

The latter is comparatively new to Hollywood, as it is no more than two years ago that he was playing on Broadway in The Racket, and it is only since then that he has been identified with the movies, yet this is his fourth successful picture. He is responsible for The Street of Chance, The Mighty, and The Texan. He manages to get the utmost from his cast.

Kay Francis is the only woman in the cast and she is given a chance to show her ability as an actress.

★ ★ A Man from Wyoming

CAST

Jim Baker	Gary Cooper
Patricia Hunter	June Collyer
Jersey	Regis Toomey
Lieutenant Lee	Morgan Farley
General Hunter	E. H. Calvert
Inspector	Mary Foy
Sergeant	Ed Deering
Major	William B. Davidson
Orderly	Ben Hall

Produced by Paramount. Directed by Rowland V. Lee.

In 1917 a man from Wyoming goes to France and meets romance walking through the front lines.

Aside from the fact that it doesn't seem credible that an American girl did or could wander over the war front at will, or that an American army officer could or would marry while on active service at the front, this is a fairly interesting love story of war days. There is not so much war as love in the picture.

Still the war films come: witness A Man from Wyoming, with Gary Cooper and June Collyer.

★ ★ Anybody's War

CAST

Amos Crow Willie Crow	Moran and Mack
Mary Jane Robinson	Joan Peers
Ted Reinhardt	Neil Hamilton
Captain Davis	Walter McGrail
Sergeant Skip	Walter Weems
Camilla	Betty Farrington

Produced by Paramount. Directed by Richard Wallace.

The famous black-face team of Moran and Mack, known as the Two

Gunfire

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by
KATE CAMERON

Black Crows, went to war to give you a good time. Amos' dog, Deep Stuff, went to war, too, and if he hadn't gone there's no telling what would have happened to all of us, since that famous fight might not have turned out as it did. Amos and Willie are very funny in spots, with Amos getting most of the laughs.

Romance offers you the beguiling Greta Garbo, and Gavin Gordon.

★ **HELL'S ISLAND**

CAST

Mac	Jack Holt
Griff	Ralph Graves
Marie	Dorothy Sebastian
Sergeant Klotz	Richard Cramer
Bert	Harry Allen
Monsieur Dupont	Lionel Belmore
German Legionnaire	Otto Lang
Colonel	Carl Stockdale

Produced by Columbia Pictures. Directed by Edward Sloman.

This picture is a hodgepodge. It has something of The Cock Eyed World in it, a little of The Bad One, and a bit of Condemned, but the ingredients aren't well enough mixed to appeal to the taste of an epicure.

The background is northern Africa and the French penal colony known as Hell's Island. There are some interesting desert scenes of a battle between the French Foreign Legion and the Riffs. The story concerns two legionnaires who are pals until they fall out over a cabaret performer. There is nothing in the entire picture to lift it out of the mediocre class.

Poking fun at fighting: Moran and Mack in Anybody's War.

Ralph Graves, Dorothy Sebastian, and Jack Holt in Hell's Island.

Do you know that—

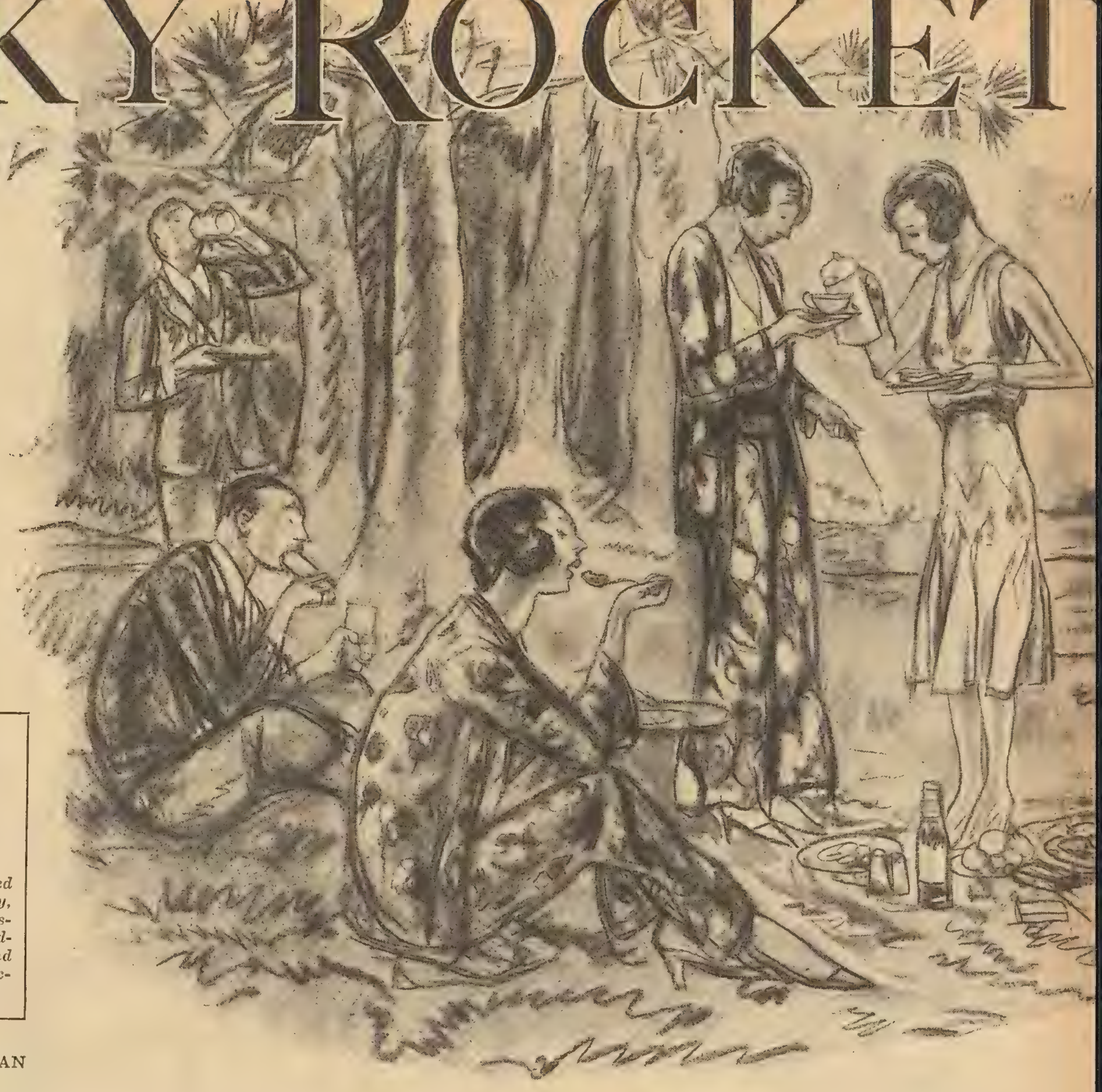
Maureen O'Sullivan, the little Irish girl who was brought over to this country by John McCormack to play in Song o' My Heart, is to become the starring partner of Charles Farrell and they will soon begin work on The Princess and the Plumber? . . . It won't be long before you will see Marie Dressler and Polly Moran together again in a comedy entitled Reducing? . . . The title of Ann Harding's next picture will be The Greater Love?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—With Byrd at the South Pole.

★★★—Let Us Be Gay, The Dawn Patrol, The Unholy Three, The Border Legion, The Big House, Raffles.

SKY ROCKET



The Story of a Mended Heart

By

FRANK LEON SMITH

who once managed a taxicab company, has worked on newspapers, magazines, and in an advertising agency, and has written and supervised production of motion pictures. He lives in Brooklyn.

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

A TERRIFICALLY post-graduate girl, with Oxford glasses on a black ribbon and "Miss Eileen Creedmore" on her door, was speaking more gently into her telephone than she was accustomed to, and, not only that, she was smiling.

When Miss Creedmore turned and saw who was standing in her office with a straw hat in his hand—for it was well after May 15th and into June—she lost her smile and hung up without saying the things she should.

"So—you've come back," she said.

"Yes," said Mr. Charles D. (Hangover) Hall, rather softly for him as he was a noisy fellow, "I've come back. But be at ease, Eileen, I do not linger. I go. I pause only to ask—"

"Really, Charles, it shouldn't be necessary to tell even you that I'm frightfully busy. This is hardly the time or place for one of your customary manifestations, and, after all—"

Her telephone rang. He crossed the room and held her hand down gently on the receiver.

"I didn't come here to manifest. Honestly. I'm busy, too, and I just stopped in to see if you'd let bygones be themselves, and hurl me no rocks upon the simple casket of our tender memories, or something—" To stop the ringing bells he let her remove the receiver, then he covered the transmitter and went on as she looked at him, mostly with indignation at his interference with business:

"—and I know I was the bad boy and you were perfectly just in breaking the engagement. But won't you shake hands and wish me well? Because that's what I'll always wish you."

She looked at him with suspicion, but saw he meant it, and they clasped hands. "Of course I wish you well, Charles. And I do hope you'll take care of yourself."

"It's a promise." He nodded toward the phone. "And Gerald is the better man. For you. And I'm glad you've found it out. So long, and my best to you both."

Instead of addressing herself promptly to the phone, she watched until the door had closed behind him. Her brows had drawn so closely that she had to fix her glasses to keep them on. His step had been too buoyant for the bearer of the fragments of a broken heart.

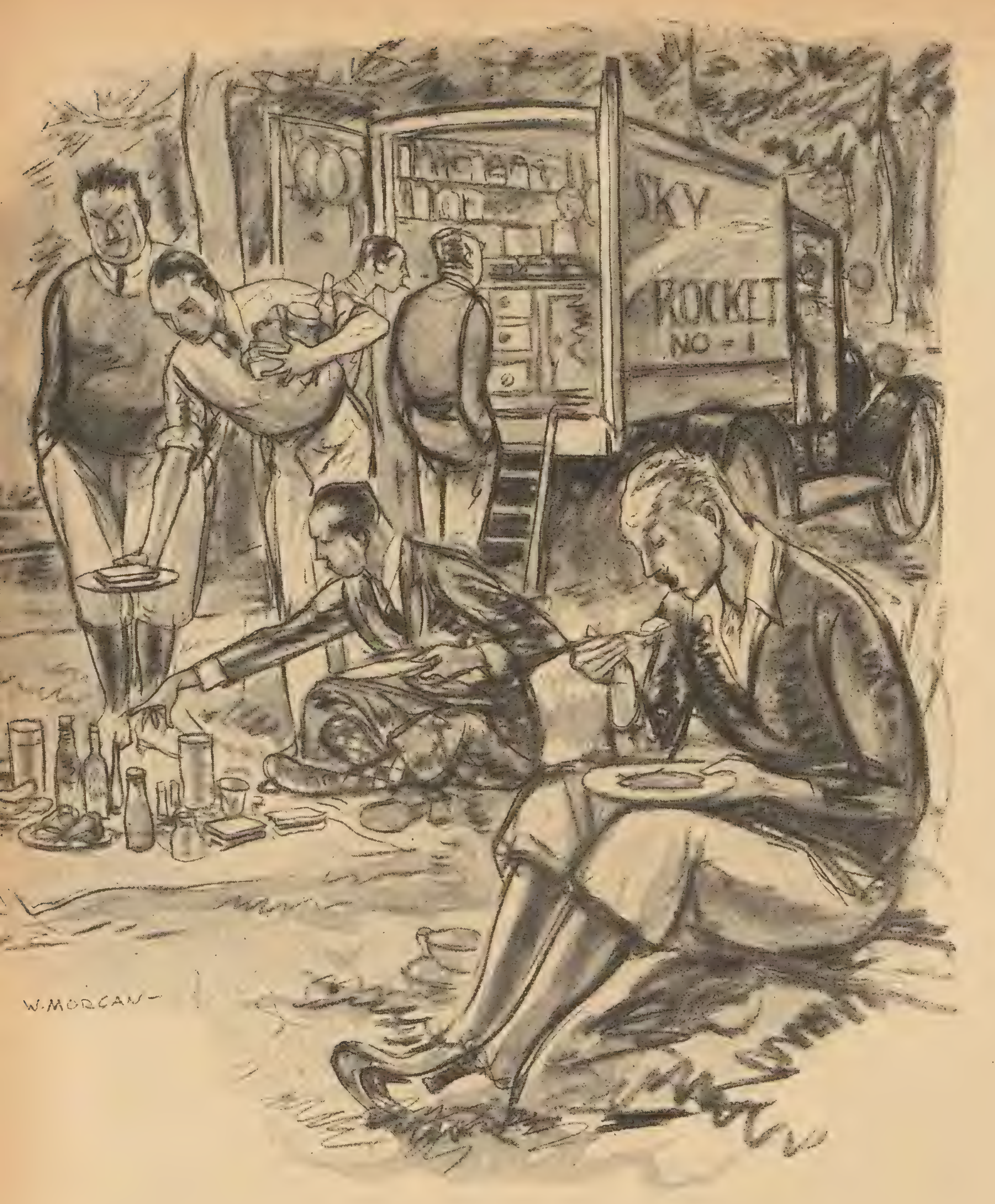
MR. KARL SWANSON, in an office of cathedral vastness and dignity, was busy blue-penciling everything in reach. He was a sturdy gentleman from a place so far north it is reached only by the summer cruises, and his eyes were made of borings from icebergs. He sought to freeze Mr. Hall with them for the double offense of intrusion and existence, but Mr. Hall wouldn't freeze.

"So—you've come back?" said Mr. Swanson.

Mr. Hall advanced. "Good morning, boss," he said. "I've come back to say—"

"You're wasting your time and mine. There is not now and there never will be a need for your services in these offices. The mistake was ours for putting up so long with your nonsense, apologies, and promises, and, furthermore—"

"Just a minute," Mr. Hall interrupted sharply. "I have no recollection of filing an order with you for a bawling out, and if you think I'm going to sign for one the error is yours. I have business with you and when that is



Charlie saw to it that there was a goodly park of tabasco, mustard pickles, pickled beets, onions, and peppers in the center of the cloth.

finished I shall draw on the spiked shoes and break fifteen or sixteen records getting away from here. May we not be gentlemen while we are transacting that business?"

That fetched. A man of Mr. Swanson's high station, but with a second mate's build and sandy hair clear down to his finger nails, often has to think to be what is called a gentleman. He said a trifle more mildly, "We do not make loans to former employees."

Mr. Hall laughed. "Look me over, Karl, old fellow. And these are only my street clothes. Come on, let's be friends. Mind if I sit down and place the busby on the desk for a moment? The day is warm, the hat is new, and my hands will perspire despite the use of advertised products."

"Oh, sit down and shut up! I mean, hurry up. What do you want, Hall?"

"You used to call me Charlie when I'd stagger in here with the weight of some enormous contract on my back—"

The "stagger" was unfortunate. Mr. Hall blushed and Mr. Swanson grinned. "'Stagger,' that's right; 'stagger!' Hoh!"

"Oh, rub it in! Anyhow, all I'd like, if it's convenient, is my last pay check, which I neglected to collect several weeks ago. Of course, if the firm is cramped—"

"Cramped? Hoh! I want you to know we have just leased the entire floor space— Who are you working for?" and with sudden suspicion Mr. Swanson swept his gaze to his exposed papers with the air of one who'd like to throw a blanket over his desk.

Mr. Hall reassured him, the check was sent for, and, when it was brought in, he signed the voucher.

"Well, you've been sober a while, I see," observed Mr. Swanson. "Your signature usually looks as though it had been written by a seismograph." He couldn't resist asking, "What are you doing now?"

MR. HALL leaned on the desk and spoke with such enthusiasm that Mr. Swanson knew his mail wasn't being read the while: "Let me ask you a question! What is the best advertised product in the country today? In the past ten years what product has had more newspaper space than any other? The most publicity from stage and screen? What subject leaps into the conversation, even before sex, when good fellows get together? Come on—you're a good advertising man—name it!"

"I am not sufficiently interested to flatter you with a guess," said Mr. Swanson, who was melting with curiosity.

"Don't struggle. I'll name it for you. Booze!"

"So?" said Mr. Swanson, unmelting swiftly.

Mr. Hall was too excited to notice. "I've gone into this all spread out and I'm going to stay in and get mine while consumer demand is raging hot, and when it cools you'll look in the show windows and see little Charlie trying on motor boats and things!" Without pausing he dipped out his wallet and extracted a card.

"It's the greatest racket ever, and I'd have thought of it before only I was always on the wrong side of the counter. I'll admit my prices are high. I charge just as much per case as the traffic will bear! But my service is prompt and there are times when that means everything. Give this card a gaze, but don't rub your fingers over it—it isn't engraved. I don't have to chuck a bluff." And he placed the card on the desk.

Mr. Swanson's calves threw his chair back. He trembled. He shouted: "So, you waster, you impudent

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

good-for-nothing, you audacious rascal! Without ceremony you burst into my private office in one of my busiest hours and attempt to interest me in your criminal enterprise! I tear up your card! I throw it in your face—"

Astounded, Mr. Hall had listened. Now he spoke: "You may tear up that card, but if you throw it in my face I'll tangle with you so hard you'll think you've been kicked by a Norwegian giant with his skis on!"

Mr. Swanson did tear up the card, but he disposed of the pieces otherwise, but insultingly, and, still shaking with rage and staring at his former star, he groped for a certain push button.

Mr. Hall put on his hat and said evenly, "Don't push that button. I'll walk out, but you'd find I'd be louder to carry out than a moose with front and rear antlers. Also it wouldn't look well."

He started for the door, then turned and looked at Mr. Swanson, who still was standing. Then he grinned slowly and said, "By any chance do you think I'm a bootlegger?"

Mr. Swanson was surprised, but unyielding. "Of course you are! You've just been boasting about it!"

"Oh, my God!" said Mr. Hall and departed.

Mr. Swanson cocked his head on one side like a listening terrier. Just for a moment he wished he had glanced at the card, the fragments of which now were in a brass floor receptacle with a rubber mat. The card had been inscribed:

For That Hangover
Call Hall
Day and Night Service
Melrose 01376-X

II

IT was dark when Mr. Hall got off the train that night at Melrose, a quiet little heavy-drinking city on the Hudson. And he was glad to be back, for although he had only been established there a few weeks, it was home to him. As he walked toward the Cozy Corner Tea and Gift Shoppe it was nice to hear the unseen things that leap and sing on a spring night, and to be named pleasantly by many of the people he encountered, and to return their greetings.

He glowed as he stood opposite the shoppe a moment before going in. Light from the windows fell upon automobiles. Laughter of both sexes floated through the screen door, and the well fed voices of amiable customers speaking freely. And hark! What was that? The sweet music of the cash register, which until he had come along had been used mostly as a repository for Miss Bertie Wallace's rings and other small and loseable oddments.

She had befriended him when he had first come to town, rather shaggy in spirit and not knowing where he was or why, and they had gone into business together. Her shoppe hadn't succeeded, because it was the only place that didn't sell liquor, and now was prospering largely for the same reason. They had rendered morning assistance to some of the city's best people and the good word had been passed along.

Now there were three in help to cook and serve, and a dishbreaker and short-order man who came on at six and closed the place at eleven and relayed emergency calls. Now Miss Wallace had time to be seen and heard by her customers. It took longer for her customers to look at her than it would have if she hadn't been so attractive, and it took her longer to say words and imply punctuation because she was from the South. She was about twenty and blushed many times a day, but that didn't harm her appearance any, as she had very nice skin.

Now she was standing talking to Doc Cole and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Wes Harder while they had their coffee.

"By golly," thought Mr. Hall, "that's a pretty dress! And how does that girl always manage to look as though she'd just had a bath?"

He entered and was hailed, and Bertie Wallace gave him just the right look and blushed, and old and seasoned as he thought he was at twenty-six, he blushed too.

He put his bags down near the table where she was standing and she asked, "How was New York?"

Wes Harder said, "I've been waiting to see you. Miss Wallace said you'd be in on the seven-forty."

"Sure, be right with you," Mr. Hall went on, "but listen. They're putting up a new building down there. Honest. And the bricklayers on the top ten floors wear oxygen masks and the iron is delivered by trimotor planes. On a clear day you can watch them work through big telescopes in the park behind the library. If you don't believe me you'll find one of the telescopes at the Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue corner, but personally I wouldn't stoop over again in New York for anything—with all those cabs."

He turned to Bertie. "By the way—how's our truck coming along? Have you been over to see it today?"

"Just fahn," she answered. "Did you get the little do-funny stove you wanted?"

"Did I! And it's a pet. I'm going to put it under my pillow nights. Golly, it's good to be back." He turned to the seated citizens.

There was a call from the kitchen for Bertie, and they asked Mr. Hall to pull up a chair and join them. Wes then explained, "I wanted your advice, knowing you knew all about advertising."

"You're wrong, Wes, but shoot. Anything I can tell you I'll be glad to."

"Well, we're putting out a new brand of country preserves and we're willing to spend plenty to market 'em. Who do you think are the best people to handle the advertising?"

Mr. Hall had been wearing a look of friendly interest, but now it froze off as though he had been stared at by Mr. Karl Swanson. "I—well, just a minute. Let me think," he said.

And then he was glad when Bertie came up and wanted to consult him. He asked Wes to wait, and went to the rear of the shoppe with her. She told him, "There's a man been here three times to see you and he won't say what he wants. He acts kind of strange and he's kind of savage looking. You haven't been in any trouble, have you?" She was really anxious. "'Cause I can get rid of him—"

He laughed and patted her arm. "Trouble? I haven't had a moment's trouble since the night before the morning I first came in here and you took care of me. Where is he? Out back? I'll see him. You just go on in and visit."

BUT she walked with him to the rear door and stood there as he looked out into the darkness. Then the man who wanted to see him stepped into the light. "Is your name Hall?" the man asked.

"Sure. Did you want to see me?"

"You bet, and now."

"Be right with you." Charlie turned to Bertie. "It's the man about my fishing license. I'm going to hank up me co-it and weskit. It's hot, even up here in Melrose. All right, Sam! Coming."

Troubled, she watched him go out in his shirt sleeves. Outside Mr. Hall got a good look at his man. He was fairly well dressed, but no one to fall asleep beside on a davenport in the club lounge. As well as he could, Mr. Hall made certain they were alone. "Now, Billy, what's on your mind?"

"You know what's on my mind," the man said.

"Let's just ease away from the door a bit," said Mr. Hall. "We have company inside."

They walked over near Bertie's little garage. "Now, see here," said the man. "If you're going to do business you're going to do it with me. I come pretty near handling most of the goods that are handled in this town, and you can't come any tricks on me."

"And just what in hell are you driving at?"

"I'm driving at this: I don't know much about you or your girl partner, but I do know you're starting in on a pretty fair scale, and I've seen good customers of mine coming and going from your place, and I know you're having a special truck built with a lot of fancy fittings to handle outside calls. You can't start nothing here without seeing me."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Clara Bow—
Betty Bronson—
Janet Gaynor—
You—

In a flood of revealing light YOUR skin can be flawlessly lovely to close observant eyes.

Every woman must face her own particular *Close-up Test*

SMOOTH SKIN *instantly attracts, say* 45 *Hollywood directors . . .*

A GIRL'S lovely skin is an instant attraction. A whole audience is swept by enthusiasm when the close-up brings the radiant loveliness of a star near to them.

And every woman must meet the scrutiny of close appraising eyes. Does your skin quicken the heart with its loveliness like Clara Bow's, Betty Bronson's, Janet Gaynor's? It can.

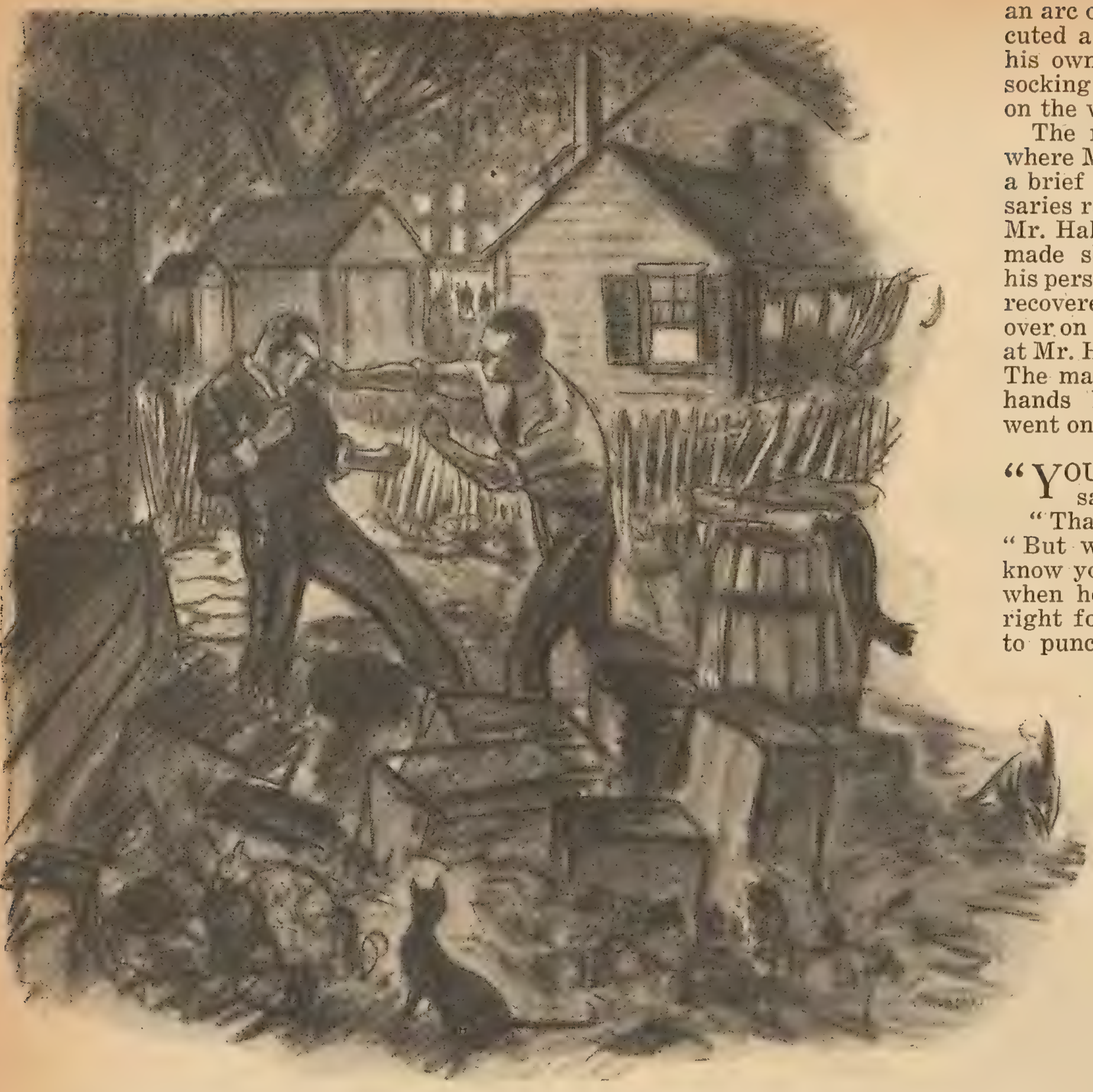
For the lovely screen stars have discovered a sure way to complexion beauty. Clara Bow, the bewitching little Paramount star, beguiling Betty Bronson, Janet Gaynor, the beloved Fox star, are among 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood who jealously guard their smooth skin with Lux Toilet Soap. Their enthusiasm has made it official in all studio dressing rooms.

Hollywood—Broadway—Europe
the favorite beauty care

Not only the stars in Hollywood, but the famous Broadway stage stars, too, have enthusiastically adopted this gentle beauty care. So devoted are they to this fragrant white soap that it is in 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York. And even in Europe, the beautiful screen stars insist on this soap for *their* beauty.

MARY BRIAN
beloved Paramount star, says: "It's certainly a wonderful soap! I always use it!"

98% of the lovely complexions on the screen and radiant skin of girls everywhere are cared for with . . . **Lux Toilet Soap—10¢**



There was an array of old boxes and cans and things next to the garage, and they went in and out of that a few times.

[SKY ROCKET
Continued from page twenty-six]

"This is a clean shirt," said Mr. Hall, "and I don't need you tapping on my chest. I take it that you, too, think I'm a bootlegger?"

"You don't have to shout," said the man. "But call it what you want, you and that girl has got to see me."

"Which hand will you take?" said Mr. Hall. "If I hear of you coming around and annoying that young lady, I may do worse, but right now I'm going to do a high swatectomy on your nose with my right fist."

The man flung up his arms in defense, but just then Mr. Hall shook him with a left hook to the jaw. "Changed my mind," Mr. Hall panted. Then they didn't talk much. There was an array of old boxes and cans and things next to the garage, and they went in and out of that a few times, disturbing some spring cats that had just been settling down to a good night's yowling.

THE man presently caught Mr. Hall stiffly between the eyes and Mr. Hall felt as he had when his nose found the edge of a door in the dark that his searching arms had missed. "We're making too much noise here," he said hoarsely. "Let's work more over behind the garage."

They fought and grunted and panted to a quieter spot and then suddenly all rigidity in Mr. Hall turned to water, and he looked up to see the man panting in the moonlight, evidently thinking up a good exit line. Mr. Hall raised on his right elbow and half by beckoning and half by vocal invitation, he summoned the man. The man approached and bent over, whereupon Mr. Hall made an arc of his left arm and executed a strange barrel roll of his own immediate invention, socking the man's jaw mightily on the way.

The man lay down swiftly where Mr. Hall had been. For a brief time the recent adversaries rested side by side, then Mr. Hall, refreshed, arose and made some small repairs on his person and attire. The man recovered his senses and rolled over on his back. He looked up at Mr. Hall. Mr. Hall grinned. The man grinned and put his hands behind his head and went on resting for a space.

"YOU ain't a bad guy," he said.

"Thanks," said Mr. Hall. "But was that all right? I know you shouldn't hit a man when he's down, but is it all right for the one that's down to punch the one that's up? Some might have placed a rock in the hand first, in fact, I had to let go of the one I found in mine when I came to."

The man laughed. Then with a hasty glance back at the restaurant, Charlie squatted beside the man and explained, "Listen, Fred. The Tea Shoppe didn't sell liquor before I came along, it doesn't now and never will while we run it. We have a side line of taking care of people who have made the mistake of drinking too much the night before and have what is known in refined company as a hangover. Our theory is very simple. If we can get them to eat and get their minds off themselves, they'll feel better after a while, and so the whole of that next day won't be wasted. It is barely possible that you know what that hangover feeling is?"

The man laughed. He got up and he and Mr. Hall dusted each other off, and they shook hands and the man said his name was Ben Wilson, and that he'd be glad to distribute handfuls of Mr. Hall's cards to his customers in case that later on they might want to be Mr. Hall's customers.

Mr. Hall went back to the restaurant feeling fine. Not being quite sure of his appearance in a bright light, he asked the dish man to ask Mr. Wes Harder to step out back. When Wes came out, Mr. Hall explained he had just tripped on something and didn't like to go inside. "I've given your problem a lot of thought," he said, "but it wasn't necessary. There's only one outfit in the business to handle your product and that's Bender & Swanson. Tomorrow I'll give you all the dope. In all honesty I have to tell you that's the one company, but you must not use my name. It's poison to them and I wouldn't have them think I sent you. But when you do write, or go in, be sure to get in touch first with a Miss Eileen Creedmore, so she'll get credit for the account. She's a fine girl and she can use the money. And don't tell her I sent you, either."

Mr. Hall was able to make himself presentable before Bertie saw him, but there was a three-cornered tear in his trousers. Must have been a nail. "Why are they always that shape?" he asked her, not being quite ready to go into the subject of his nose. "Why don't pants ever tear heart-shaped, or spades, or even a low club?"

"Now you look me right straight in the eye, Charlie Hall!" she said. "As long as we're partners here I don't want you ever to go lying to me about fishing licenses. And you've been fighting, and I loathe fighting, and if you ever fight again and I hear about it— Well, I want to be there because—because at least I can throw things."

She said, "lahin" and "buhcos" and there was a very fine mist over her eyes, such as one might find on a violet if one got up early enough and found a violet. And her parted lips were moist, too, and, oh! a lot of things that are dynamite to a platonic partnership, particularly when a fellow has just gotten himself out of one lime barrel and wants to be free. So Mr. Hall said quickly:

"Yes, yes, as they say up here in the country. Yes, yes. And now in my bag and marked for you is a boxful of candy weighing about five ilbs., and inside it is probably a little label saying, 'Packed by No. 410,' so let's go see if it was packed right or should we wire in a complaint."

They went, and Mr. Hall said to himself, "Careful, Hall, careful there, boy! A few inches nearer and the difference between what you would have been doing and kissing wouldn't be believed even by the deaf, dumb, and blind."

III

TWO days later Hall & Wallace went to Mr. Dill's body works to look at their new truck. Starting in with a basket, they had graduated to Bertie's flivver, but now their business had grown to proportions, not to warrant or demand, but fairly to bellow for better facilities.

Mr. Dill—sometimes called "Deep-Dish Dill" because the creases in his face made his razor hazard so high—was taking almost as much interest as the partners in the new rescue cart. It was a built-over speed truck. It had a sink and a refrigerator and the small gas stove Mr. Hall had just bought. It had counters and cupboards and drawers galore. The special dishes, cutlery, containers, and utensils had all been bought. There were even an electric iron, a first-aid kit, and a sewing kit. There were fire extinguishers, and at the rear was a big eyebolt for towing purposes.

Now they conferred on the color scheme for the paint job and decided on only the most cheerful tones. The usual small boy, who needed buttoning and sewing but cared not, was on hand. "What is ut, mister? A fire engine, mister?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Hall absently. "For putting out inner fires."

"Watcha goin' ta call ut, mister?"

Mr. Hall turned and surveyed the small boy and grinned. He found

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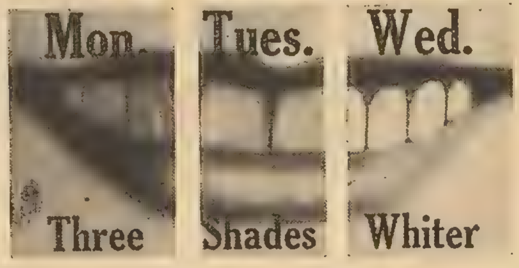
IGNORED
after a close-up

new technique CLEANS Dull Teeth



fully three shades whiter in 3 days

WHEN your smile reveals teeth stained to an ugly yellow, cloudy, marred by decay and denuded at their necks by receding gums others know that you have Bacterial-Mouth. An inexcusable condition caused by germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. Kolynos whitens teeth so quickly and firms gums so effectively because it kills these germs.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists advocate the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dentifrice full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this technique.

When it enters the mouth this highly concentrated dental cream becomes an antiseptic FOAM that makes wetting the toothbrush unnecessary. This FOAM gets into every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are killed, and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in the first 15 seconds.*

Food particles that ferment and cause decay are removed . . . acids are neutralized . . . tartar is gently erased.

Easily and quickly, teeth are cleaned down to the naked white enamel—without injury.

Look for Results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Try a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM
Keeps your mouth surgically clean

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 830-L-73
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
Name............
Street & No............
City............State............

SKY ROCKET
Continued from page twenty-nine

a half dollar and gave it to him. "Now run along and spend that for something foolish. And much obliged for the idea."

He turned eagerly to Bertie and Mr. Dill. "Sure, it should have a name—like the old-fashioned fire engines did. Bertie, let's call—let's call it 'Sky Rocket,' and have Mr. Dill instruct the painter to put the name on each side and a good drawing of a sky rocket. Sky Rocket! Gee, that's swell! What goes up must come down!"

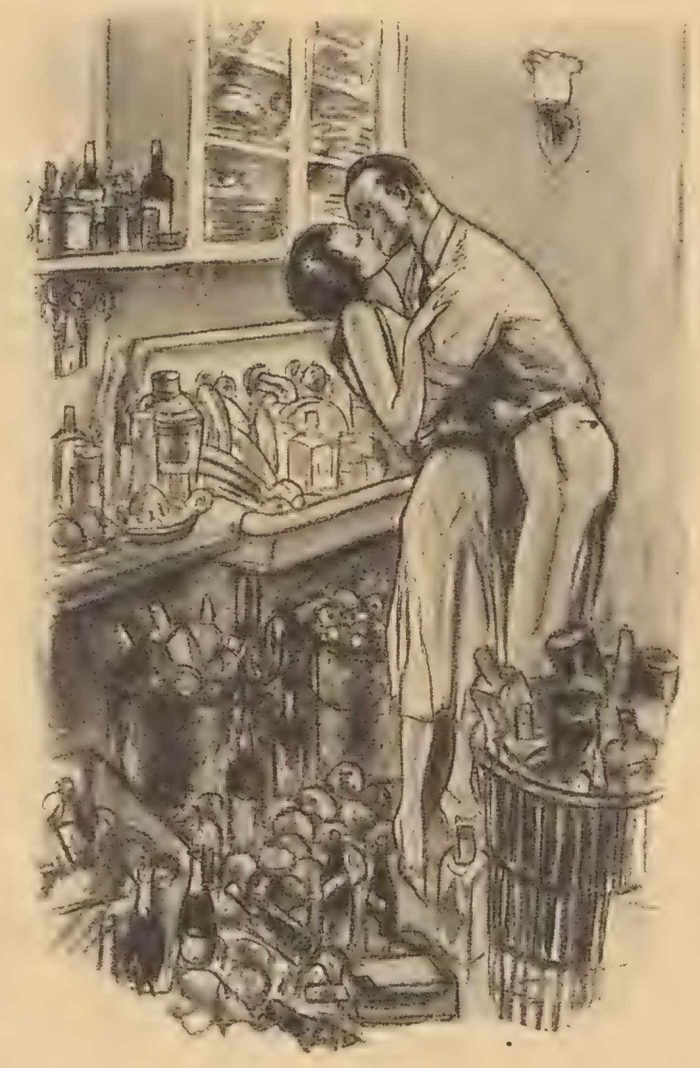
Bertie was smiling, but hesitant. "Isn't that—wouldn't that be offensive? I like it, but—"

"No, no. The spirit is, 'Go you high, go you low, we'll be waiting for you here below.' Something like that."

"Oh, Charlie, have a heart! But I like the name, if it just meant how fast we got to places. What do you think, Mr. Dill?"

Mr. Dill's complicated crease-work went into a genial smile. "I was one of your first customers," he said, "and I'm still on your list, and 'Sky Rocket' wouldn't hurt my feelings. Might make me take a few less the night before, if I remembered."

"'Sky Rocket' it is then," said Mr. Hall. He looked off at a cloud that was changing shape quietly, and he saw fleets of trucks dashing here and there in response to calls coming in through three switchboards. He said, "Make it 'Sky Rocket No. 1.'"



He turned her as she gasped, and he kissed her, and it's useless to deny he knew how.

IV

ON the morning of the fifth of July a young man was wandering around a country house feeling an after-holiday depression and trying to avoid the other guests who felt the same way. Stuck in a window molding at the telephone desk he saw a card, "For That Hangover—Call Hall" and he cursed himself for having forgotten, and he called.

"Tony Martin speaking. I'm at Bigelow Johnson's on the Saugerties road—"

Bertie's cheerful southern voice answered him: "I know. Who else is there, Mr. Martin?"

"Oh, there's a bunch of us celebrating National Hangover Day." And he enumerated. Bertie jotted down the names. "We'll be right over, Mr. Martin. Now you-all just cheer up, do you hear?"

"I'll try to," he said, "but things are not so good." He lowered his voice. "The place looks like the levee had busted, and Mrs. Johnson won't speak to any of us, with accent on Biggey. Two of the lads had a duel in the living room last night with Roman candles, and it looks it and so do they. Stitch Edwards has to see a man in New York tonight and his city suit looks like he'd stored it in a swamp. Morrie King's car is in the ditch, and he has to drive Dot Bradeen back to Rye this afternoon. And all of us have the indefinable agony of the wound that doesn't show. And, oh, yes, the maids have a day off, and there isn't a bit of fruit in the house."

Bertie Wallace laughed at him and he had to join in. "We're halfway there," she said. "Cheerio."

"Oh, and one thing more," Mr. Martin added. "This is on me, understand? Bring some large bills to make change for a million, because whatever you charge won't be half enough."

Mr. Hall, very jaunty in flannels, came in, while she was talking, from a visit to Ned Townsend, who owned the street cars and was at his office every morning at eight, fireworks or firewater notwithstanding. Bertie gave him the list and he consulted their rapidly growing files.

"Tony Martin, he's a strong creamed-chipped-beef-on-toast man. Biggey Johnson goes for Bismarck herrings, and Mrs. Johnson will want some ice cream. Wonder if she remembered my advice to put a quart of milk on her night table and work on it if she couldn't sleep? Stitch Edwards will snap at a cannibal sandwich and so will Cokey Mapes. Ethel Mapes always responds to the old reliable tomato juice, and Dot Bradeen— Haven't anything on her, but wait— She came from Hollywood and I'll bet she's a hound for chili beans. Let's see; we have plenty of fruit and coffee on the truck. And Bertie, if Biggey and the boy friends are in wrong with Edith Johnson, grab a few articles from the giftey shoppey, and let's go."

SHORTLY after, they were rolling along the Saugerties road in Sky Rocket No. 1. Invariably on the road they sang—any old thing that came to mind—and Bertie knew all the words of some of the rarest relics, and could fetch a barytone that was astounding in a girl. They had just done justice to We Never Speak As We Pass By, and she was reaching behind her for her ukulele, when she said:

"When you came back from the city you didn't say how you made out with your girl."

"Eileen—Miss Creedmore? Oh, on the principle of using one nail to drive out another, she was already being nicely escorted. Very decent chap, well read, no drinkee, large wage, and plays mean bridge." Serious for the moment, he looked straight ahead. "They were married day before yesterday. Say, where do we turn off for the Johnson place?"

"To the right, just before you come to the gas station. And we'll have to go easy and watch for Morrie King's car."

The Johnson house and outbuildings were situated in a pine grove well back from the road, and there were a tennis court, swimming pool, an archery course, and other pleasant things about, and none of the guests taking advantage of them. Tony Martin and Stitch Edwards in knickers were walking around, rubbing the backs of their heads vacantly, not because of pain but because their coördination and concentration were not good and having put up their hands they had forgotten to take them down.

Cokey Mapes sat on a rock and stared between his feet at a gigantic ant which was prowling under the enormous pine needles. The ladies were being miserable in their respective boudoirs, and in the bathroom, exceedingly conscious of himself, Mr. Bigelow Johnson, eminently solvent broker, was wondering what one does with the left hand while shaving, and did it prove he had palsy because he couldn't make the shaving brush stand on its handle? Mr. Morrie King was in the kitchen trying to build up just one drink by running a little water into each of a large number of empties, not realizing it had already been done twice that morning.

In the lives of all of them came beautiful music and the sound of two automobiles. The music was from an electric harp arrangement that supplemented the customary raucous horn, and was most soothing and cheerful and æolian in quality. The gallant new Sky Rocket No. 1 was towing a heavy, muddy green coupé, piloted by Miss Wallace.

Messrs. Martin, Mapes, and Edwards raised a cheer of "Tallyho!" and Mr. King came running. They clustered around the truck and admired it and felt better already, and soon were joined by Dot Bradeen in beach pyjamas and mules.

The two Samaritans went quickly into the routine of their profession. Mr. Hall lighted the gas stove and soon had the coffee going. From the ice box he took containers of cold grapefruit juice, orange juice, and tomato- and clam-juice cocktails. They furnished their own cutlery and china, for, as Bertie said, half the battle was in not creating any more disorder than they found.

Bertie sped into the house with ice cream for the hostess and tomato juice for Mrs. Mapes. By the time Bertie was back with mental notes of the condition of the house and a quickly delivered set of Mrs. Johnson's reactions—the familiar hostess ones of cordiality and enthusiasm, descending to depression and ultimatums because of too much party—Mr. Johnson had produced himself and had been tossed his herring. Stitch Edwards, Cokey, and Morrie were at work on cannibal sandwiches of chopped raw beef, chopped onion, and raw egg, hotly seasoned, and the Bradeen girl was clamoring for her chili beans which were on the fire.

BERTIE spread out the first-aid kit and took care of the Roman-candle burns on the duelists—Mapes and Edwards—while Miss Bradeen ate half a bottle of pickled walnuts Charlie Hall had given her to keep her quiet. By that time he had Martin's creamed chipped beef ready.

Bertie put a large paper picnic cloth on the pine needles and rapidly set places for everybody. Mrs. Mapes then appeared and said Mrs. Johnson would be right along. There was a giant tomato omelet, chili beans, plenty of bacon and toast and coffee for them to pitch into, and Charlie Hall saw to it that there was a goodly park of worcestershire, tabasco, mustard pickles, pickled beets, onions, and peppers in the center of the cloth. Just before Mrs. Johnson joined them her husband whispered hoarsely to Mr. Hall:

"This is great, kid. You've turned a panic of corpses into a picnic—but how'll I square myself with her majesty? She's off me, off the bunch, and off the place—just when we have it fixed up nice. Says she's tired of running a roadhouse, and et cetera and so on and on."

Charlie whispered back, "A holiday on top of a week-end is often a bit too much for the feminine constitution. Just open that box behind the seat and paw around. A little present never did any harm, and you might find something she'd like."

Once the party under the pines was going well, the firm of Hall & Wallace tackled the house. "Dirt is all right, but disorder tears the insulation from the nerves of the sufferers," was one of Charlie's slogans. Bertie was more thorough. Together they put the downstairs rooms to rights, gathered

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Leading Motor Car Makers

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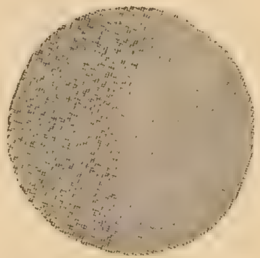

* TRAFFIC FILM is an accumulation of dust and grime particles, baked hard by the sun and heat, dulling your car's finish. Soap and water won't remove it. No. 7 Duco Polish will. The above photomicrograph shows a surface partly covered with TRAFFIC FILM, the right side cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish. Note the difference.

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EVERY year hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of new car owners have the opportunity of learning for themselves how easy and simple it is to remove TRAFFIC FILM* by means of No. 7 Duco Polish.

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Send us the coupon below (with 10 cents to help cover mailing cost) and we'll send you the following: 1 sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough for one polishing), 1 sample can of No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream (enough for the hood), 1 sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough for a spare tire).

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Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost.
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SKY ROCKET
Continued from page thirty-one

up the firework remnants, glasses—all sorts, sizes, shapes, and fragments of the same—filled all cigarette containers from cartons from the truck, and put new essence, flints, and wicks into table and desk lighters. And had a good time doing it, with Charlie threatening to call midnight drills and rehearsals because she was so slow—and Bertie infinitely faster and more deft than he.

Then they went for the kitchen, stacked with empty bottles, squeezed halves of oranges and lemons, and used dishes and utensils. The phonograph which had been placed beside the sink the night before was rolled back to the living room, and kitchen things that had been used in parlor tricks were put away. Obviously the house party had been to a Fourth of July costume dance, for there were portions of costumes of both genders—beads, ornaments, grease paint, beards and crêpe hair, and masks—scattered around downstairs, and a bottle of spirit gum had been spilled into the poker set.

While Charlie was taking care of this, Bertie was being busy with Stitch Edwards' "city suit," which she had found on the back porch where it had been hung to dry after a ditch inadvertence the night before the Fourth. She had fetched dry-cleaning paraphernalia from the truck, and she was almost finished with her pressing job when Charlie joined her.

NEXT WEEK—

Outside Looping with Al Williams

a chronicle of daredeviltry in the air—by

Richard Carroll

and

the sensational new serial feature of which we give you a hint this week on page 66

"This is going too far," he told her. "We don't have to make a couple of valets of ourselves."

"It isn't as though our customers were well," she answered. "And if we can help people, why shouldn't we?"

Mr. Hall pondered. "Maybe another year we can haul around a slave in a trailer with a steam table for pressing trou for guys that have slept in their clothes—What are you laughing at? I'm serious."

"I know you are—that's why you're so funny. Were you going to have him play a calliope as we pass through towns?"

HE looked quickly at her, as he thought he detected a note that didn't belong in the orchestration. For a moment he forgot to answer. To him there was something very appealing about the way this girl, who had ridden her own horses, was doing this homely task well and without question. She had reddish-brown hair and she had shoved it back carelessly from her forehead, and her eyes were gray-green and laughed just before the rest of her face did, and she was dressed in white, as simply as a tennis player, with only a wrist watch, a utility one, for ornament. But she surely did make those worried Park Avenue effort-makers look futile on their high heels!—Come, come, Mr. Hall.

He answered: "I don't know about you, but I think following through on an idea is about the most fascinating and exciting thing in the world. I'm not half through yet—"

"I've noticed you've seemed pretty well absorbed— But listen, Charlie! Isn't that the phone? Maybe you'd better answer it for them."

"Sure thing, perdner."

And he gave her a friendly pat and went to the telephone.

He didn't have to disturb the picnic party, because the call was for him, from Wes Harder: "Charlie? Great! I called the shop and they told me where to find you. Can you do me a big favor when you're through there? Doc Cole wants to see you for his crowd, but on the way to his place could you stop here first? We had a big party over the Fourth and we're all dying in different corners, so the sooner the better. And say, here's an old friend who wants to talk to you—"

Mr. Hangover Hall nearly fell in on himself when he recognized the Norse accents of his former employer: "Charlie? Hello, Charlie, old man! This is Karl. I have just learned we have you to thank for Mr. Harder's business. . . . Yes—I know—but he just told me—and please don't scold him, because I'm very glad to know."

"MY lord, the boss' voice sounds meek," thought Charlie. "What ails him?"

Mr. Swanson resumed: "And, Charlie! This is an unusual favor, but one I shall never forget. The fact is, Mr. Harder has been very hospitable—but I am afraid I am unaccustomed to this beverage you call applejack. If you would be so kind—I understand you know what to do about it."

Mr. Hall surrendered, and laughed sympathetically. "Sit tight, boss, and we'll be right over. I have some special herrings that I'm sure will appeal to you. Real Sveedish ones."

He hung up, and looked out into the kitchen. A moment later Miss Wallace felt his arms around her. He turned her as she gasped, and he kissed her, and it's useless to deny he knew how. He held her off—her face was flaming. He said, "Bertie, did you think this plutonic, platonic, plotonic friendship could last forever?"

She shook her head. He said, "Bertie, honey, do you love me? Don't be afraid to answer, because I do you."

But she wasn't afraid to answer. She let go the iron and put her arms around him and kissed him and meant it. She was a strong girl. She said, "Of course I do. I always have since that first day you came in the shop looking so doleful and helpless. But I was afraid you were never going to see me. You never notice what I do or say or wear—"

And after a while she said, "Goodness! Mr. Edwards' trousers might have been burned!" And he said, "To hell with Edwards' pants. Come here. Gee, I love you! Stand there till I see how near I can miss your nose with a healthy sock. No, on the other hand—" And after a while: "Thank God I've fallen in love with a tall girl."

And then from the grove came a terrific male cheer, with high-pitched feminine cries darting in and out and above: "Rah! Rah! Rah! SKY ROCKET! hoo-R-A-E-Y!" And they ran out on the porch hand in hand and saw their customers dancing around the glistening new truck. They called back to the cheerers and Mr. Hall shouted, "Yo! See what I just found!"

And then, as Bertie was blushing to absolute capacity, they went back into the house.

THE END

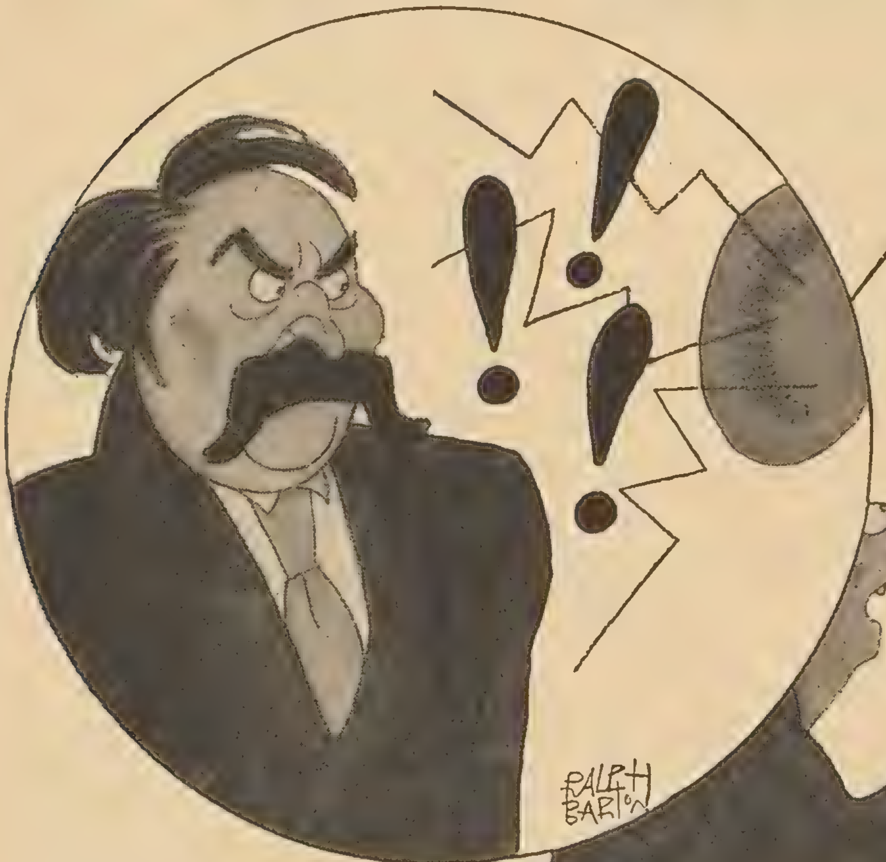
Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

1—The part of the small intestine next following the stomach.
2—Thirteen.
3—The small, hardy, half-wild horse of Texas, New Mexico, etc.
4—Vulcan.
5—Iceland.
6—One square mile.
7—A young swan.
8—The sardonyx.
9—Four.
10—A character in Sheridan's play, The Rivals.
11—Sir Walter Scott.
12—The shrewish wife of Socrates.
13—Mercury.
14—For the time being; temporarily.
15—Elba, an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
16—Portland.
17—Tax collectors.
18—The Russian Empire.
19—The feline, or cat, family.
20—Washington and Oregon.

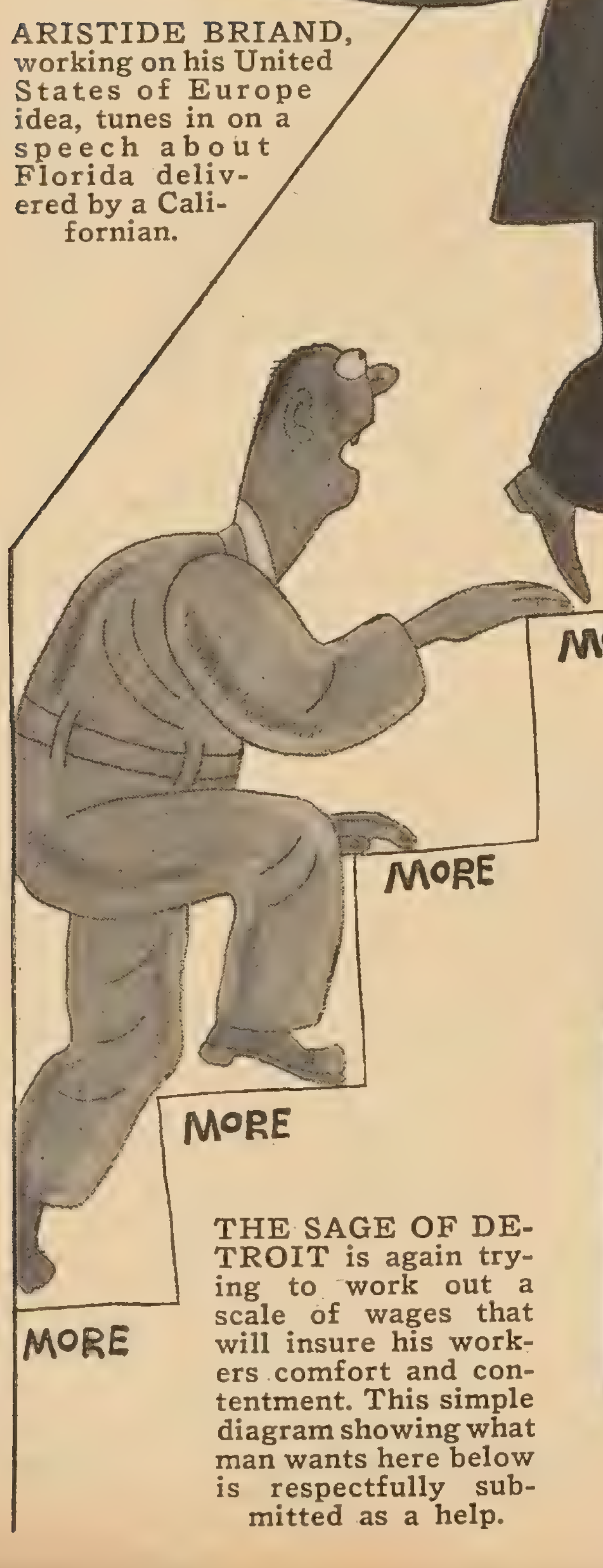
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

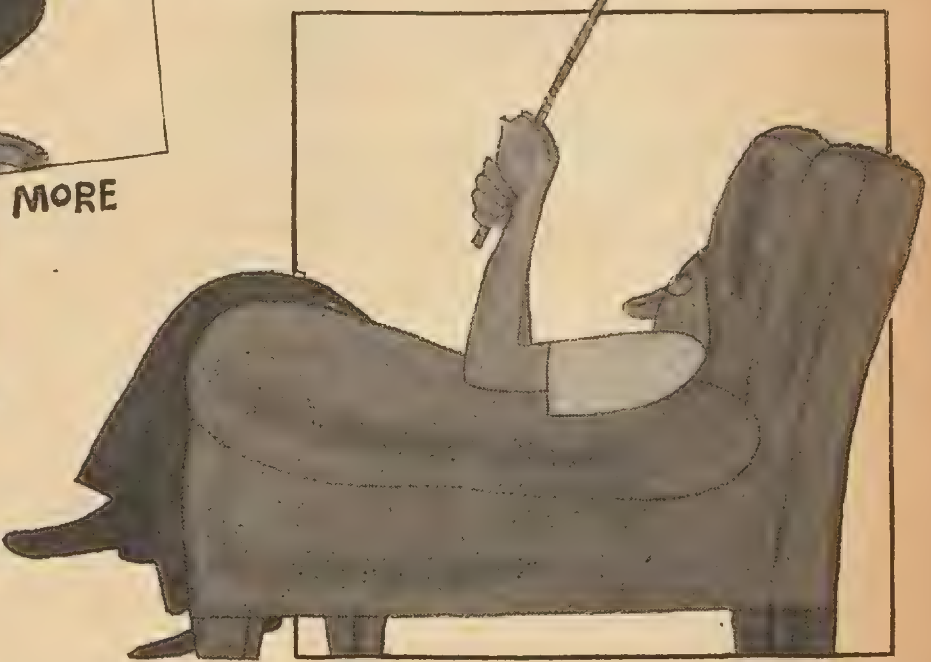
By RALPH BARTON



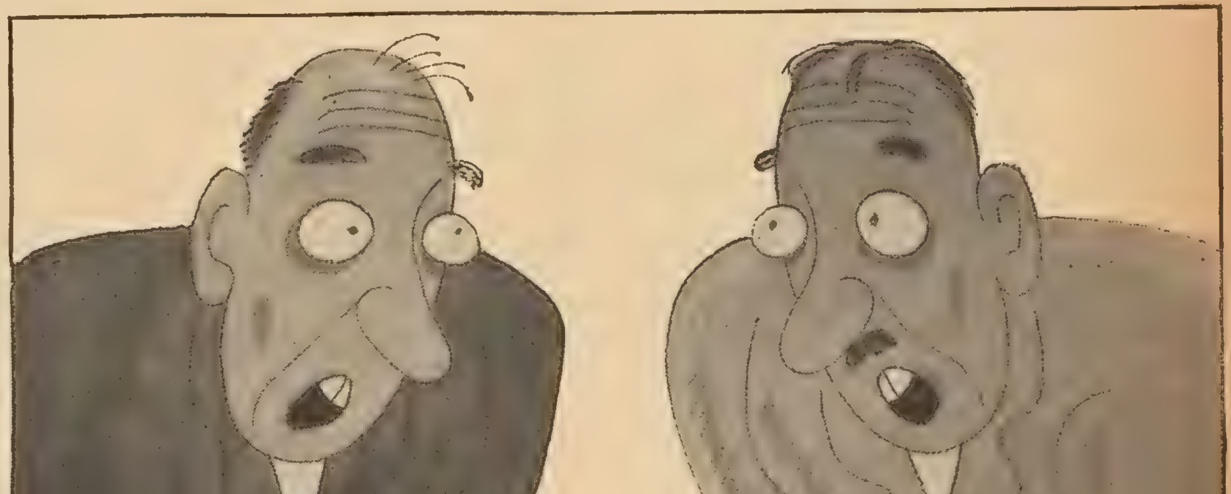
ARISTIDE BRIAND, working on his United States of Europe idea, tunes in on a speech about Florida delivered by a Californian.



THE SAGE OF DETROIT is again trying to work out a scale of wages that will insure his workers comfort and contentment. This simple diagram showing what man wants here below is respectfully submitted as a help.



BACK YARD GOLF brings the grand old game a step nearer the way we play it—sitting in a comfortable chair and thinking we ought to get out and play a little golf one of these days.



EFFECTS OF THIS TORRID SUMMER on (left) the man who had to stay in the city and (right) the man who was able to get away and spend a month or two in the country.

Vox

We Don't Know About the Bankers, But We Hear the Others Use It

St. Joseph, Mo.—Your publication of Ida M. Tarbell's article, "Ladies at the Bar," and other articles you have published, make me think your sympathy lies with the wets. Of course that's your own business—there are two sides to everything. But are you sincere? Are you consistent?

Your cashiers, your bookkeepers, your proof readers, linotype operators, editorial staff, and your bankers—do you look upon their appetite for alcohol, if any, as strictly their own business? Or do you believe, and rightfully, that you are entitled to the best that's in men in your employ as long as they accept your money?

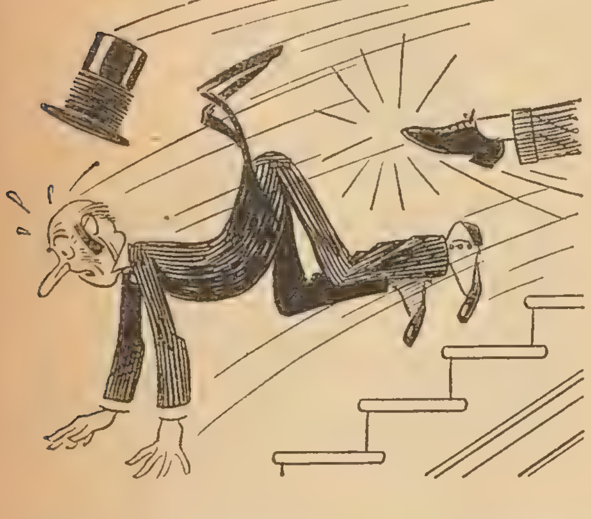
You surely don't think an immoderate user of alcohol can turn out the work of a non-user.

And were the nation wet, wouldn't the biggest per cent of users be immoderate?—*Dubbie.*

Very Well. We'll Watch Them

St. Louis, Mo.—In your editorial "John Barleycorn Is Dead (?)" you say some very sensible things about the bad effects of prohibition. And then, at the end, you seem to lose heart, for you state, apropos of the Eighteenth Amendment: "It ought to be amended out of the Constitution, but it is very difficult, if possible, to do this."

Why, man, you're underestimating the brain power and will power of the American people! Once let Mr. Average Citizen reach the conclusion—and he's reaching it rapidly—that the Eighteenth Amendment must go, and he'll throw Mr. Blue-Nosed Reformer right out of the Capitol, and down to the bottom of the Capitol steps. And then he'll get rid of prohibition *legally.*

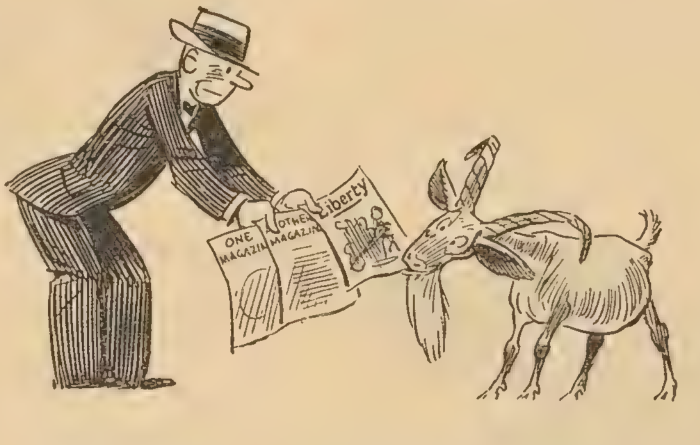


It's the young men and women who're most disgusted with the hypocrisy of the dry farce. Just wait till they get a little older and reach positions of power, and then—just watch them! That's all I want you to do—just watch them.—*Young Anti-Prohibitionist.*

Ask Oscar

Revere, Mass.—Let me tell you how I came to read Liberty.

About two years ago, having graduated from grammar school, I decided to invest in a magazine that was on a par with my then (and perhaps now) slightly abbreviated mental ability. My thoughts, as you will readily guess, immediately turned to Liberty. Still, I was skeptical. I wanted to make sure I was getting the most for my money.



So I instituted a test that is now known as the blindfold test. Here's how I worked it.

I trotted forth my prize billy goat, named Oscar, and blindfolded him. Then I took a copy of Liberty (while the storekeeper wasn't looking, to be sure) and held it out to Oscar, together with three other five-cent magazines which I had found in various ash cans throughout the city.

When I sicked Oscar on those magazines, without swerving, and without even sniffing at the other weeklies, he gulped down the mag. that I am now writing to. That settled my doubts.

Now, after two years' continuous subscription to Liberty, a strange doubt is beginning to assail my mind. Who was the goat after all, I wonder—Oscar or I?—*Sidney Schwartz.*

If They Don't They Ought To

St. Louis, Mo.—"Sandy hurriedly poured out a drink from his flask" and drank a toast to his new son, according to the story that went with your August 2 cover.

Leslie Thrasher left out something, and that was the fact that Sandy also opened his private electric refrigerator, evidently concealed somewhere about his body, and took out an ice cube to cool that drink.

There was the ice cube, plain as day, in the glass. Does Sandy have a patent on this trick?

Or maybe the newer hospitals furnish ice for the drinks of excited fathers.—*Noname.*

Let's Sit Down Sometime and Discuss No. 13

San Francisco, Calif.—Your story, "Nach Paris!" by Guy Gilpatric was more reckless than the Uhlans were—reckless with discrepancies. A few at random:

1. A German officer below the rank of a general never was addressed with "Your Excellency." A colonel's title was simply: "Colonel." (*Herr Oberst.*)
2. To assume that a trained German soldier should address his colonel with *Monsieur* is absurd and impossible.
3. The plumes on Uhlan helmets (*chapkas*) were white, not red.
4. The eagles on their *chapkas* were white metal, not brass or gold.
5. Uhlan breeches had no red stripes—in fact, no stripes at all.
6. A colonel did not sport "three or four butlers." He had one orderly (*Bursche*) supplied from the ranks.
7. Cavalry had no "companies." They were "squadrons" (*escadrons*).
8. Scouting detachments never had a bugler attached.
9. A German private never married during his term of conscription.
10. Birth control was not practiced. (Practically unknown.)
11. The Hotel Adlon, in Berlin, did not exist at that period. It then was the Hotel Reichshof, where this writer then happened to be a head waiter.
12. A first-class hotel waiter never would sacrifice his future and *carrière* by remaining a mere orderly (*Bursche*).
13. A first-class hotel waiter is not a servant.

But, as the doctor said: ". . . aside from those ailments—you are perfectly healthy."—*A former Uhlan and waiter—long, long ago.*

You're So Comical, Geo.

Carthage, Ill.—How about putting these ten questions on file for your Twenty Questions Department:

1. What time is it?
2. How's business?
3. Everybody happy?
4. Who's the girl friend?
5. Ain't he ever comin' home?
6. How's your Uncle Willie?
7. Did anybody faint at his funeral?
8. When does the next train pull in?
9. What's your name?
10. Ain't she cute?

Look in your diary for the answers.—*Geo. L. Brinkmann.*

Yeh?

Vancouver, Can.—See in the papers where Chicago is making a "determined" effort to nab its latest newspaper murderer. Ho, hum. Coupla years from now Liberty will be offering a reward for best solution of the Lingle Murder Mystery—contest open to all except policemen and employees of Liberty.—*B. A. Loney.*

Pop

Another Gentleman Walks Alone

BAYTOWN, TEX.—After reading the vitriolic epistle in your July 26 Vox Pop by the gentleman who calls himself "Bachelor Air Pilot," I am sorry to have to admit that I agree with him perfectly.

What has the average woman to offer a man in exchange for the things he usually has to give up?

Most women are either overeducated along certain lines or so dumb that it's inexcusable.

How many of you can put together a meal that's eatable? Entertain your prospective husband's friends intelligently when it would more than likely mean a promotion for him if you used a little tact? Very few of you, I'll grant.

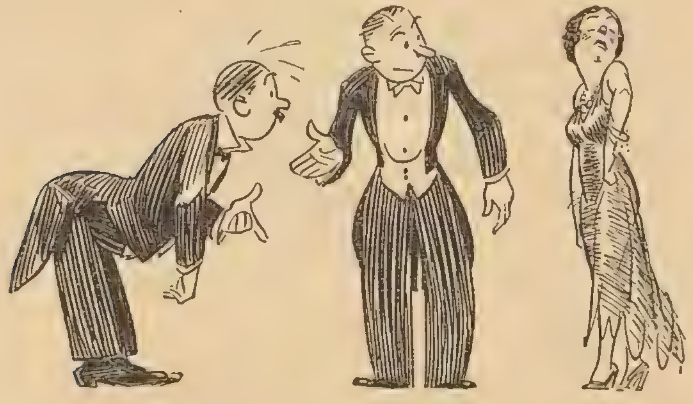
You'd more than likely snub your husband's friends because, according to your standards, they weren't "quite up to you" in social standing. Oh, I've seen it happen lots of times.

I've traveled all over the world and invariably I've seen the same thing happen over and over again.

The average woman will pick some promising young man of her acquaintance and make him fall in love with her, and behind his back she'll trifle to her heart's content.

You "wise boys" that read this will probably grin to yourselves and think that no girl could fool you. That's all right—you won't learn until you go through it.

How many of you are absolutely sure of the girl friend? Not many of you, I'll bet. That little doubt insists on bothering you, doesn't it?



Take my advice, son, leave 'em alone; play around with 'em and forget 'em. That's what they like, anyway.

As for me, I'll follow Kipling's advice and "travel alone."—*Disillusioned.*

Isn't She Worth 10c?

MONTREAL, CAN.—What did you do with pages 11 to 15, and 54 to 59, of copy of Liberty, edition July 26?

You cut me dead short in the best story ever written in your magazine: "Still Another Juliet." I had to buy another copy and see if it was complete. Lucky enough that it was, and I could finish the story.

But do not let it happen again. I don't mind paying a nickel, but a dime, never again.

Once more, and there will only be 2,249,999 copies net paid. Give us some more of this writer: Thyra Samter Winslow.—*Canuck.*

Little Conference on Kate

CAMDEN, N. J.—Were you ever on the receiving end of a good sock in the nose?

Well, that's just what Kate Cameron's movie reviews remind me of—nothing in front of the eyes but stars.

What is she trying to do, anyway—give us a condensed version of the Milky Way?—*Fred Strable.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Much has been said against Kate Cameron. Here's one everybody don't know. The Fox Movietone manager of the Washington District and the Pathé Film Co's. ditto are very close friends.

They both read Liberty, and Kate Cameron with her stars or lack of stars has never once misgauged the box-office receipts in this town, according to these two men.

Take the issue of July 26 for example: Kate reviewed a Pathé Picture and a Fox Movietone. (Probably I had better not mention the pictures' names.)

The pictures played Washington during the same week. Pathé got three stars; Fox got two.

The theater playing the Pathé played to a full house all week; the other picture flopped.

Maybe Katie knows her stuff.—*Addison C. Ream.*

Aw, It Might Help

DENVER, COLO.—Sometimes I think your Liberty is rotten, and then other times I change my mind, especially when I read such articles as "The Circle of Life" by Richard Carroll, in which he tells how our senses deceive us.

Believe me, if "We" (me and my plane) ever get into the air, I'll sure follow the signs of the instruments like my instructor, Mr. Carroll, advises. I sure would like to write to him, though, and ask him why in heck a man couldn't fly straight in a fog, with a compass in the plane—it looks to me like that ought to tell him which was sideways or not, and keep him flying straight, and not in circles.

And say, Mr. Editor, you can just leave out another cross word puzzle if you wish, and put more in your magazine about this air business. It's great!

When a fellow gets up in a fog, a cross word puzzle isn't going to do him any good.—*'Arry-plane.*

Word to the Wise

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The Vox Poppers treat you so mean, Lib., that I do think when anything good comes along you deserve a pat on the back. And here's my pat for Adela Rogers St. Johns' article, "Janet Gaynor."

It was swell.

It brought back my own girlhood longings to be a movie actress. My problem was how to get any training in acting. I had a very ardent admirer who wanted me to marry him and give up my ideas of a career.

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One day he said: "The most important thing of all is to know how to kiss, if you're going in the movies. Now, just for training in dramatics, suppose you practice on me."

For the sake of my art I consented, and— Well, you've guessed the rest. After a little of this sort of "dramatic training" I lost my movie ambitions, and have become—*Just a Contented Wife.*

P. S. He wasn't so dumb, now, was he?

Just Because

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Liberty—*why?*—*J. Couillard.*

Nope—No Fair

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—In regard to your funny face contest. I am an honest woman and have never done anything dirty in my whole life but reduced financial circumstances make it necessary for me to stoop to the following mean trick: I want to submit a natural photo of my husband in your funny face contest.

I realize how unfair it would be to other contestants, but am desperite for money.—*Dolly.*

Thanks So Much

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Just print one story a week, and fill up the rest of the magazine with Vox Pop letters about that story.

Well, why not? You want to cut editorial costs down, and keep your income coming in. This would do it. Think it over.—*I. M. H.*

Liberty's Record Breaking Contest $500 a Week in Five Big Cash Prizes

for the good old game

Limericks

Have you tried your hand? It's easy and lots of fun. Just provide the missing line below, making it rhyme with the first two, as printed. Send in as many last lines as you wish. The five best lines win the prizes.

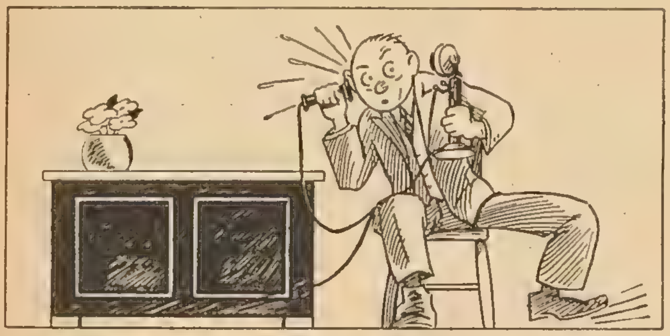
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Limericks.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



Bill Smith thought 'twas time he were wed.
So he called up the girl friend and said
"Will you marry me, dear?"
She replied, "Listen here—

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, August 30. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

Here are
THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of August 2. The Limerick read as follows:

When Grace started out on vacation
She found, to her great consternation,
She had everything fixed,
But her dates were all mixed—

. . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"Next month," read the kind invitation.

Written by Evelyn Conn
726 West Fifty-second Place, Los Angeles, California

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Time and place seemed to have no relation.

Written by E. B. Fitzell
26 Newell Avenue, Trenton, New Jersey

THIRD PRIZE—$75

She's in love. That's the whole explanation.

Written by Fern Evans
1073 Twenty-fifth Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

Which called for some deep cogitation.

Written by Freda E. Bentley
1203 Broad Street, Lampasas, Texas

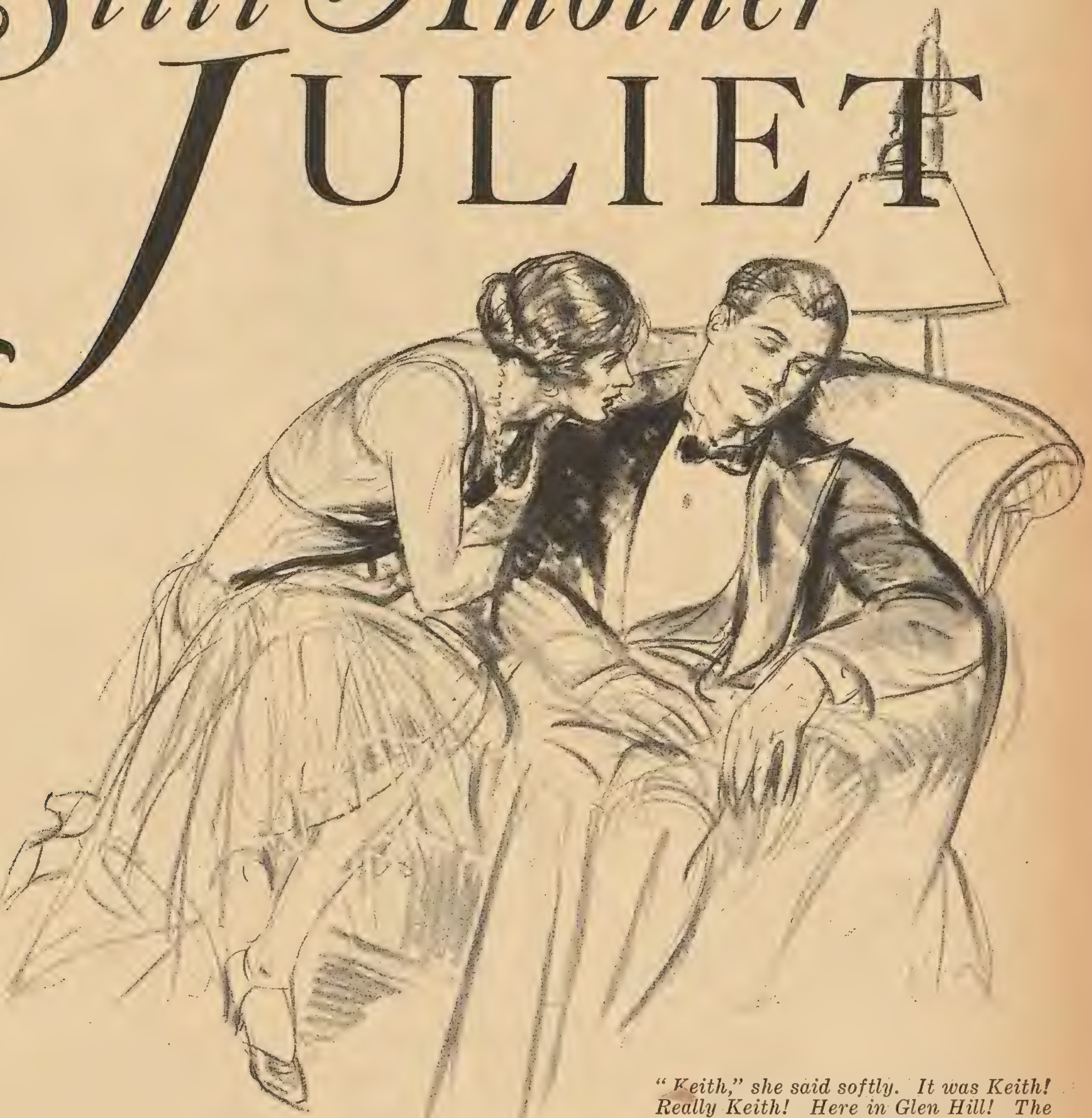
FIFTH PRIZE—$25

Plum loco, in my estimation.

Written by Catherine Clarke
Linen Room, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

Still Another JULIET



“Keith,” she said softly. It was Keith! Really Keith! Here in Glen Hill! The world changed.

A Love Story of Today in America

By

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

What Has Gone Before:

“I WANT you more than I ever wanted anything. Give me one hour—one night of your life. I'll never ask for more—and your mother will be provided for, the rest of her days.”

It was Bert Thomas, the big producer, speaking to Juliet Rogers, one of his show girls. Juliet was engaged to Keith Morris. She adored Keith, but there was little money. Keith had to support his mother, and Juliet hers. The two women had hated each other from girlhood.

“One hour!” It would be a sacrifice for “mama”—and for Keith. It would make their marriage possible.

After a New Year's Eve party she allowed Thomas to take her to his apartment, allowed him to give her strange drinks, to carry her into his bedroom. Then veils lifted from her brain. She must save herself for Keith!

She wrenched herself free, reached the entrance door. It was locked!

“Keith, help me!” Her thoughts were almost spoken words. She could not know that, at that moment, Keith sat in the shabby living room of her home in Glen Hill.

Now turn the page and go on with the story.

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-seven

PART TEN—THE LONG GRIND

FOR weeks Keith had planned to spend New Year's Eve with Juliet. Of course. Didn't all men watch the New Year in with the girls they loved best?

Seated at his desk, making layouts on the newest advertising account, he couldn't keep his mind from wandering off into pleasant dreams about Juliet. He visualized her, slim and fair. Her glorious red-gold hair, her long topaz eyes, shaded with dark lashes. Her mouth always so soft and full. The slender lines of her young body. His girl! He could hardly believe, even after five years, that he actually had won such a lovely girl as Juliet. He wasn't nearly good enough for her, he felt. He worked hard, had an excellent chance to get ahead, but he wasn't one of the type that skyrockets into money—and he was tied down because of his mother. He couldn't urge Juliet to marry him at once, and that he wanted most of all.

The men in the office casually discussed New Year's plans. Keith didn't even worry about his. He and Juliet would pick out some favorite little place where they could be together after the theater, and wait for the new year—then perhaps kiss each other good-by at Pennsylvania Station, as if one of them were going away on a long journey. Keith didn't like subterfuges like that. He accepted them because there was nothing else to do.

Then he found that his mother was making plans. He always grew anxious when his mother made plans, for they always involved him when he least wanted to become involved. Now they concerned a visit to East Orange, and the visit was to be on New Year's Eve.

AT first Keith tried to reason with his mother. It was fine if she wanted to spend the evening with the Madisons—but why did he have to go along? He had made other plans. Couldn't he join her New Year's Day, spend the entire day with her in New Jersey?

The more he tried to reason with his mother, the more determined she became. The stubborn look he disliked so much came into her eyes. He knew that she actually hadn't been well all winter. He knew the Madisons were the only relatives she cared about, and, though they were only her cousins, their opinion was very important to her. He could imagine the things she had told Aunt Freda about Juliet.

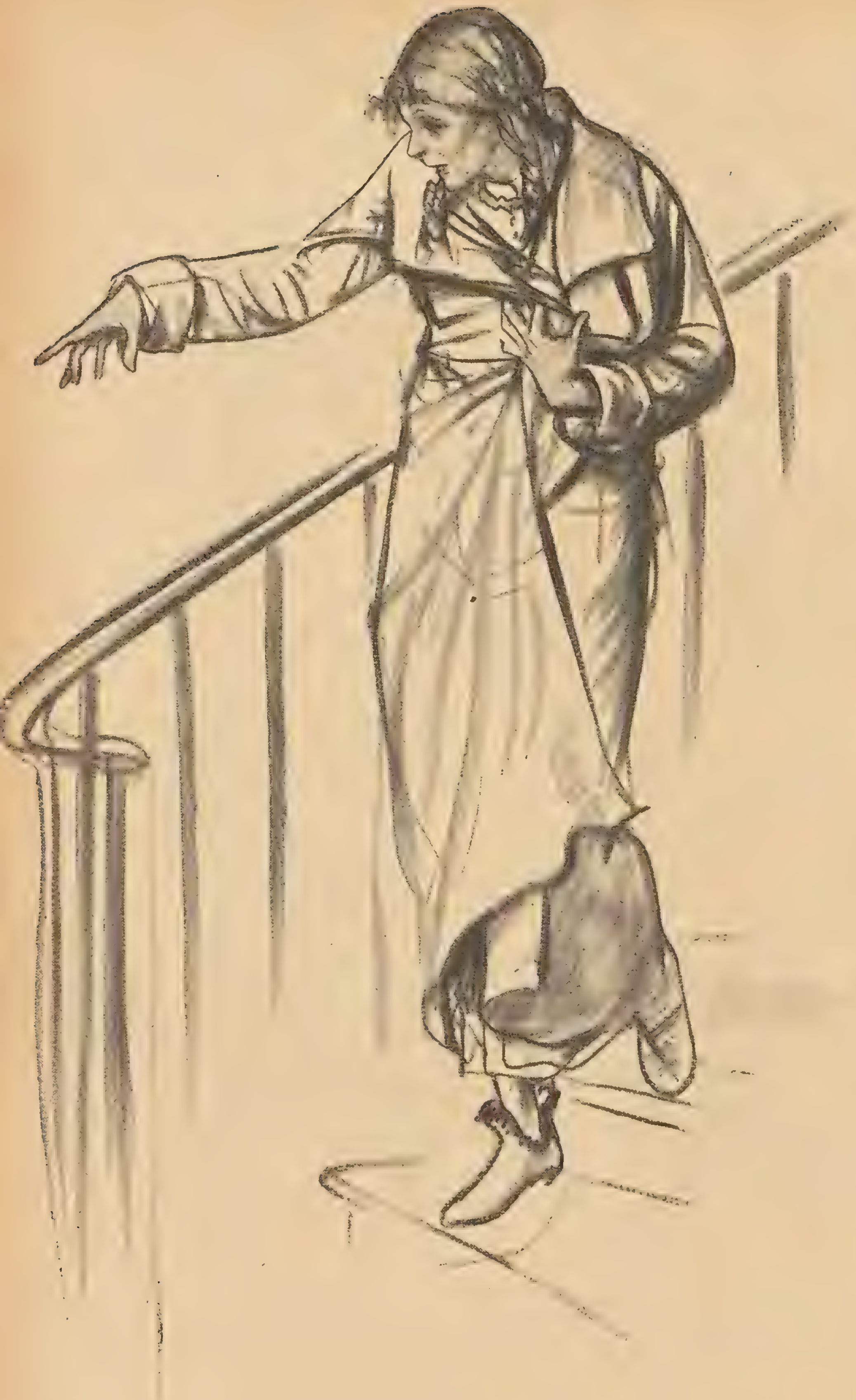
He knew, now, that his mother wanted to show the family in East Orange that she had control over her son. He knew that she wanted to prove to them—and to herself—that she was first in his affection. And if he met some nice young girl—could forget his infatuation— It was pride as much as love that urged her to insist that he spend New Year's Eve at the Madisons'.

The more Keith tried to persuade Mrs. Morris that his engagement was important, the more she pouted. Her stout little figure almost shook with indignation because he should *dare* to make an engagement with *that* girl when she—his mother—wanted to have him herself.

In vain Keith reasoned. As the New Year grew closer, Mrs. Morris grew more determined, more belligerent. Her always discontented-looking face took on new lines of unhappiness. And she resorted, womanlike, to her illnesses. She was nervous. She knew that if she wasn't given her own way she'd have a return of her trouble. Her heart ached. Why, it pained so she could hardly stand it, whenever she went up and down stairs! If she died, Keith would be sorry then!

AND in the end, when Keith, manlike, was helpless to further his argument, she resorted to tears. Keith disliked tears. He saw through his mother's pretendings. Yet there was nothing he could do. If going to New Jersey meant so much to her, he must yield. Juliet—his dear girl!—would understand, of course. Didn't she have her own mother to look out for—to put up with? He could be with her so many other evenings.

He'd go out to New Jersey, then, for New Year's Eve and the party the Madisons were planning. And he'd leave for New York on New Year's Day—have the rest of the week-end free. Surely that ought to satisfy his mother!



" You told me you weren't going to be at the party with him!" shrieked mama. "You try to fool me all the time! You know I won't have him in my house."

He felt decidedly downhearted after he had talked with Juliet over the telephone. What a darling she was! He drew little profiles that he thought looked vaguely like Juliet all over his paper. What a lovely, straight nose she had! What a marvelous curve to her upper lip! Was there ever another girl in the world who had such a lovely, soft, alluring line of throat and chin?

At five Keith met his mother, took her bags from her. (Mrs. Morris always carried about twice as much luggage as she needed.) Together they went out to the Madison home in East Orange.

They made the trip almost in silence. Mrs. Morris, feeling that she had won, was quite willing to be pleasant about things—that is, she was willing to let Keith talk to her and to answer him a little more volubly than in monosyllables. Keith didn't feel like talking. So, beyond a few sentences as to how fortunate it was that the weather had turned out nice, they had little to say to each other.

In the Madison home preparations were being made for the New Year's Eve party. Joe Madison, rather a surly fellow who was not very fond of Mrs. Morris, greeted them without too much warmth. But Aunt Freda and the girls, Louise and Roberta, were overjoyed at seeing them, and more than made up for Joe Madison's indifference. They gathered around Keith and Mrs. Morris now, paying Keith a dozen unnecessary compliments.

Keith was always rather bored with Aunt Freda, a fluttery little woman whose hair, partly gray now, still looked blond. Her daughters were even more fluttery than their mother and did not have the prettiness that undoubtedly was once hers.

As long as Keith had to be there, he tried to make the best of it. He amused the girls as well as he could—and listened attentively to the things they told him, although he was vastly uninterested.

Dinner was a rather hurried affair, with much giggling about the party and Louise's new boy friend. Mrs. Morris eyed Keith. Now, if only he liked Roberta, or one of the girls in her crowd—

After dinner everyone had hardly changed to party attire when the guests began coming in.

Keith tried to overcome the moodiness that grew as the evening went on. He couldn't help but compare, every minute, the girls he met here to Juliet. Oh, they were all right. Nice enough girls, though dreadfully dull and not awfully attractive-looking. When he danced, it was Juliet he longed to hold in his arms.

IT was half past ten and the party was well under way when his mother came to him.

"I have a wonderful idea!" She was in one of her rare good-humored spells. "Your Aunt Freda is urging us to stay over the week-end, and I thought how wonderful that would be! Tomorrow's Friday, and you said you wouldn't have to be in the office on Saturday, so we could stay here, and go home Sunday night. The girls are planning all sorts of things, and your Aunt Freda and I—"

Mrs. Morris beamed as she thought of her plan. To have her boy with her the whole week-end, safe in New Jersey!

Keith looked at Mrs. Morris.

"Tell me, mother," he said, "didn't you have this week-end planned before we left New York? Isn't that why you brought all that luggage?"

"Well—" Mrs. Morris hesitated. She felt safe now. "I did have something like that in mind. Your Aunt Freda and I talked it over on the telephone, but I didn't say anything to you. I thought I'd wait until you were having a good time and saw how nice everything was. You see how nice it is when you are in fine, wholesome surroundings!"

Keith looked at the couples around him. The rather stupid men to whom he had found nothing to say. The girls with their vapid flatteries. This—when he could have been with Juliet instead!

"You're going to stay, then?" he asked.

Mrs. Morris nodded, overjoyed at the apparent success of her plan.

"Whether I stay or not?"

"Well, yes. But of course we want you to stay; we all do. There's no reason you can't. You don't know how glad the girls are—"

"The girls know?"

Mrs. Morris nodded. "Yes, and they've all kinds of plans for the week-end. We'll stay until Sunday night—"

"You may stay until then," Keith answered. "There's no reason why you shouldn't do just exactly what you want. You made your plans without consulting me. I feel I can make my own plans now."

"What do you mean?" A curious look, a smile with fear just underneath, came into Mrs. Morris' eyes.

"Just that I don't like plans made for me without at least a consultation," Keith said. "I'm going back to New York now."

He knew that Mrs. Morris wouldn't dare make a scene, there at the party. He felt a little guilty about taking advantage of her. Yet he saw no reason why he had to fit into the life she had planned for him. He knew that his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-nine

mother would be as angry if he left tomorrow as she would be if he left at once. He had a very real desire to be with Juliet now. Foolish? Probably. Strong, nevertheless. It was New Year's Eve. All these men and girls looked happy enough. Why shouldn't he and Juliet be happy together, too?

He looked at his watch. It was not yet eleven o'clock. He would have time to get to New York and to the New York Theater before Juliet left there. Of course she'd break the party date she had made. Hadn't she made that engagement just because they couldn't be together?

He left his mother and rushed upstairs for his things. When he came down, Mrs. Morris was talking to Aunt Freda.

He made his farewells as casually as he could. He was awfully sorry he had to go. He had been having an awfully good time, when he remembered suddenly that there was a man he had to catch in New York tonight. The man would be gone in the morning. The holiday and all—He'd get back tomorrow, if he could.

He stopped to tell his cousins good-by. That was casual, too. They only half understood what he said. He didn't stop to explain.

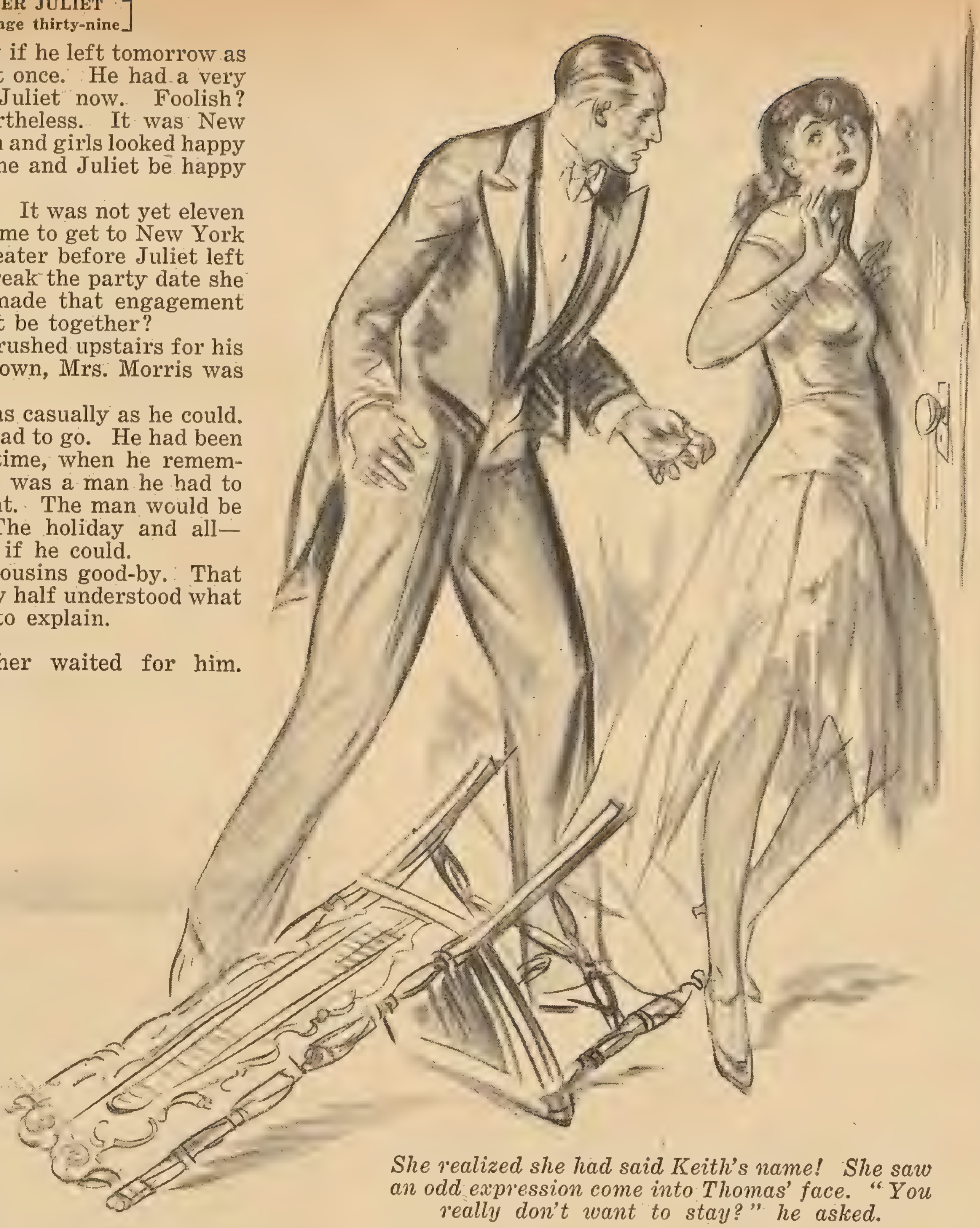
AT the door his mother waited for him. She was trembling.

"You're going to that girl!" she said. "It's the beginning of the end. You're leaving me—and you're all I have. To do such a thing, here, like this!"

"Nonsense, mother," he said, purposely making his tone a bit brusque. "Nothing of the kind. I'll be back tomorrow for dinner. Or I'll telephone you. Now you go right back and help Aunt Freda with the refreshments. And eat an extra piece of cake for me."

He leaned down, kissed her plump cheek.

There were no taxicabs in sight. Keith had no idea about trains. He ran down the streets to the station. Luckily, he knew its location. If he had any luck at all, he could get a train, could spend part of New Year's Eve with Juliet.



She realized she had said Keith's name! She saw an odd expression come into Thomas' face. "You really don't want to stay?" he asked.

He had to wait only a little while for a train. Maybe there would be time, after all.

How slow the train seemed! It stopped, started again, stopped. If he had only thought to send a telegram!

He was out of the train almost before it stopped. And into the subway. If only Juliet took a long time to dress—

The New York Theater was dark. And the doorman was a bit grouchy.

"Not a soul left," he said. "They've all gone."

"Miss Rogers?" asked Keith. "Are you sure? Isn't she here?"

"Left half an hour ago," the man told him. "I remember her and a couple of the other girls left together. Took a taxi to some shindig. I called the taxi for them."

Keith's heart sank. There was no reason why Juliet shouldn't have gone to the party. She had had no idea that he could possibly get away. Still, he had hoped—

He went to the night club that Juliet liked best of all, looked around. The place was riotous with gay dancers. The orchestra seemed the loudest he had ever heard, the lights too bright. A couple of girls he had met through Juliet smiled at him. Juliet was not there!

He went to two more night clubs. He knew it was foolish to try any place else. There wasn't a chance in the world that he could find her.

The streets were gay with folks celebrating the New Year. Couples or groups—and he was alone. He wanted his girl!

Then Keith had an idea. He'd go out to Glen Hill, see her there when she came home.

HE had a cup of coffee, a sandwich. No use getting out there too early.

When he finally caught a Glen Hill train, he was only a little disappointed because Juliet was not on it, too. Of course her party would last longer than that!

This was the ride Juliet took every night after she left him. This tiresome ride, alone. Oh, they must be together soon, not foolishly apart, like this!

When he reached Glen Hill he planned to wait in the station. Then he could watch each train as it came in. No use staying there now. He'd walk past Juliet's house first. He remembered quite well where it was.

He walked up the quiet little streets. How deserted they looked! In one house lights were still on and from an open window came music. All the other houses were dark.

Keith reached Juliet's home. How big it looked for Juliet and her mother alone. How old! To think that his girl had to take care of it all! There were no lights. Keith went up the steps. He knew it was too cold to wait out on the open porch any length of time. Almost unconsciously he tried the front door. To his surprise, the knob yielded to him. Mrs. Rogers must have forgotten to fix the latch that had been unlocked during the day.

The hall and the living room were comfortably warm. Keith tiptoed in. He didn't want to wake Mrs. Rogers. In the living room he picked out the big chair near the window. He would sit there—wait for Juliet. He hoped he wouldn't frighten her when she came in. How glad he'd be to see her! He and Juliet together—that would be the right way to start the New Year!

II

JULIET'S hand was on the door. And the door wouldn't open!

"Oh, Keith!" thought Juliet. And unconsciously, so taut were her nerves, she said the name aloud. And Keith was too far away to help her. Why, she knew he was undoubtedly asleep after the New Year's party. And she looked into Thomas' eyes!

She realized she had said Keith's name! She saw an odd expression come into Thomas' face.

"You really don't want to stay?" he asked. And he knew Juliet's answer.

Slowly he went into the guest bedroom. He came back with Juliet's coat on his arm. With almost a courtly gesture, which even then held something spectacular and mocking to Juliet, he held it out to her.

"I didn't quite understand, I'm afraid," he said.

He picked up the long white envelope that lay on the dark oak desk. He tore it across, threw the pieces into the brown leather wastebasket.

"We'll have no need for that any more!"

He pressed his finger against one of the wooden panels of the foyer hall. Then, with another gesture, he opened the door wide.

"Good night, Miss Rogers." Again the mocking scrutiny. "And I thank you for an interesting evening!"

She was shivering when she reached the street. She was afraid she was going to be ill. And her mind seemed dull, outside of herself, as if someone else were thinking for her.

She caught a stray taxicab. The streets were almost empty. She sat, still trembling, in one corner of the taxicab.

A long wait, then, at the station, for the early milk train. On the train were some workingmen and a few tired couples, the girls asleep on their escorts' shoulders before the train started.

Juliet closed her eyes. She was suddenly aware that her head ached—a curious, throbbing ache.

Well, it was over. Thomas. Her job. And she hadn't been able to go through with things. That was too much, even for mama. If only something—if there were only some sign that she had done the right thing! What could happen now?

The Glen Hill station was deserted. She walked up the lonely streets.

She dreaded going into the house. She wondered what explanation she could make later to mama, who thought she was going to stay all night with one of the girls in the show. Well, mama would be asleep now. That was something. She was very tired.

She took out her key—and found that the door was unlocked. She wasn't very much surprised. Mama always had the latch up all day, often forgot to change it at night.

She opened the door softly, switched on the hall light. She started toward the stairs, glanced in the living room. Was there—someone there? She went closer, a little frightened. And then she saw! She couldn't believe it.

"Keith," she said softly.

It was Keith! Really Keith! Here in Glen Hill!

The world changed. The horrible feeling of having done something terrible, of being soiled, went away, and a lovely, warm throb came instead. Keith was here. With her. And everything in the world was all right. The sign—the miracle had happened!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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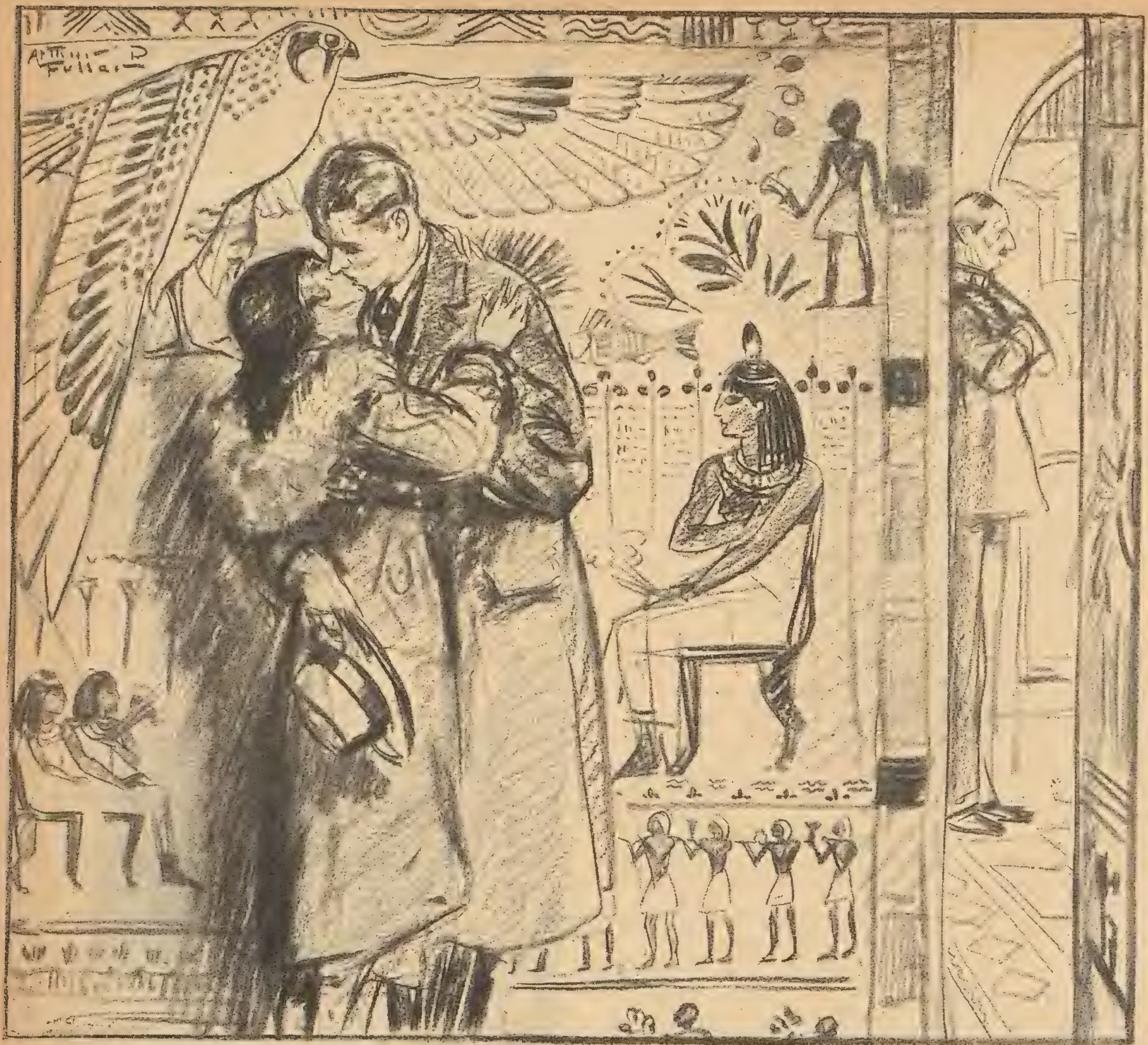

At the Metropolitan Museum they kissed in the replica of the tomb of a long-dead Pharaoh.

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-one

She was in his arms. How tall and big he was! And comforting!

Keith held her close. He kissed her again and again. Keith! It was seldom enough that they were alone together like this.

Finally, his arms still around her, he told her what had happened that evening.

"And I had a feeling that I had to be with you, had to see you," he said.

Then, a bit incoherent, the words running into one another, she told him, too. She told him more than she had thought she could ever tell him. And she was happy because there was nothing that had to be left unsaid.

She was here with Keith. Safe with Keith. And she belonged to Keith alone. No one else had claimed her.

Keith was angry. An impotent rage against Thomas. Against life because it made things like that—horrible, melodramatic things—possible. Because these things, without his knowledge, had come close to his girl.

He couldn't blame Juliet. It had seemed a possible way out for her. Money was priced high.

Oh, well, it was over now. In the future he'd look out for things. If only his salary—and the mothers—

Juliet cried because he was angry—and because she was happy, too. After all, everything had come out all right!

Dawn came, and it was New Year's Day. Juliet and Keith, watching the sky lighten, made little indefinite plans, the kind of plans they always made. And they wished that the plans could have more form—that they could say "tomorrow" instead of "some day."

If only mama were reasonable! If only Keith could come here to see her! If there were only some way that they could be married soon, have each other always. Well, at least they had hours like this together, and the memory of these hours always.

THERE was a noise on the stairs! Mama! There had been a consciousness of mama in the back of Juliet's mind all the while.

Mama stood at the top of the stairs, a faded lavender cotton kimono thrown over her nightgown.

"Who's there?" she called. "Is that you, Juliet?"

"Yes," said Juliet. "It's I, mama. It's all right; don't be frightened."

Mama came slowly down the stairs. Then she saw Keith!

"What are you doing here?" she asked. Her voice was shrill.

"I—I—" Keith began.

"He brought me home from a party," Juliet said. "I asked him to come in and get warm."

"You told me you weren't going to be at the party with him!" shrieked mama. "You try to fool me all the time! You know I won't have him in my house." And then, her voice still higher, "Get out! Get out!"

Mama made a touching little figure. Thin under the nightgown and faded kimono. Mama's graying hair was disheveled. She looked worn and old. And there was nothing Juliet or Keith could say to her.

Keith tried to be pleasant.

"Won't you let us explain? Won't you please let me come to see Juliet occasionally?" he pleaded.

Mama turned to Juliet.

"Tell him to get out," she said. "I won't talk to him. You know I won't have Minnie Streeter's son in my house! This is my home. As long as you stay here you'll do as I say."

As long as she stayed there! Juliet wished there was something—anything—she could do except stay there. She couldn't get away. She knew that. How could she support mama if she didn't stay? And who would take care of mama if she didn't? And yet mama wouldn't let Keith visit her!

"Make him get out," mama repeated.

"All right," Juliet assured her. "You can go back upstairs and dress. Keith will go."

There was nothing else to do. They both knew that.

Juliet hurried up to her room, combed her hair, put on her old blue serge. Then, in the kitchen, she made coffee. And she and Keith had coffee and toast together.

THEY talked then, half in whispers. Juliet couldn't go back to the White Cavalier. She knew that. She was a little worried about the matinée and evening performances. After all, leaving like this, without notice—

"They'll get along without you," Keith assured her. "I don't want you to go back to the theater even for your things. You'll promise me that, won't you?"

"Of course," said Juliet. She was glad the whole thing was over.

And now she was out of a job again. She had heard the girls talk about modeling. She suggested to Keith that perhaps she could get a job as a model in a wholesale place or in one of the Fifty-seventh Street shops. She could make more money than in an office job. Keith didn't like that; put his foot down decidedly. It was too nearly allied with the stage. Juliet had to work. Of course. Nothing could be done about that now. If he was to have anything to say, she'd take a regular commercial position. He wished there was a vacancy in his new office, but they were keeping the clerical force low.

Juliet knew she could always find a job as a stenographer. That was undoubtedly the thing to do.

At the Glen Hill station Juliet waited with Keith until the train came in. She made him promise to go back to East Orange. It would make his mother happier. After all, there was little enough that he could do for his mother—or that Juliet could do for mama, for that matter. And they had each other—had their love. And some day things would work out so they could marry. Until then they'd have to be patient; wait. There was nothing else to do.

A new routine, but one that was old, too, closed in around Juliet. Two weeks of hunting for a new job. And mama cross because Juliet had given up a good position on the stage and because Juliet had deceived her in going out with Keith on New Year's Eve. After she had told mama she had another engagement, too! And she had dared to bring Keith Morris in to the house, after all mama had said!

LONG hours of waiting in the employment agency. Getting to a position just five minutes after it had been filled. Working, unhappy for a day or two, in a place that could never work out satisfactorily. A dozen interviews. A dozen disappointments. If Miss Rogers would work for a smaller salary— If Miss Rogers had had experience in legal dictation—A nibble of worry that bit into evenings with Keith, that was there when she woke up in the morning.

A new job then. A job quite as satisfactory as most office positions. Secretary to an "Eastern representative." Her new boss was a Mr. Kriech. Dapper. A bit stout. Middle-aged. Mr. Kriech was beginning to be bald, but he wore what hair he had much too long and brushed it in a way that he obviously hoped would cover the bald spot. He said a brisk "Good morning" and pretended to be very busy and then spent an hour on needless telephone calls.

He made innumerable grammatical errors when he dictated, and expected Juliet to turn his dictation into perfect English without altering in any way the sense or the spirit of his letters. Frequently he dictated with a cigar in his mouth, which made it a bit difficult to catch his words, though it was no easier when he looked out of the window or walked or interpolated extraneous sentences into his dictation. But, after all, he was no worse than most bosses.

In her lunch hour Juliet had to do a hundred errands for Mr. Kriech. He was a bachelor, it seemed, but had quite a few lady friends and relatives, all of whom had to be given frequent presents, and he relied upon Miss Rogers, as a girl of excellent judgment, to do his shopping for him. So Juliet bought vanities and monogrammed handkerchiefs, perfumes and stockings, books and costume jewelry—and hoped that she was doing the right thing for the unknown recipients of Mr. Kriech's favors.

Kriech dictated the most personal letters to Juliet. Much too affectionate to be seen even by a confidential

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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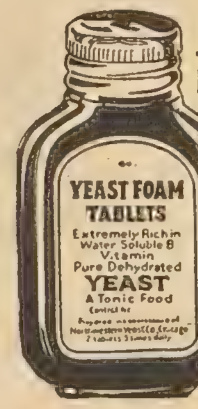

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ON THE AIR EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT

7:00 to 7:30 Central Daylight Saving Time

WJZ — WBZA — WBZ — WHAM — KDKA — WJR WLW — KYW — KWK — WREN — KSTP — WTMJ — WEBC — KFAB

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-three

secretary. She hoped that the girls who got the letters were not saving them up for possible breach-of-promise suits. Mr. Kriech, cigar in mouth, would assume a most angelic expression and smile happily as he dictated the slightly incorrect but fervent messages.

Kriech explained carefully, much to Juliet's happiness, that while he considered her a beautiful young lady—and, in fact, never had any but beautiful young ladies around him—he never "mixed business with pleasure." So, outside of a pat on the shoulder occasionally, boxes of expensive candy in gratitude for Juliet's shopping, and, with a glance at her form, "If I met you socially instead of here at business—" Juliet's boss was almost impersonal. And the hours were not too long and the salary was satisfactory.

It was pleasant, not working at night. After all, show business was no place for a girl who was in love with a man who had to keep regular business hours. Now Juliet and Keith could have dinner together and then go to the movies or the theater. Spring came, and the weather grew warmer, and there were bus rides too, and visits to the beaches.

The old routine again. Five and a half days in the office. And mama a little cross unless you were awfully careful. And bills to meet. And pleasant days with Keith; and, as always, these were the most important things in the world.

"I love you," Keith said.

"I love you, too," Juliet echoed.

And in March Juliet was twenty-five—an old maid in mama's day—and she and Keith had been going together for five years.

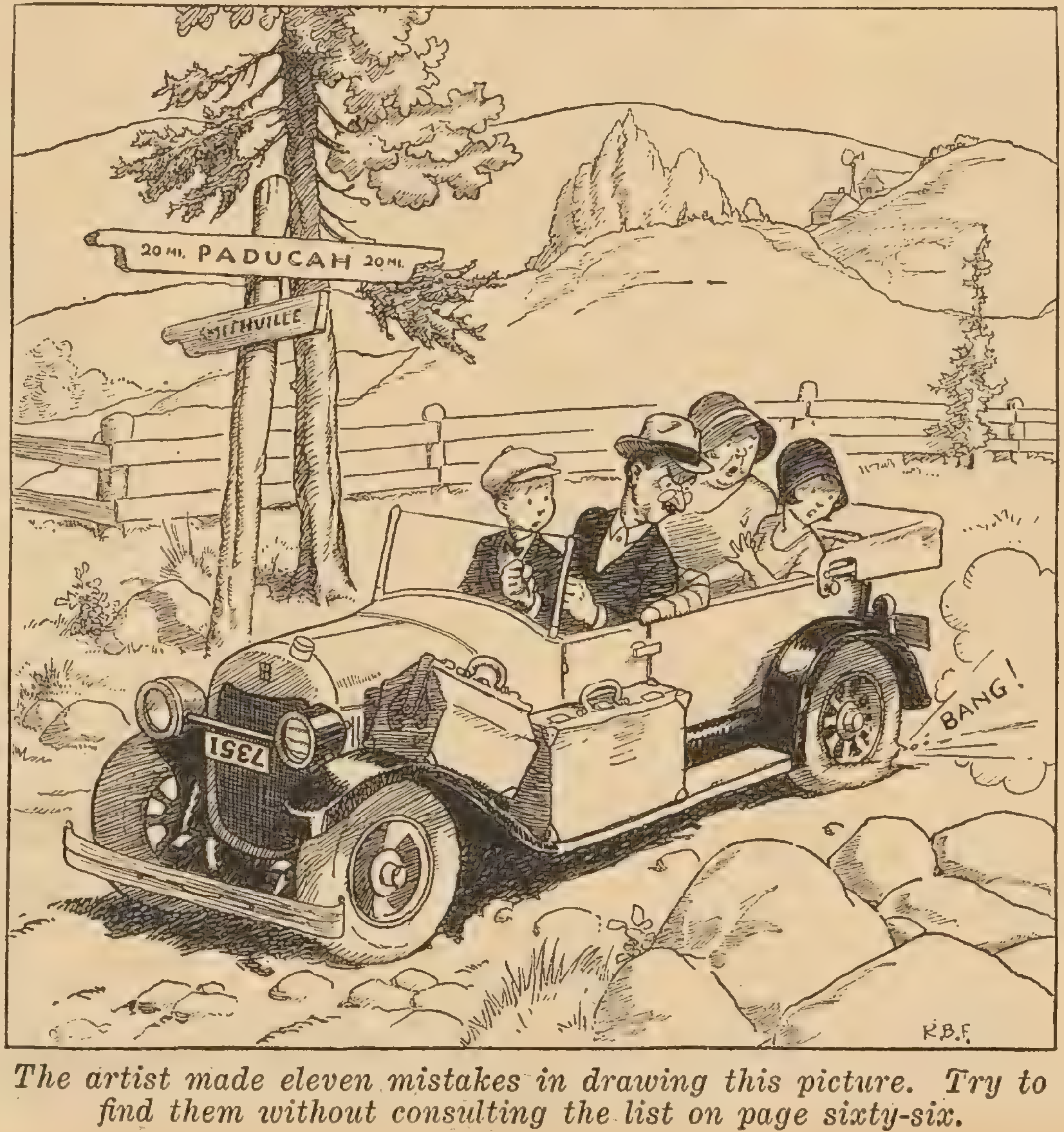
Keith's salary was still low. The Roth Agency represented youth—a future. The firm had all sorts of high ideals about raising the standards of the advertising business. The artists drew modernistic designs almost entirely. The copy writers felt that they were getting away from hokum—were telling their customers the truth, were playing fair with the retailer. They planned halcyon days, and in the meantime worked long hours on small salaries.

KEITH and Juliet met whenever they could, planning so the mothers were not left alone too many evenings.

Why, this could go on forever! Juliet peered at her face closely in her small hand mirror. Even close to the window, she couldn't see that she was looking any older than she had looked a few months ago. Still, if this kept on, year after year— Keith loved her, she knew that. And she loved him. And they were both tied definitely. What could they do?

There was nothing to do about it. Not a thing. And summer came, and there were beaches and the country and drives with Lora and Bill.

What's Wrong Here?


20 MI. PADUCAH 20 MI.
SMITHVILLE
7351
BANG!
R.B.F.

The artist made eleven mistakes in drawing this picture. Try to find them without consulting the list on page sixty-six.

An unrest crept very gradually over Juliet. An unrest greater than she had ever had before. And she knew from the things he said—and from things he did not mean to say—that Keith felt the same way. Their love was ripe. They wanted more than an occasional kiss at Pennsylvania Station, a few minutes in the back of an automobile together, or short rides in a taxicab. They were both normal, strong, human. They knew what this unrest was that they felt. They wanted marriage, a home. A family. And, instead, there was mama and Keith's mother, a hundred bills and a hundred parental quarrels, to keep them apart.

Juliet told Keith about her days in the office and about Mr. Kriech, about mama, about the girls she knew. He told her about the Roth Agency, the accounts he worked on, the people with whom he came in contact. And the want, the vacancy, was still there.

WHEN Keith got a raise—his first raise in the new agency—they celebrated by having dinner at a little nicer restaurant than Keith usually could afford. They were happy together—but restless, unsatisfied, too. Keith thought he could save a little now toward that time they looked forward to. If only his mother didn't become ill again—wouldn't need the extra money! He had decided not to tell his mother of his raise. After all, he was looking out for her well enough—and he knew she would absorb any extra money she could.

The raise helped a little—made them more hopeful, even if it was a long way off, the time when they could marry.

The few months she had been on the stage, the time had rushed by. Now the days dragged. Mama in Glen Hill—and the house that seemingly always needed things done to it. And Thelma writing that things weren't going very well. Steve had a job but not a very good one. If Juliet could help out— And because, after all, Thelma had been dad's daughter too, and it made mama happier, Juliet helped out.

The office. Vague and illiterate dictation from Kriech. Long hours at the typewriter.

And evenings with mama, reading or listening to the radio. And mama falling asleep around nine and pretending she wasn't asleep at all.

And the nice evenings with Keith. And lovely week-ends, when the weather was fair.

And fall came. And winter. Spring again. And Juliet was twenty-six. And nothing happened. Nothing at all.

Sometimes Juliet called for Keith at his office. She met the men and the girls who worked there. It was a lovely office, much like the Fredrickson office, but smaller and full of younger people. Everything was fresh and new. Even the office furniture was slightly modernistic. The stenographers were pert and pretty, the copy writers brisk and sophisticated.

Juliet didn't go to Keith's office too frequently, but she knew the people there well enough so that Keith's stories were more interesting than if they had been strangers. She knew Roth himself, dignified beyond his years, and the saucy little stenographer who took Keith's dictation. She wasn't at all jealous of the girl, but she wondered if another girl would have been, in her place.

"Guess who I had lunch with today?" Keith asked at dinner one evening. And then added: "That's right, you don't know her, after all. Jane Gilman. She came to the Fredrickson Agency after you left. A nice little thing. I happened to meet her on the street and asked her to have lunch with me. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," said Juliet. "She's the little blonde you told me about, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Keith. "A nice child, but scatterbrained. Pretty as a picture. Too pretty and dumb to be turned loose in the New York business world. If she had your brains it would be all right, but she hasn't, and she's just a kid."

Juliet wondered vaguely about Jane Gilman, dismissed her completely. Hadn't she gone on parties with a hundred men while she was in show business?

Summer passed. A pleasant summer, with dinners in the coolest restaurants they could find—Greenwich Village places where you ate out of doors in back yards gay with yellow and green tables and chairs, and little Italian speakeasies, with a cocktail to make the dinner seem better, and red wine with the meal. And Saturday afternoons and Sundays at the beaches and in the country with some of the people they knew—and picnic lunches—or alone and stopping in funny little roadside places when they were hungry. And too many train rides and never enough time alone. And the new restlessness underneath all the while.

And at the theater they saw The Spider and Peggy Ann and Rio Rita and The Road to Rome and Hit the Deck, and laughed over The Ladder.

And they read Lewis Browne's This Believing World, and Elmer Gantry, and Why We Behave Like Human Beings.

WINTER came. And again there were the renewed difficulties of being together—of always having to find places to go. And, somehow, the difficulty seemed greater now. Was it because Juliet was getting older? Because she didn't care as much? Or because Keith didn't care? She knew that wasn't it. She knew she and Keith loved each other as much as ever.

What could they do now? Juliet knew that the continued restlessness she felt had remained with Keith, too.

They looked for new places to dine, a little dissatisfied with their favorite restaurants, never quite pleased with their new discoveries. And after a day or an evening together they were loath to leave each other. Juliet hated more and more catching the train to Glen Hill, and riding by herself almost an hour, and then going into the lonely house, with mama always fast asleep.

Keith said: "There must be some way out for us, some solution. You know how much I love you—and want you. I want you all for myself—all of you. Not just little bits of your company here and there. I want to hold you in my arms, to show you what love really means!"

"I want that, too," said Juliet. "I want love as much as you."

"This isn't living completely," said Keith. "We need love. We need each other."

JULIET knew no solution. She had heard too much of young people living together without marriage, and falling out of love because of the irregular relationship, and then drifting apart. She had heard too many stories about "after you yield to a man he's through with you." She wanted Keith. But the reaction against the conventions that the war had brought had passed, and Juliet, because of her training and because of the thousands of stories she had heard from the girls she had worked with in offices and on the stage, clung as close to virginity and her ideas of virginity as if she were living in the midst of Queen Victoria's reign instead of in 1927.

She wanted Keith's love. She wanted, definitely, to yield to him. And yet she was hedged around by a hundred proprieties. She wanted to love Keith as his wife—not as his mistress. She had heard too many stories of precarious and surreptitious weekends. Young couples going to hotels under assumed names. Girls "getting into trouble." She didn't want any of that, nor any ugly underground things, in her love for Keith. They had kept their love fine. They must keep it fine now—and they must keep it alive, too.

Juliet shuddered, sometimes, when she thought of the girls she knew who had waited too long. She remembered poor old Murphy, who, because of family obligations like her own, had waited for years—only to have her "boy friend" marry a girl of eighteen. And Miss Robertson, the bookkeeper in the Fredrickson Agency, had gone with a man for nine years and then he had married another girl. Surely her love for Keith couldn't deteriorate like that! Surely it could end only in fruition.

And nothing happened to bring them closer together!

They had dinners in Italian restaurants. In a small restaurant on a side street they enjoyed the noodles and cheese which, someone told them, was just as good as you could get in Alfredo's in Rome. In a Polish restaurant they ate *barschk* with *ushka*. And in Greek restaurants they had crisp bits of pork and peppers and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LEW FIELDS is an "Extra"!

At theatres that show VITAPHONE VARIETIES you pay your money for the feature picture — and get LEW FIELDS — or some other famous star—as a free extra attraction!

Ten minutes with this great comedian whose name will go down in history — a quarter-hour of favorite songs by some opera star you've wanted to see for years—then a capsule musical comedy splendidly staged in Technicolor . . . that's a typical program of VITAPHONE VARIETIES—all in addition to the feature, at no extra cost.

Short subjects as fine as VITAPHONE VARIETIES are worth "shopping" for. For your own protection, don't judge a show by the feature picture only . . . Make sure the whole program is good!

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1/2 the fun OF ANY EVENING AT THE THEATRE

VITAPHONE VARIETIES

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE VARIETIES

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STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-five

bacon baked on a spit. In Armenian restaurants they enjoyed *pilaf* and *shish-kebab* and *eordeck-kezartma* and delectable almond and honey filled pastries for dessert.

They explored Chinatown for real Chinese restaurants. They added Turkish, French, Hungarian, and Yiddish restaurants to their vicarious tour around the world.

They saw opera from the topmost galleries. They saw plays on tickets from Gray's. And, at the Metropolitan Museum, when the guards weren't looking, they kissed in the replica of the tomb of a long-dead Pharoah.

And this new thing that had crept in kept them from being altogether happy. The unrest grew instead of diminishing.

At home mama was just the same. Querulous. Pleasant at times. Worried a little because Steve wasn't doing well—and treasuring every letter Thelma wrote to her. Mama was still adamant about Keith.

Juliet saved a little money, and the upper part of the house, above the brown shingle, had to be painted. There were repairs, too, and mama needed clothes—though mama had few enough new things, at that.

Juliet couldn't worry Keith with these trifles—yet they were the very things they would have talked over had they been married. And she knew that Keith kept things from her, too, so that she wouldn't worry.

Even now Juliet was a bit worried about the things Keith didn't tell her, though she felt he was probably trying to spare her. In spite of his new raise, he seemed a little worried about money, though he didn't actually say anything. Keith wasn't selfish—Juliet knew that. Sometimes she thought he was too generous in his efforts to give her pleasant times, to make her happy. But the last few weeks he had acted differently. As if he had something on his mind that troubled him.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for **Short Short Stories**

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

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Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

JULIET decided that it must be only her imagination. Why worry unless she found there really was something to be worried about?

Juliet was getting ready to go out to lunch when Mr. Kriech asked her to do an errand for him. He wanted a small box delivered to a friend's office, preferred trusting it to Juliet instead of to a messenger boy. The errand took her to within a few blocks of both the Fredrickson and the Roth agencies. She had half a notion to surprise Keith, to go up to his office and ask him to have lunch with her. She knew that he didn't like surprises. He might have made a business engagement. As she lingered on the corner near the office building that housed the Roth Agency, a woman rushed up to her.

"Well, if it isn't Juliet Rogers!" a voice said. And Juliet looked down into the face of Murphy!

Juliet was glad to see Murphy. She had often thought of her, usually with "the poor old thing" tagged on to her thoughts.

"Have you had lunch yet?" Murphy asked.

Juliet hadn't had lunch, so they decided to eat together. Murphy took Juliet to the Clover Tea Room, a little basement place she knew, led the way to a little black-and-yellow table against the wall.

Murphy launched into a talk about the girls at the Fredrickson Agency. Her whole life was wrapped up in the office. She took it for granted that Juliet was as interested in every detail as she had been years ago when she worked there. She had real news for Juliet. Lou Ray Tellis was married! Lou Ray was the type of girl who never objected to anything—and acquiesced far too often. The girls in the Fredrickson Agency had been afraid that if she did not meet a desirable young man Lou Ray would agree to other things besides matrimony. And here Lou Ray had married, according to Murphy, a "perfectly grand man."

"I see you never married," said Murphy.

"No, not yet," said Juliet. She objected to Murphy's "never married." Why, she wasn't so old—not twenty-seven!

"That's the way it is," said Murphy. "The young girls get the fellows. Why, that little snip of a Jane Gilman has all the men after her now!"

"I NEVER knew her," said Juliet. "She came after I left." She remembered that, months ago, Keith had had lunch with her.

"Well, she's awful popular," said Murphy. "But the men don't last long. Hot one day and cold the next. They come and go. You know the kind. Lately I've noticed your old flame is hanging around her."

"Who? J. D.?" asked Juliet.

"No, I don't mean him," Murphy went on. "He hasn't looked at a girl since you went away. I believe, here lately though, that he's ringing up a young society lady in Locust Gardens. That's what Miss Freund, who's on the switchboard, said. I mean the fellow you were so crazy over when you were here. You know. Keith Morris. I could have told you then that wouldn't last."

"What do you mean?" Juliet asked.

"Oh, those good-looking fellows never stick. He reminded me, at the time, of the man I was engaged to. I didn't like to say anything."

"Oh, but I still—" Juliet started to correct Murphy's impression.

"Yes, Keith Morris has been hanging around with the rest of them," Murphy interrupted. "I saw them when they met down in the lobby the other day, and then they went out to lunch together."

"That wasn't lately," Juliet had to add.

"Sure," said Murphy. "Not a week ago. And Monday I was relieving Freund at the switchboard when she called him on the telephone—and I saw them together not more than three days ago in this very lunch room!"

Murphy suddenly leaned over to Juliet.

"Don't look now," she said, using the motto of every gossip. "But right in that corner are the very people we've been talking about. They just came in. Keith Morris and that Gilman girl. What a fresh piece she is!"

Juliet wanted to prove to Murphy that she was wrong. She didn't believe, even now, that Keith, her boy, was going with anyone else. Didn't he always tell her when he had even a casual luncheon with another girl?

Juliet looked around. And at the corner table sat Keith! His profile was turned to Juliet. And across the table from him was a pretty little blond girl. And Murphy knew she was Jane Gilman! The girl seemed awfully blue about something. She was talking earnestly. Her blond head and Keith's dark one were very close together. And as Juliet looked she couldn't help but see that Keith reached over and patted Jane Gilman's hand. "Didn't I tell you?" crowed Murphy.

Did this mean the end of Juliet's and Keith's long devotion? Next week's installment of the story will give you the sequel to this new threat.

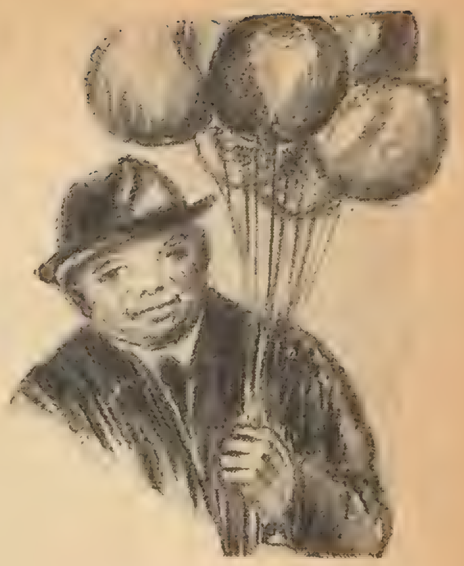
BALLOONS

A Short Short Story

By

DOROTHY ALDIS

who has to her credit some delightful poetry for children and a number of stories, mostly about parents and their offspring. Mrs. Aldis' father, James Keeley, was once one of Chicago's most famous editors, so she comes naturally by her interest in writing.



The balloon man stepped agilely toward her.

IT was a blaring March day with quick sun and shadows, and a wind that shot around corners, plastering girls' skirts above their knees so that they turned around and walked backward to get them down again.

Ann had just come out from the florist's with a box of tulips under her arm. She was proceeding home to fix them for her luncheon table, when she saw a balloon man coming toward her, his bright balloons knocking against one another and tugging fiercely at their strings. He blew his horn.

Always, since she had been old enough to remember, Ann had loved the balloon man's horn—a moist, spring, Sunday-morning sound. It used to mean tearing to the window and then frantically up the stairs to see if someone would let her have a dime.

Mindful of her three young at home, Ann transferred her box of tulips to the other arm, and opening her purse, peered within to see what she could find. Three dimes. How lucky! "Yoo-hoo!" She summoned him.

The balloon man, lifting his chin and smiling in recognition of her summons, stepped agilely toward her. Already she was busy selecting: that blue one, and a lavender—such lovely clear colors—and then— Too bad they had to stencil designs on them. Still, they were lovely; exciting, really. Ann even liked the smell.

"This one," she said. "And this one, and— Oh, yes! —one of those." She'd remembered that Lollie, her youngest, liked pink.

Eagerly the balloon man assented. Perhaps he wasn't used to selling three at a time.

Extracting her dimes Ann held them out to him.

"Id's nod enooff," he said.

Oh, but, of course, she never could remember: balloons had gone up since her day. They were fifteen cents a piece now.

"Oh, dear!" she said, putting the money back in her purse again.

"Dree balloons is fourdy-five," he said.

How funny! A German balloon man. She'd thought they were always Italian.

"But I haven't forty-five cents. I only have thirty."

He nodded and smiled, starting to disentangle them.

"*Dwo* balloons is dirty."

"No—"

Puzzled, he looked up at her, a squat, blond, little man with bright blue eyes in an unshaven face.

"Yes"—gently insistent—"dwo balloons *is* dirty."

"But I mean two balloons won't do me any good. You see—"

A QUICK gust of wind carried the words out of her mouth and down the street. The balloons bumped wildly against one another—a soft plop-plop of rubber. The balloon man buttoned his coat and laughed.

"Vindy," he said. And then, patiently, as soon as they could talk again:

"Yes, lady, dwo balloons is dirty cendts." He looked at her anxiously. Was he going to lose his sale?

Suddenly a tall young man appeared at Ann's elbow.

"Have you three children?" he asked.

Ann stared.

"I said, Have you three children?"

"Yes," she said. "I have."

"Well, here's the fifteen cents for the third balloon."

Ann looked at the nickel and dime grasped between a thumb and forefinger; and then slowly her gaze traveled up over six feet and two inches of young man. He had quick gray eyes and heavy brows and a mouth all ready for a smile, but holding back on it. Then, as though the wind had whipped the words out of him, he said:

"You don't look as though you had three children!"

Half angry at herself, and half amused, Ann found that she was blushing.

And while the young man still continued to hold the fifteen cents between his thumb and forefinger, the balloon man looked questioningly from one to the other of them. Dwo balloons was dirty cendts. The lady didn't understand.

"But—" Ann put up her hand to steady her hat, and then suddenly she burst out laughing.

"Go on! Give him your thirty cents," said the young man briskly.

"All right, but—"

"Here, I'll help you."

HE took the tulip box. Once more Ann unzipped her purse.

The balloon man lost no time. This, he felt, was a peculiar transaction. A minute before it had nearly soured on him. So, lest it threaten to again, he very deftly and quickly drew forth the three balloons and presented them to Ann.

"Here, lady."

"Oh, thank you."

By slipping her purse between her ribs and her elbow, Ann freed her left hand for the balloons. With her right hand she kept on fumbling for the money. Ah!

"And here *you* are!"

"Danks, lady! Dank you, sir!"

The three of them bowed at one another.

"Oh, look out!"

Too late. A terrific eddy of wind had tipped Ann's hat right over her eyes and, as instinctively she raised her arm, her purse fell to the sidewalk. In the confusion the three balloons broke loose.

Ann and the young man, their faces raised, stood and impotently watched them careening through the bright spring air.

"They're gone," Ann murmured, bringing her eyes down far enough to meet his gray ones.

"They are."

His face suffused, the young man was now shaking with laughter. Ann giggled too; only the balloon man looked distressed. Would they want their money back again?

"Well?"

"Well!"

And then, controlling himself, the young man said—quite sweetly too—"If I were you I wouldn't tell the children." And so, with a look which quite boldly feasted on Ann's freshness and rosy helpless mirth, he lifted his hat and turned and walked away.

And Ann, her cheeks still crimson, went on home with her tulips. Oh, dear, how silly! Silliest thing that had ever happened to her. Of course it was perfect, the way he'd left it on the high peak of its silliness. And yet— Oh, dear!

THE END

"Home Sweet Home"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

This week's cover picture.

"WHAT'S the racket?" people at the Sapphire Lake Tourist Camp asked each other in the middle of the night. "A fire or an escaped convict?" And they emerged from their tents in informal states of dress and shivered in the clammy air.

"My son's lost," Sandy ran around telling everybody. "That's the racket. He's been missing since suppertime. Perhaps he's drowned or—or caught in a trap. Bang! Bang! Here goes the gong again!" And he rattled the great camp bell with an iron spike. People shouted. Auto headlights flared. Scared babies cried. And the place sounded like a mob scene in the talkies.

"He can't be drowned," a state trooper told Sandy, "because the lake's nothin' but a puddle. And the only kind of traps I've seen around here is an old mousetrap. Keep your shirt on. We'll find your kid." And he blew a whistle three times.

Six state troopers unrolled themselves from six blankets and stood up in a sleepy row at salute.

"Boy's lost," they were told crisply. "Yellow hair, blue eyes; last seen wearin' white blouse, red tie, and sort of tan-orange pants. Answers to the name of Ulysses Grant Jenkins. Hit the trail, men!"

"You better call up the hospital," the state trooper told Sandy, shaking him by the shoulder. "He might've acted fresh with a truck."

"That's so, that's so," Sandy said stupidly. And he ran into the little office at the entrance of the camp. "That's so," he told central after a breathless wait. Then he asked for the hospital.

No; no baby, child, man, or woman had been brought into the hospital that night.

"Search the woods!" Sandy yelled. "*Reward!*"

"Shut up!" the trooper told him. "That's the only reward anybody wants around here."

Sandy hopped around with a little buglight like a professor hunting for butterflies at night. He poked it in tent flaps, cans, barrels, and cars. At dawn he sank down on a crate and cried. At six o'clock a gray limousine drove up to the tourist camp and a young woman in pink appeared. She walked right over to Sandy and kissed him on the forehead.

"Sandy!" she said. "They told me at the hospital about U. being lost and I've come to find him."

She sank to the grass and looked up at him.

"That kid gives me a pain in de eye," a loud voice said behind her.

And she whirled around just in time to see two disheveled tramps kicking little U. on the seat of his pants! His clothes looked as if he'd been in a cat fight.

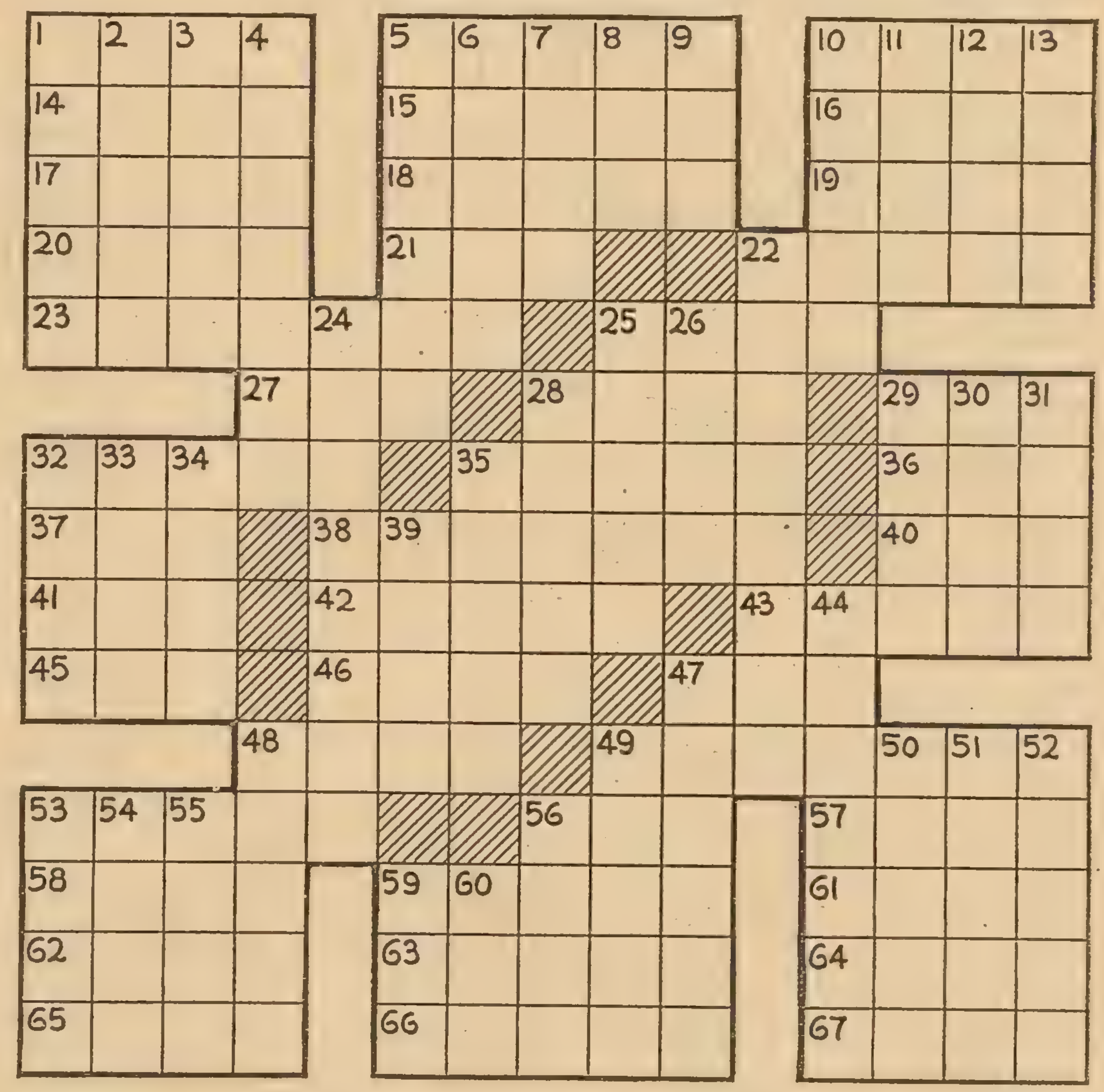
"Mama, mama!" he cried, running toward her.

"You precious rascal," Lil said, holding out her arms. "I guess you've learned for once and all that there's no place like home sweet home!"

(Next week's cover adventure: On the Lake)

Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Amend; revise
5 Of the poles
10 Hindu deity
14 Load
15 Ascend
16 Sashes
17 Roman highway
18 Induce
19 Character of old Teutonic alphabet
20 Rip
21 Strike gently
22 Matched
23 Attempted
25 City in Ohio
27 Vulgar fellow
28 Labor
29 Woman's name
32 Tardier
35 Declaim
36 Apron part
37 Eggs
38 Contrives
40 Pronoun
41 Kind of muffin
42 Make suitable
43 Doctrine
45 Sooner than
46 Strong wind
47 By
48 Borders
49 Diminishes
53 Withers
56 Billow
57 A gasp
58 Declare
59 An element
61 Rise and fall of sea waters
62 To vex
63 A decree
64 Enough
65 German river
66 Defied
67 Moisture (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 Select class
2 A fruit (pl.)
3 Notions
4 A platform of earth
5 Struck gently
6 A nymph
7 Walk lamely
8 Small snake
9 To steep
10 Kind of eel
11 Border on
12 Baseball team
13 Employed
22 Meddled with
24 Amounts measured in yards
25 To brown
26 A ceremony
28 Edible part of a ruminant's stomach
29 Black
30 A plant
31 Instigate
32 Theater box
33 Declare
34 Domesticated
35 Ellipses
39 A cheese
44 Burst forth
47 Rang
48 Chopper
49 Author of Peg Woffington
50 English novelist
51 Enrich; invest
52 Boils
53 A game at cards
54 Greedy
55 Charity gift
56 Asterisk
59 Surrounded by
60 A period

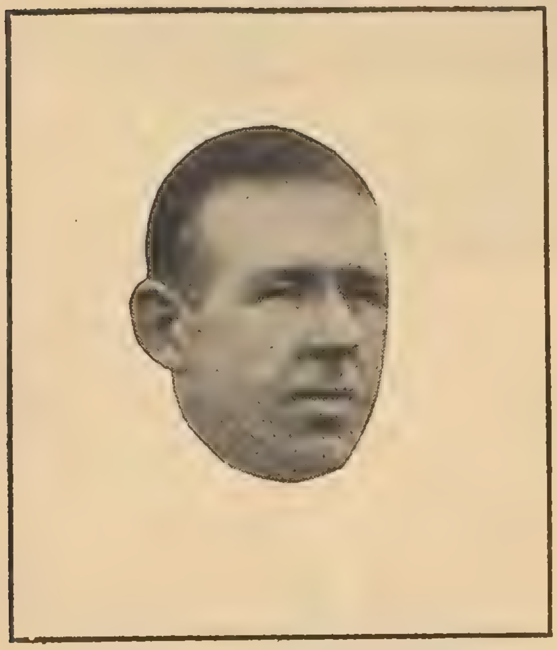
Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle, you will find it on page sixty-six

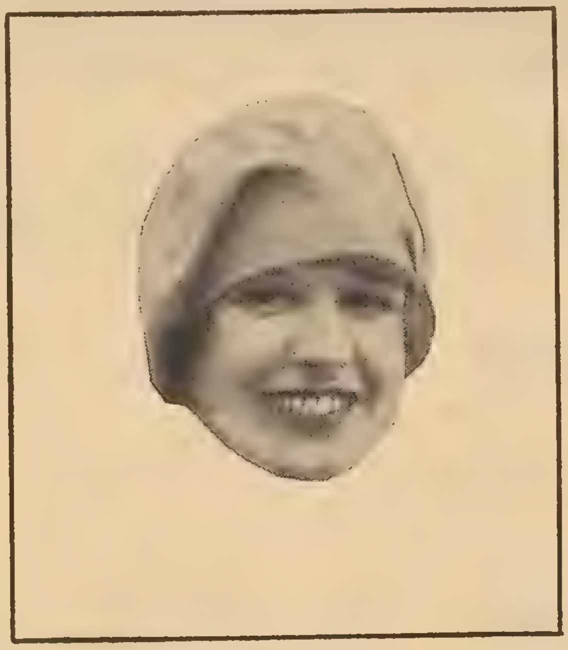
Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*

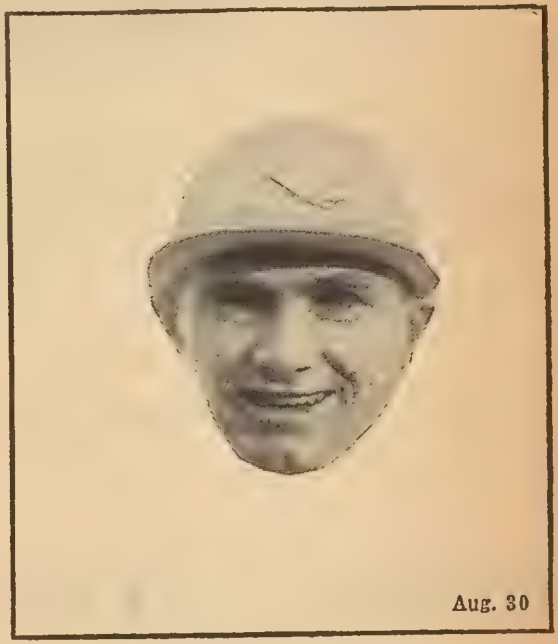
Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500


ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS


LILY DAMITA

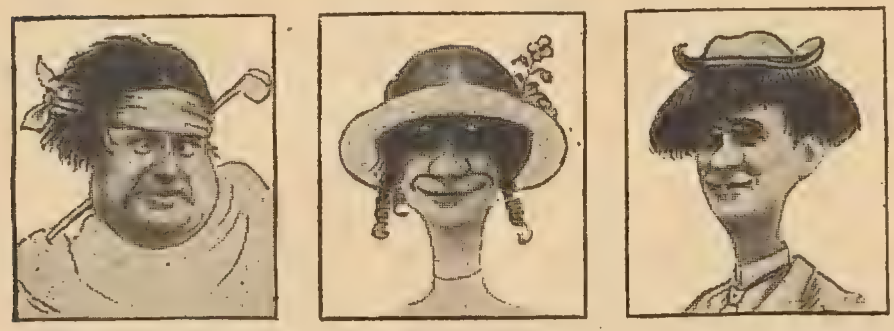


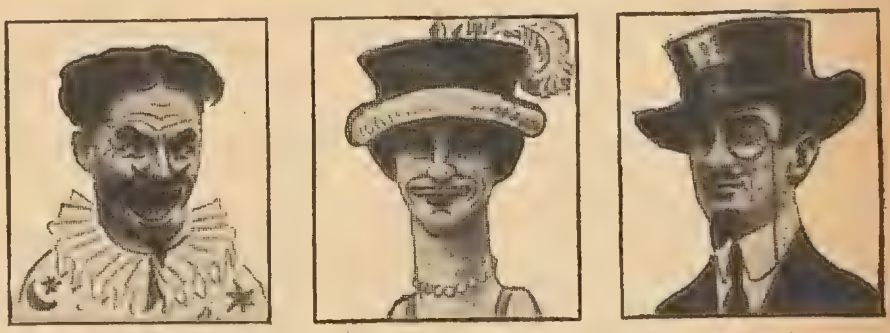
EARL SANDE

See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, August 30. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Bobby Jones, Helen Wills Moody, and James J. Walker, in our August 2 issue


FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by T. J. Slowey, 332 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Maryland


SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Fred Ristrim, 2710 56th Street, Des Moines, Iowa

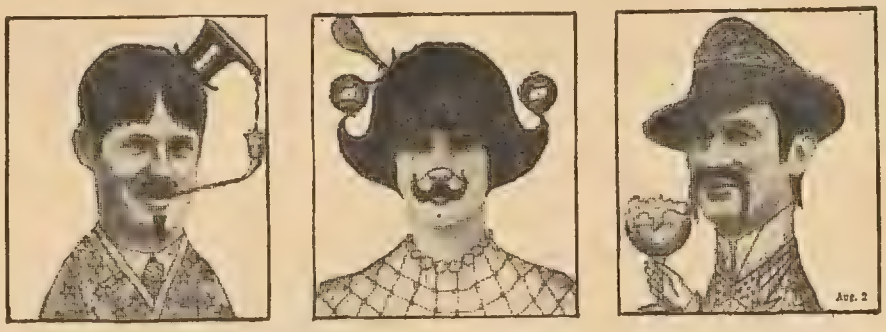
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Alma Rita Deckbar, 1124 Josephine Street, New Orleans, Louisiana

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Samuel F. Brooks, Petersburg, Va.; Mayme Buisson, Townsend, Mont.; V. A. Burns, Richmond, Va.; Alan G. M. Campbell, Tullahoma, Tenn.; Howard M. Duff, Cleveland, O.; M. J. Flynn, Detroit, Mich.; Wesley D. Frock, Hollywood, Calif.; Robert J. Grenon, Quebec, P. Q.; Joyce Johnston, Mt. Pleasant, Ut.; Robert Judd, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. Walter H. Kaufman, Santa Fe Springs, Calif.; Fred Kirkpatrick, Dallas, Tex.; William R. Lawrens, Merrill, Wis.; Ralph W. Leomond, Whitinsville, Mass.; A. R. McCredie, Albany, N. Y.; Edgar Miloch, Detroit, Mich.; John L. Moran, Plainfield, N. J.; Lew Morton, Chicago, Ill.; R. A. Paterson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Lawrence C. Petrie, Columbus, Ga.; William W. Pratt, New York, N. Y.; G. T. Roland, West Point, Ga.; E. P. Schwertfeger, Galveston, Tex.; Mrs. P. H. Smyth, Montgomery, Ala.; Kenneth Spence, Everett, Mass.; Amos Stack, Monroe, N. C.; Joe Steiner, Austin, Tex.; Emmett Tabler, Morris, Ill.; L. J. Turley, North Wilkesboro, N. C.; C. M. Watson, St. Petersburg, Fla.

SPEED

P. & A. photo

Segrave making 231 miles an hour in his Golden Arrow at Daytona Beach, Florida.

A Review of Man's Race with the Sun

By

GEORGE TREVOR

a featured sports writer of the New York Sun, who, when the medical examiners rejected him, got a physical disability waiver and served through the war as a lieutenant on the general staff. He says he and baseball and the Tom Collins were all born in Cooperstown, N. Y.

FRIDAY the 13th, June, 1930. One hundred yards out from a sheltered cove on forest-girt Lake Windermere in Westmorland, a freakish-looking craft, her mighty engines humming like a hive of hornets, rides the placid water of England's longest lake.

She pants and gasps like an Amazon hot from the chase, and well she may, for Miss England II has just broken Gar Wood's world's record for motor boats—has covered a measured mile in two terrifying trials at speeds of 96.41 and 101.11 miles an hour respectively, an official average of 98.76!

A tall, gaunt figure, wearing a white helmet and slicker, stands upright in the cockpit. He raises his arms as though for a seventh-inning stretch. His grave, ascetic face heightens the illusion of a preacher in the pulpit about to begin his sermon.

It is Sir Henry Segrave, holder of the world's speed record on land and water. He isn't yet certain that he has cracked the latter mark. He will learn it before he dies, within the next two hours.

"She's hitting sweetly," says Sir Henry, his ear cocked to catch the timbre of the 4,000-horse-power Rolls-Royce airplane motors. "Let's give her another run."

Segrave resumes his seat at the wheel. His companions, Chief Engineer Halliwell and a mechanic, Wilcocks, glue their eyes on the twenty-seven gauges along the instrument board.

The drone of the engines deepens to a roar—the roar gives way to a high-pitched screech signifying 12,500 revolutions per minute. Windermere, a blue finger of water ten miles long, points toward the distant mountains.

White-hulled Miss England, her Honduras mahogany body tapering like a pear-shaped lollipop, fat end foremost, fairly leaps over the glassy surface. Windermere is not a mile wide at any point. From its bay-fretted shore you glimpse the white plume trailing from Miss England's prow. She is moving faster than a boat ever traveled before.

Suddenly the tiny white cockleshell shivers—seems to crumple up forward—nose-dives in a swirling wreath of foam, flame, and gas fumes. When the smoke clears, she is seen floating keel upward. Then she settles by the stern. Ten feet of her prow, projecting above water, gives the optical illusion of a buoyant tombstone.

. . . . .

SEGRAVE died in a house on the lake shore two hours after his broken body had been pulled from the water. His wife was at his bedside. She had had a premonition of disaster, perhaps because it was Friday the 13th.

"Hitherto I've been confident that Henry would come through safely in his speed attempts," she told a friend as they waited for the start; "but today I'm very nervous.

SPEED OVER THE MILE

Records Made by Man, His Vehicles, and Some of his Rivals.

Competitor	*Mile time (minutes)*	*(seconds)*	*Rate, miles per hour*
Seaplane (Orlebar)	00.	09.7	369
Automobile (Segrave)	00.	15.5	231
Electric engine	00.	29.0	124
Locomotive, steam	00.	30.0	120
Homing pigeon	00.	30.5	118
Motor cycle (Davis)	00.	32.5	111
Motor boat (Segrave)	00.	36.5	99
Horse, running	01.	34.8	38
Greyhound	..	..	35*
Bicycle, unpaced	01.	45.0	34
Horse, pacing	01.	55.0	31
Horse, trotting	01.	56.7	30
Man, skating	02.	30.6	24
Man, running	04.	10.4	14½
Man, walking	06.	25.8	9
Man, swimming	21.	35.6	2¾

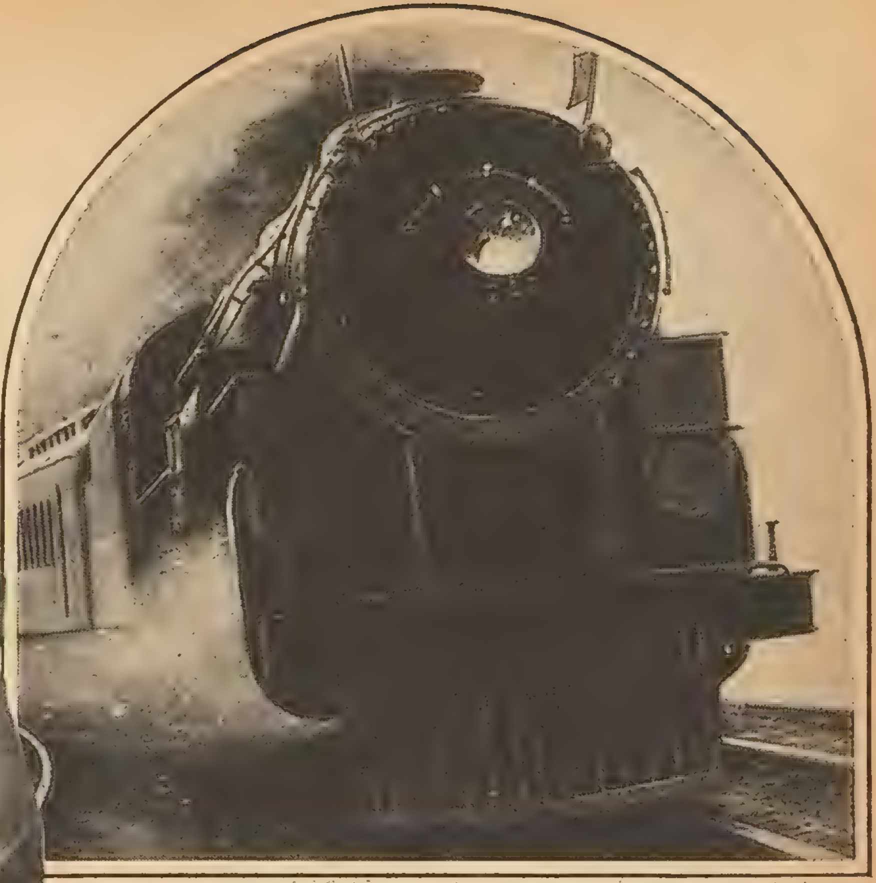
*For a quarter mile only.

I wonder whether everything will be all right."

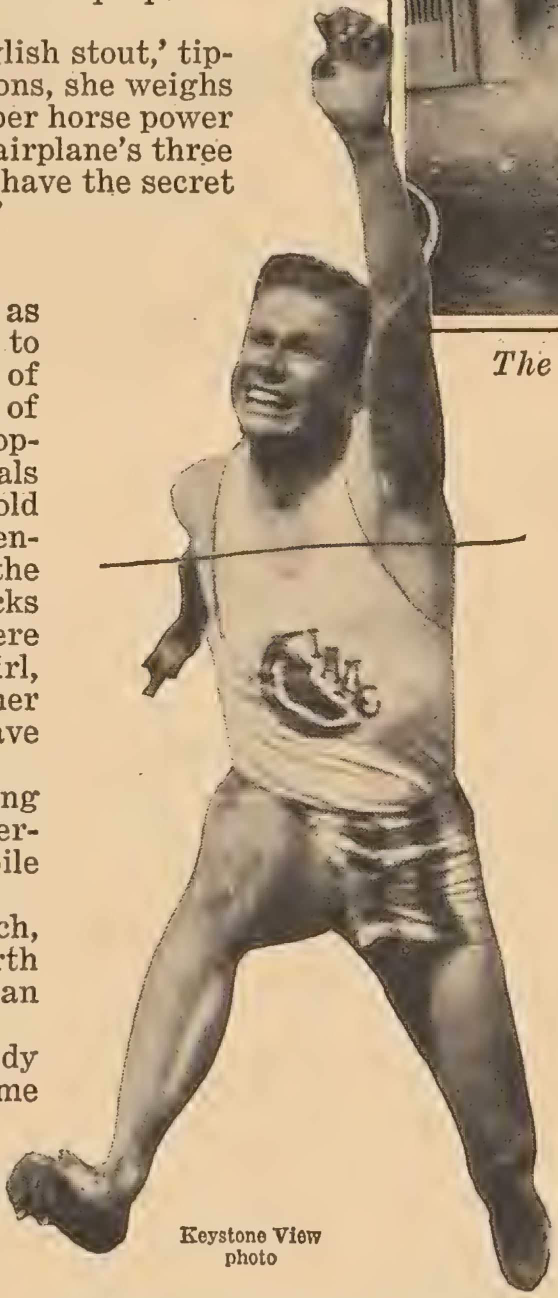
Just before he lapsed into coma, Segrave asked, "Did I break the record?" Doctors told him he had. Those were his last conscious words. The surgeons answered without being certain, but the International Motor and Yachting Union has since sanctioned Segrave's mark. From the testimony of the official timers it is certain that on the last, fatal spin Segrave would have raised his average above 100 miles an hour had not the hydroplane step near the bow been mashed by contact with a submerged branch.

Describing Miss England II, Segrave said: "Instead of a hull being built and engined afterward, we have literally wrapped a mahogany skin around two motors. These engines are mounted in what approximates an automobile chassis. The craft is practically a floating engine instead of a motor-propelled boat.

"Though Miss England is a 'stylish stout,' tipping the beam at four and a half tons, she weighs only three and four-tenths pounds per horse power as compared to the Schneider Cup airplane's three and six-tenths pounds. There you have the secret of the hundred-mile-an-hour boat."



The Twentieth Century Limited at full speed —an artist's impression.



Keystone View photo

Charles Paddock in his famous "flying finish," a leap to the tape.

. . . . .

A HARD-PACKED beach, white as a shark's belly, ribboning away to the horizon . . . a squat rim of sand dunes, paralleling a sweep of blue-green sea . . . red flags, drooping in the dead air, set at intervals along the strand . . . a beaten-gold sun overhead . . . an unpretentious grandstand straggling along the dune crest . . . human ants, necks craned, eyes fixed on the spot where beach meets sky . . . a slender girl, staring resolutely down at her clenched hands . . . silence, save for the murmur of the waves.

The time is March 11, 1929, during the international speed trials supervised by the American Automobile Association.

The place is Daytona Beach, Florida—the only course on earth adapted to speeds of 200 miles an hour or better.

The girl is Mrs.—later to be Lady—Segrave, wife of that selfsame Englishman. He is about to drive a motor car faster than any human has ever traveled on the ground.

Tension is evident in the faces of the spectators. People hold their breath, jump at a cough. The slender girl digs her pointed nails into the soft flesh of her palms.

"He's coming!" The spell snaps at the shout. Everybody is on his feet. Far down the beach a tiny dark speck magnifies with incredible rapidity. Your eye catches the sleek, streamlined profile of the three-ton, 900-horse-power Golden Arrow before your ear detects the peculiar thrumming timbre of its Napier engines.

P. & A. photo

Segrave's Miss England II, a moment before her fatal crash, speeding at nearly 100 miles an hour on Lake Windermere.

A blurred impression of a golden monster silhouetted momentarily against an ocean backdrop is all that the retina can catch. As well try to follow a projectile's flight! It is comical to see the heads turn in unison, eyes staring after the receding dot that houses a human being.

The Golden Arrow is gone even as a rending backwash of sound—a noise like a cotton sheet being torn down the middle—rips against the eardrums. Not till then does the slender girl lift her eyes, loosen her clenched hands.

. . . . .

SOMEWHAT later, as cameras clicked and reporters fired questions, Major Segrave proved an unreceptive witness.

"My sensations?" echoed the tall, lithe Englishman, boyish-looking despite the receding wisps of blond hair on his bald temples. "I can't recall any. I didn't have time to think."

Speed such as his smothers thrills. Things happen too fast for the brain to record them. According to psychologists, a nerve impulse travels at the rate of 108 feet a second. The Golden Arrow moved three times as fast.

In averaging 231 miles an hour over a measured mile, Segrave covered 339 feet a second. This is tantamount to saying that the Golden Arrow was virtually out of control during that mile in 15.56 seconds, since the car was moving faster than Segrave's reflexes.

Strictly speaking, Segrave was a passenger on an

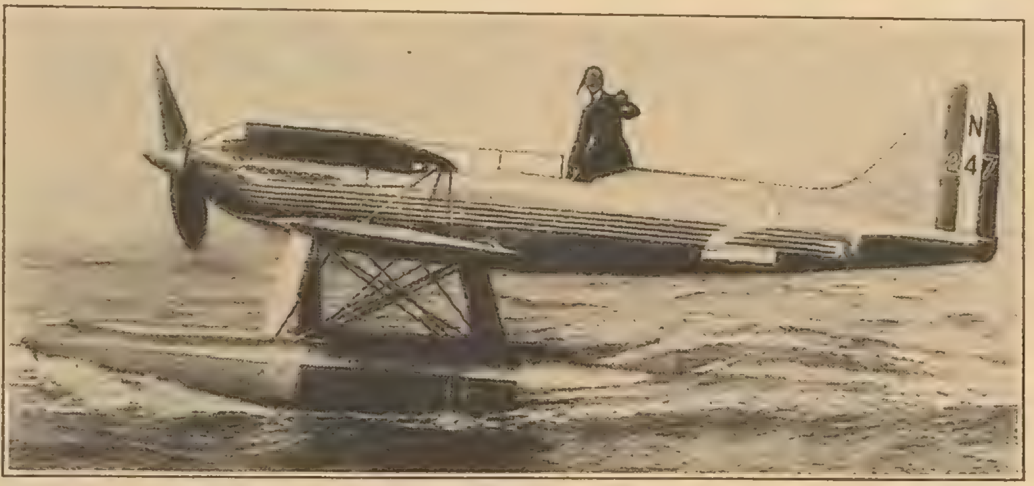
[Cont'd on next pag

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

earthbound projectile rather than the pilot of a racing car. His machine would already have encountered any danger—such as a soft spot in the cementlike silica sand —before his eye could have spotted the peril and telegraphed the warning to his brain, there to be relayed back to his muscles.

Poise and skill were essential to his success, of course, but to a great extent he had to trust to luck. Traveling at more than a hundred yards a second, a swerve would have catapulted the Golden Arrow into the sea or against the dunes. Lee Bible suffered the latter fate.

Segrave steered as though shooting a gun, a telescopic rifle sight being mounted on the cockpit cowling at the level of his eyes. Squinting through this telescope, he drew a bead on a cross-wire circle sight located well forward on the prow, where the bonnet began to shelve down like a cold-chisel blade.



P. & A. photo

Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar in the Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6, after his record-breaking flight at 369 miles an hour.

Scarlet bull's-eyes were strung aloft along the beach as guide signs. Segrave fixed his eyes at a point one-quarter of a mile ahead and left the rest to fate. The fickle jade smiled on him.

Baseball fans may better appreciate Segrave's speed if they realize that he traveled almost three times as rapidly as Walter Johnson cracks his "fast one" into the catcher's mitt. The velocity of Johnson's pitch has been calculated by scientists at 122 feet per second. The ball zips toward the batter's head like a bullet on a dark afternoon, yet it is just dawdling along compared to the 339-feet-per-second clip of Segrave's Golden Arrow. If Johnson released the ball as Segrave came abreast of him, the missile would be outspeeded by the motor car. There's a jolt in that thought for those who have vainly tried to follow the "Big Train's" smoke ball only to hear it thwack solidly against the catcher's glove.

Kaye Don's recent attempt at Daytona to lower his fellow countryman's record ended in fiasco after vigorous ballyhoo in the press. A speed of 260 miles an hour was confidently predicted for the Silver Bullet, but traveling four and a third miles a minute on paper is quite a different proposition from achieving that clip on a beach.

It appears that the Silver Bullet's crew spoke prematurely. Undoubtedly this spectacular-looking motored projectile is potentially capable of breaking Segrave's record, but it remains to be proved that theory can be translated into fact.

LUCK broke against Kaye Don. For one thing, his entourage was torn by internal dissension. Don, according to news stories, was at loggerheads with Louis Coatalen, the French genius who designed this sleekly contoured monster for the Sunbeam Company. There was human as well as mechanical friction.

Ignition trouble halted one trial. Then the cooling system went haywire. Finally, when the engines were tuned up to concert pitch, the beach declared an embargo on speed.

Freakish winds during March furrowed the hard-packed silica sand which usually offers a nine-mile straightaway as smooth as a billiard table. True, the miniature ridges, humps, and hollows didn't look formidable to the eye, but at speeds above 150 miles an hour they felt like hills and valleys.

When Don hit a 180-mile clip, the Silver Bullet buck-jumped, teetered, and threatened to do a ground loop. Observers feared a repetition of the Lockhart and Bible tragedies. Catapulting through space, Lockhart's relatively light Stutz turned seven somersaults.

Air resistance is the bugaboo of speed-craft designers. It increases as the cube of the speed. Thus an automobile capable of sixty miles an hour requires a motor eight times as powerful as one that makes thirty miles an hour. The layman would naturally suppose that doubling the power would double the speed, but, unhappily, this ratio reckons without air resistance.

Designers fight air resistance by streamlining their creations, molding them in smoothly flowing contours which gently push the air aside rather than split through it by main force.

NATURE goes in for streamlining, as witness the bluntly rounded heads of fishes and birds. Man was slow to follow nature's model. For centuries we clung to the mistaken theory that a sharp pointed prow would cleave water or air more effectively than a softly rounded, bulbous bow. Today we have learned that a bludgeon-shaped prow yields greater speed.

Kaye Don's Silver Bullet is streamlined throughout save for the forward surfaces of the wheels. It has two tail fins, placed parallel, instead of the customary single vane and is driven by two propeller shafts—a radical innovation eliminating the differential.

Its snub nose, resembling a torpedo head, is smoothly rounded to slip under the air stream rather than lance through. This blunt beak is only two and a half feet wide.

A double aluminum shell permits water cooled by chunks of ice to circulate through the body of the car—a unique idea in cooling systems. This does away with the bulky radiator nuisance.

The tires, fabricated of special silk, contain only enough rubber to insure a smooth surface. A thick tread cannot withstand the centrifugal fury of wheels spinning at 2,200 revolutions a minute.

Some day, perhaps, if Daytona's sands stand the gaff, we shall see the 300-miles-an-hour car, but that figure very probably represents the limit of man-directed speed on terra firma. Exceed that, and centrifugal force would disintegrate any tire yet conceived.

Air offers a more propitious medium for the speed fiend. Cleaving through space, the aviator doesn't have to worry about swerving off the course or turning turtle. The sky is the limit.

If you were at Calshot last summer during the Schneider Cup seaplane trials, you saw Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar catapult the Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6 over a three-kilometer course at the rate of 368.80 miles an hour. In the same meet, Flight Lieutenant Atcherley covered a measured mile in 10.08 seconds.

Orlebar bettered six miles a minute. His silver-winged, blue-bodied plane would have left Segrave's Golden Arrow far in the muck, yet, due to the motor car's physical attachment to terra firma, there was far more hazard in Seagrave's feat and far more drama for the onlooker.

The rocketlike velocity of Britain's Schneider pilots could not be fully appreciated by spectators along the Solent. A plane's lack of any connection with the earth dulls the perception of speed for those who stare upward. It was only when Dal Molin, Italian ace, zoomed around the pylons at a fifty-foot altitude that the crowd got its bellyful of thrills.

Dal Molin's blood-red Macchi monoplane appeared to skim the heads of watchers on the water front. They felt as though they were being bombarded by a sixteen-inch shell. They could taste its superheated breath. Sailors who have towed a big gun target during battle

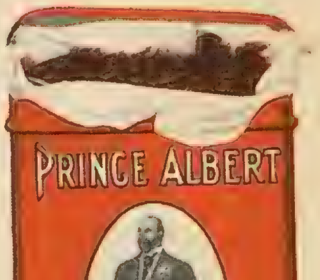
[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

Get a load of this...

BACK your pipe up to a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and chute in a load of sunshine. Hold a match to the flue and pull that blissful blue smoke up the stem. You *know* it's going to be like that the instant you open the tin and get P. A.'s fragrance full in the face.

What a taste! What a joyous justification of the jimmy-pipe! Cool as a ticker-tape bringing bad news. Sweet as a rally that hands you a profit. Mellow and mild and refreshing, down to the last bit of ash in the bowl. A pipe-tobacco with a pedigree, Men, and no fooling.

Any way you take it . . . pipe or roll-your-own . . . Prince Albert promises the contentment that only this *better tobacco* can bring. Try it and *see*. You can load-up and light-up from shower to sheets, and enjoy every wonderful, joy-wadded puff.



The revenue-stamp tells you there are TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

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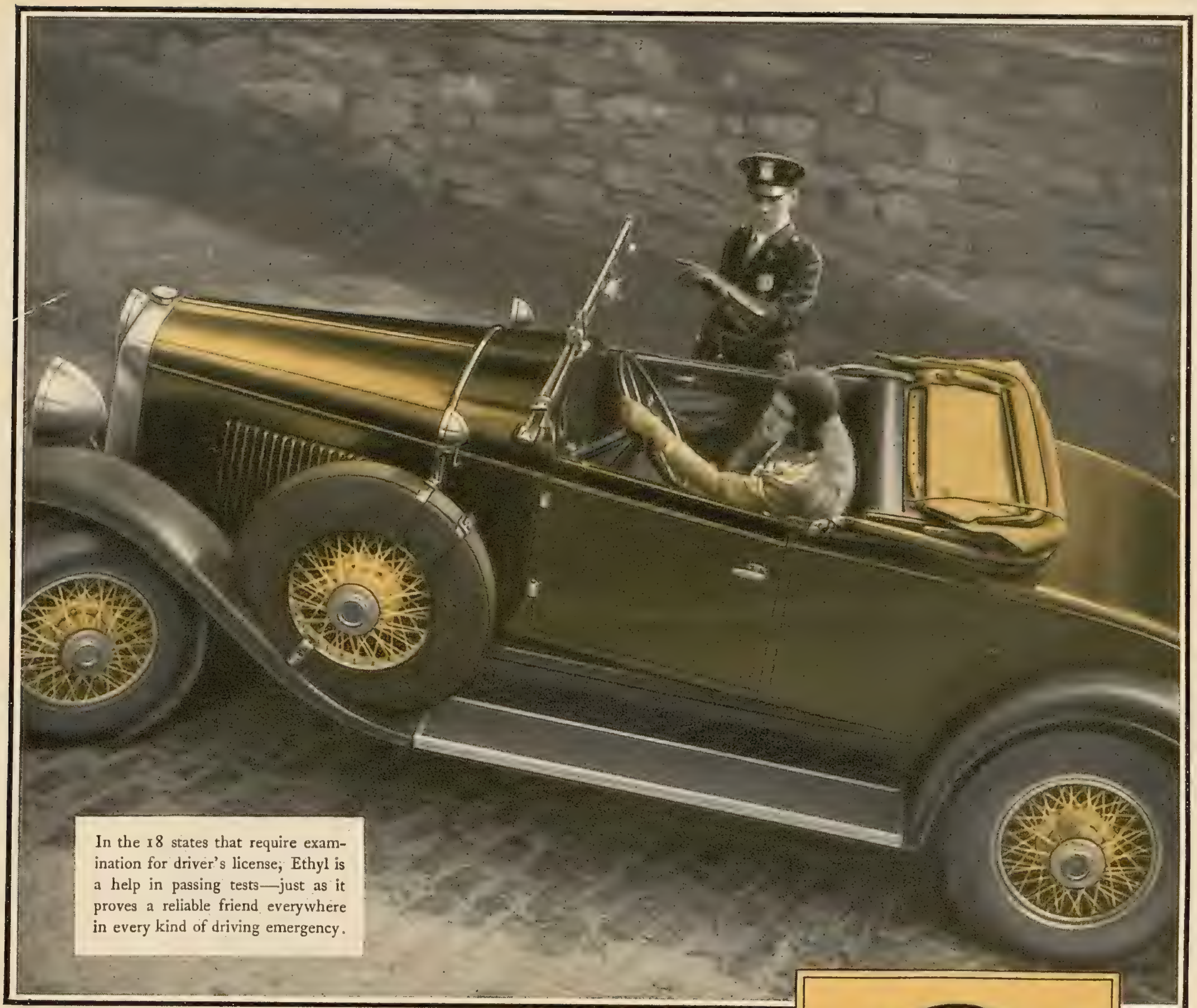

In the 18 states that require examination for driver's license, Ethyl is a help in passing tests—just as it proves a reliable friend everywhere in every kind of driving emergency.

A big help in driving tests

IF you live in a state which requires a test for driver's license, you know what a help are calm nerves and a well-behaved motor. That's why so many people drive up to the examiners with Ethyl Gasoline in their tanks. Ethyl gives them better engine response and consequently greater self-confidence.

But in these days of heavy traffic, ordinary driving puts you and your car to many a test which Ethyl will help you pass more easily. Quicker pick-up to avoid another car; plenty of power to stay in high on hills; instant getaway when lights turn green.

And why does Ethyl give you more than ordinary fuel? Because it is good gasoline plus Ethyl anti-knock compound, developed by automotive science to make *any* car run better. Indeed, such a difference does Ethyl make that the oil companies which make three-quarters of all the gasoline used in the United States and Canada now mix Ethyl fluid with gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline.

Just try a tankful of Ethyl. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

WITH
ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK U.S.A.
Knocks out that "knock"

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of ordinary compression and to develop the additional power of the new high-compression models.

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

GOOD GASOLINE + *plus* ETHYL FLUID = *equals* ETHYL GASOLINE

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ETHYL
GASOLINE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

fire practice have a faint idea of what it felt like to have that winged projectile whiz toward your head, but no shell ever roared like Dal Molin's Macchi.

The Rolls-Royce-motored British planes hummed like a swarm of supersized hornets. Those spectators who did not know that light rays are infinitely faster than sound waves marveled to hear this snarling drone apparently drifting down from a clear sky, the plane having already dwindled to a distant speck. Waghorn had come and gone, ripping across the blue like a shooting star, before those on the ground heard the waspish whine of his motor.

© Underwood & Underwood

Charles Jewtraw at the end of his record three-quarter mile.

Orlebar's 369-miles-an-hour burst stands as the highest speed yet attained by man. Airplane designers believe that the 500-miles-an-hour ship will come within a decade, but that figure may prove the limit of a gas-engined plane's speed range.

Rocket - propelled planes will probably be the ultimate answer to the age-old cry, "Faster, faster!" This heat engine, having no rotating parts, eliminates the problems arising from friction and centrifugal force. It is independent of the air. Using liquid explosives, rocket speeds of over two miles a second have been attained. Max Valier claims he reached 235 miles an hour in a rocket-propelled ice sled on Lake Starnberg in 1929.

Theory is all very fine on scientific charts, but in practice the human element must be reckoned with. What speed constitutes the breaking point of the human nervous organism? Medical opinion is divided on this score, most doctors contending that speeds above 500 miles an hour would be unendurable.

Dr. G. B. Pegram, Columbia University physicist, points out that Orlebar was riding a self-created tornado when he approximated 369 miles an hour. A Missouri "twister" whirls at a 400-mile velocity near the vortex. Had Orlebar raised his hand above the cockpit it would have been mashed like a telegraph pole in a cyclone's path.

Man didn't begin to go places in a hurry until steam was translated into power through the medium of the locomotive. Steam's potentialities for speed have never been realized because the steam engine is primarily a utilitarian rather than a sporting vehicle. Modern railroads frown on speed trials per se. With them, speed is merely a means to an end.

BACK in 1848 a human conveyance first traveled a mile in sixty seconds. This was a special two-car train drawn by the locomotive Antelope on the Boston & Maine Railroad. All rolling stock was cleared off the right of way between Boston and Lawrence. Engineer Pemberton, despite considerable misgivings, opened the throttle wide. The twenty-six-mile run was covered in precisely twenty-six minutes. Killjoys, raising horrified hands, said there ought to be a law against tempting fate so recklessly.

Old 999, her nickel trim glistening, her stack spitting sparks, thundered over a measured mile on the New York Central tracks in thirty-two seconds in 1893. This works out at 112½ miles an hour.

The Empire State's iron horse held its speed laurels until 1912, when a locomotive on the Plant System, running between Flemington and Jacksonville, Florida, covered five miles in two minutes and thirty seconds, averaging 120 miles an hour. This two-miles-a-minute clip still remains the fastest mark for steam locomotives.

Steam does not hold the railway speed record. In 1911, a year before the Plant System trials, a German-designed electric locomotive attained a velocity of 124 miles an hour on the Marienfeld-Zossen line. Unquestionably this mark could be lowered if there were any object in constructing a superpowered electric engine.

Let us glance at the mile marks recorded by various gas-driven vehicles other than motor cars. The mile, a dramatic distance, blending speed with a certain degree of stamina, forms a convenient yardstick.

In 1922, Jim Davis hurtled his motor cycle over the mile route in 32.53 seconds, a shade less than 112 miles an hour. At Daytona Beach, in 1926, John Seymour covered a kilometer (five-eighths of a mile) in 16.90 seconds.

THE motorcycle thus holds fourth place in the ranking, preceded by the airplane, motor car, and locomotive. Perhaps the most amazing record of the lot, considering the resistance offered by water, is that motor-boat mark of a mile in 36.5 seconds made by Segrave's Miss England II on Lake Windermere.

International photo

Johnny Weismuller.

On her record run from Cherbourg breakwater to Ambrose Light, the ocean liner Europa averaged a fraction over thirty-two land miles per hour. She steamed above thirty-five at intervals. Light cruisers have exceeded forty miles per hour, while the American destroyer Cole, under full steam, has lanced through the waves at a forty-three-mile clip.

So much for conveyances actuated by automotive power. In this study of speed the bicycle occupies a hybrid position—midway between the mechanical and the biological. It is a mechanical device impelled by human power.

Thirty years ago, "Mile-a-Minute" Murphy, riding behind a windbreak fastened to the rear of a train, attained a speed of sixty miles an hour. He used nothing but his legs to hold that blistering pace for a quarter mile, but wind resistance had been automatically eliminated by the train shield. The suction created by the partial vacuum in the train's wake aided Murphy.

Pete Bedell's cycle mile in 1:04:02 was established in 1917 behind motor pace. Bedell pedaled at fifty-six miles an hour, he too being helped by a mechanical wind splitter. The unpaced bicycle mile record is 1:45, set by Reggie MacNamara with no moving shield ahead to lessen wind resistance. He pumped along at thirty-four miles an hour.

And now prepare for a shock! The fastest living creature attains a velocity more than twice that of Orlebar's plane!

The South American deer fly, an amazingly delicate yet powerful insect, has been timed at 815 miles an hour by Brazilian naturalists. Don't ask me how they arrived at that figure. It's their story and they stick to it.

The deer fly, known to its intimates as *Cephenemyia*, could wing its way around the earth in seventeen hours if it had the stamina or the inclination. That's the time it took Frank Hawks to fly his Lockheed monoplane from Los Angeles to New York. Air cells attached to a microscopic skeleton give the deer fly buoyancy.

Nature, the miraculous engineer, has endowed this fastest of all creatures with an "engine" of such terrific power, in relation to weight, as to shame human designers. All you can see is a blur of color as the deer fly ghosts through the air at a velocity greater than that of sound! Sound waves travel at twelve miles a minute as against the deer fly's thirteen and a half.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SPEED
Continued from page fifty-five]

Natural streamlining reaches its zenith in the sleek contours of a carnivorous fish. Those living torpedoes of the deep sea, the barracuda and the swordfish, can hit an eighty-miles-an-hour clip when stalking their finny prey. The killer "whale," most deadly of marine creatures, is almost as fast. They can swim rings around an oil-burning destroyer.

The swift, a bird like a swallow, is one of the fastest of all feathered flyers. A swift has flown from Compiègne to Antwerp in one hour and eight minutes, averaging 134 miles an hour. The carrier pigeon, a consistent mile-a-minute bird, has greater endurance and almost as much speed.

A pigeon has been timed at 118 miles an hour over a measured mile. This particular bird covered 3,317 yards in one minute. The smoothly flowing profile of a carrier pigeon inspired the design of Germany's first battle pursuit planes.

Roy Chapman Andrews, scientific investigator for the American Museum of Natural History, believes that the Asiatic antelope is the fastest land animal. Driving a motor car, he timed an antelope at sixty miles an hour in a chase across the Mongolian steppes. The incredible bound characteristic of the antelope enables it to eat up ground faster than the swiftest blooded horse.

Over a short stretch, the cheetah or hunting leopard is the only four-footed creature that can keep pace with the antelope. It is obvious that the timing of wild animals presents almost insuperable difficulties and that the figures obtained are merely rough approximations.

© Keystone View

Motorcycle racers in the Gran Premio Reale of Rome.

The mile record for a running horse is held by Roamer. This seven-year-old thoroughbred, running against time on the oval course at Saratoga, stepped a mile in 1:34⅘ on August 21, 1918. Roamer averaged about thirty-eight miles an hour—just a nice cruising gait in your family sedan.

Salvator's famous mile in 1:35 at Monmouth in 1890 was made over a straight course. It may surprise the uninitiated to learn that race horses make faster time on a circular track than on a straightaway at distances above five-eighths of a mile.

Horsemen are agreed that Man O' War had a greater turn of speed than any other thoroughbred, English or American, but Samuel Riddle's memorable stallion never attempted a mile trial against time such as Roamer's. The latter horse carried 110 pounds when he set the record.

At racing speed, a horse has all four legs off the ground simultaneously one-quarter of the time, according to S. Harmsted Chubb of the American Museum of Natural History. The thoroughbred eats up distance in a series of bounds.

A GREYHOUND, the fastest breed of dog, is free from contact with the ground one-half the time at top speed. His four feet leave the track together twice during each stride, whereas the horse is free from ground contact only once in each stride.

A horse might be termed a "diagonal runner." The order of its footfalls runs as follows: 1—left hind; 2—right hind; 3—left fore; 4—right fore. The dog, conversely, is a "rotary runner." A greyhound's feet make contact in this sequence: 1—left hind; 2—right hind; 3—right fore; 4—left fore.

All four-footed animals obey a common natural law of locomotion. The hind legs, reaching forward at the spring, invariably pass outside the front legs. This law holds true even in the case of the grotesquely built glish bulldog, which is two or three times wider at the shoulders than through the hips. Looking at a bulldog in repose, its forelegs spraddled, bandy fashion, you'd never believe that it could pass its hind legs outside its front feet when under full headway, but if you can coax one to run you'll see that it does so.

A race horse breathes through widely dilated nostrils, holding its mouth closed, while galloping. A dog runs with its mouth open, tongue lolling out. Coursing greyhounds attain a speed of about thirty-five miles an hour as against the running horse's thirty-eight, but the dog cannot sustain that maximum pace for more than a quarter mile. The dog's mile time would be correspondingly slower. A horse, Bob Wade, has averaged forty-one miles an hour for a quarter mile, being timed in twenty-one and a quarter seconds.

Next to running, pacing is a horse's fastest gait. The renowned Dan Patch paced a mile in 1:55 at St. Paul, Minnesota, on September 8, 1906. Dan waddled along at a thirty-one-miles-an-hour clip. Peter Manning set the trotting mile record at 1:56¾ on October 4, 1922.

CONTRASTED with the speed of animals, man's running is painfully slow. Paavo Nurmi, unquestionably the smoothest bit of running mechanism ever cast in human mold, set the mile record at 4:10⅖ on the Stockholm cinder track in 1923. Nurmi averaged about fourteen ond one-half miles an hour. He predicts that 4:08 will be the limit of human capability over one mile.

Sprinters of Charley Paddock's caliber hit up a twenty-one-miles-an-hour clip over the 100-yard route. A Cornell professor who conducted exhaustive experiments, using members of Moakley's track squad as "guinea pigs," concluded that man reached his highest speed at sixty yards, gradually slackening up from that point to the tape.

It is extremely unlikely that the human race will ever evolve a nine-second man at 100 yards. Frank Wykoff, twenty-year-old California schoolboy, ran "the century" in nine and two-fifths seconds in June 7 of this year. He was timed with watches registering tenths of a second—an advantage not accorded the sprinters of the past.

Skating is naturally swifter than running. Irving Jaffee set the amateur mile skating record when he scudded over the blue white ice at Oslo, Norway, in 2:30⅗ on January 25, 1929.

Jaffee's blades carved the slippery surface at a twenty-four-miles-an-hour clip. The skater's advantage over the runner diminishes in proportion as the distance decreases. At 100 yards Charles Jewtraw is only a fifth of a second faster than Paddock. This is because it takes the skater longer to work up momentum. The runner is quicker off the mark.

Walking is not the tortoiselike means of locomotion you might suppose. Indeed, at long distances the walker holds his own with the runner surprisingly well. In the go-as-you-please six-day races so popular forty years ago, walkers covered within fifty miles of the distance achieved by the "dog-trotters."

G. H. Goulding walked a mile in 6:25⅘ in 1910. He heeled and toed along at a bit over nine miles an hour, his torso twisting ludicrously. The walker's gait is the ugliest known to nature besides being a source of controversy. It's difficult to tell where running begins and walking leaves off.

No human being is known to have run twelve miles in one hour, though Jean Bouin, who later gave his life for France in the World War, came within 318 yards of turning the trick.

The human organism is not adapted for speed in the water. Despite such an advanced technique as the six-beat crawl, swimming remains the slowest if not the most laborious medium of human locomotion.

Even Johnny Weismuller, heralded "human fish," doesn't quite hit four miles an hour while thrashing through a hundred yards of water in fifty-two seconds.

What a pushover Johnny would be for the slowest of sharks! A barracuda could travel 100 yards more than twenty times while Weismuller was swimming that distance once.

C. L. Crabbe, Jr., swam a mile in 21:35⅗ to set a new amateur record on June 7, 1928. He churned the waters of San Francisco Bay at less than three miles an hour.

Ice boats, scudding before a gale on the glistening reaches of the Shrewsbury River, have exceeded ninety miles an hour, a rate of speed equaled by helmeted and spurred skeleton sled pilots on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz. Natural agencies, such as wind and gravity, must be credited with an assist in those instances, however.

A Springfield rifle bullet, with a muzzle velocity of 2,600 feet a second, travels at more than thirty miles a minute, but again nature has the last laugh on puny-minded man. The all-time speed record of the universe is held by light, which moves at 186,000 miles a second!

From the prehistoric day when our ancestors first fashioned wheels out of logs, down to the gas-engined era of Orlebar and Segrave, man has wooed the goddess Speed. She is a fickle mistress, jealous of her favors. She teases her suitors, lures them on with a Gioconda smile, permits them a fleeting taste of conquest, and snuffs them out like a candle. She satisfies no man—always the cry is "Faster!"

THE END

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Considerate Ann

Ann, having reached the advanced age of five years, was considered too big for pickaback rides. Returning home with her parents one cold night from a friend's home, she said in a most solicitous voice:

"Daddy, I'll keep your back warm."—Helen Kelleher, 7035 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Soaking Socks

Bud and Joe were playing war in the yard, using water-filled paper bags for bombs. Bud came in wearing a long face.

"Who won?" I asked.

"Aw, Joe did," he said. "I run out of ambition and couldn't fight."—Dorothy Jackson, 1614 State St., New Albany, Ind.

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RCA Radiotrons

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET

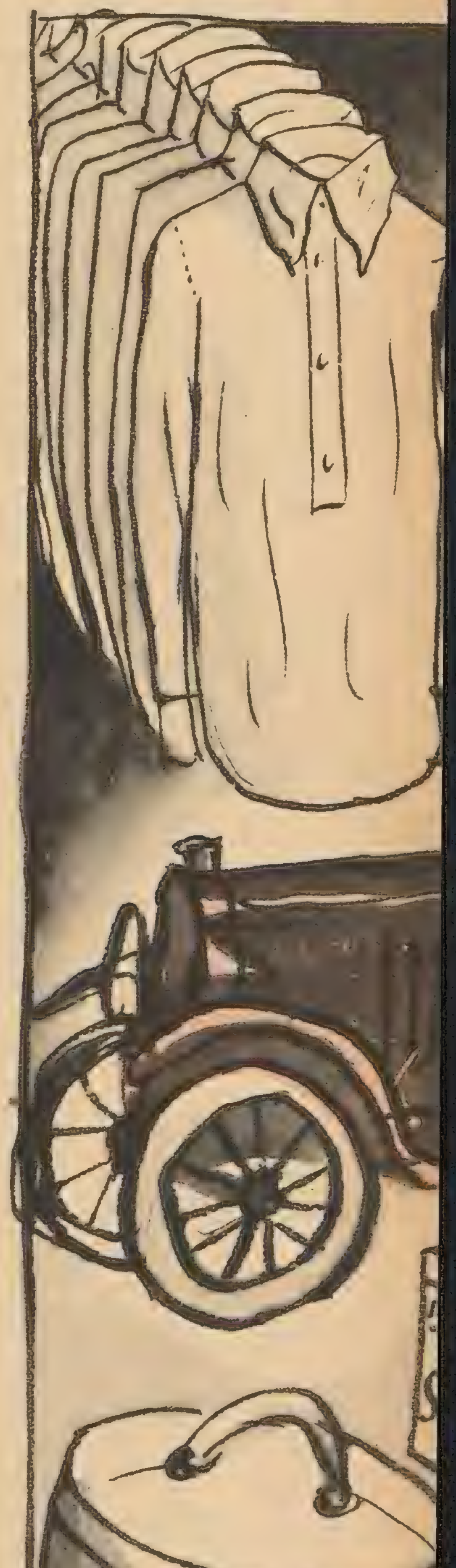
DING-DON

Or What the Boy Will Need

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO



One hat, in a hatb

ALTHOUGH it hardly seems credible, it is almost time to begin packing the kiddies off to school again. Here they have been all summer, the rascals, tracking sand into the dining room, rolling Grandma about, and bringing in little playmates who have been exposed to mumps (when Daddy himself hasn't had mumps yet, and mumps for Daddy would be no fun), and in all kinds of ways cheering up the Old Manse to the point of bursting it asunder.

And now the school bells will be ringing again! A sure sign of the coming outbreak of education is the circulars which come in the mail from the clothing and general outfitting stores with lists of " required articles for the schoolboy and for the schoolgirl," just as if the schoolboy and the schoolgirl couldn't tell you themselves exactly what they are going to need—and more, too. Some day I want to get one of those list-compilers to come around and listen to my son and my daughter make out *their* lists. They will have him crying his heart out with chagrin inside of three minutes. " One rubber slicker," indeed! " One green slicker, one tan slicker, one old-rose slicker," is more like it. That is in case the rain comes in three different colors.

I can remember the time (by pressing my temples very hard and holding my breath) when the opening of school meant simply buying a slate with a sponge tied to it and a box of colored crayons. No one, to my knowledge, ever used a slate and a sponge. They were simply a sentimental survival of an even earlier day which the man in the stationery store forced on children who were going to school. The colored crayons were, of course, for eating.

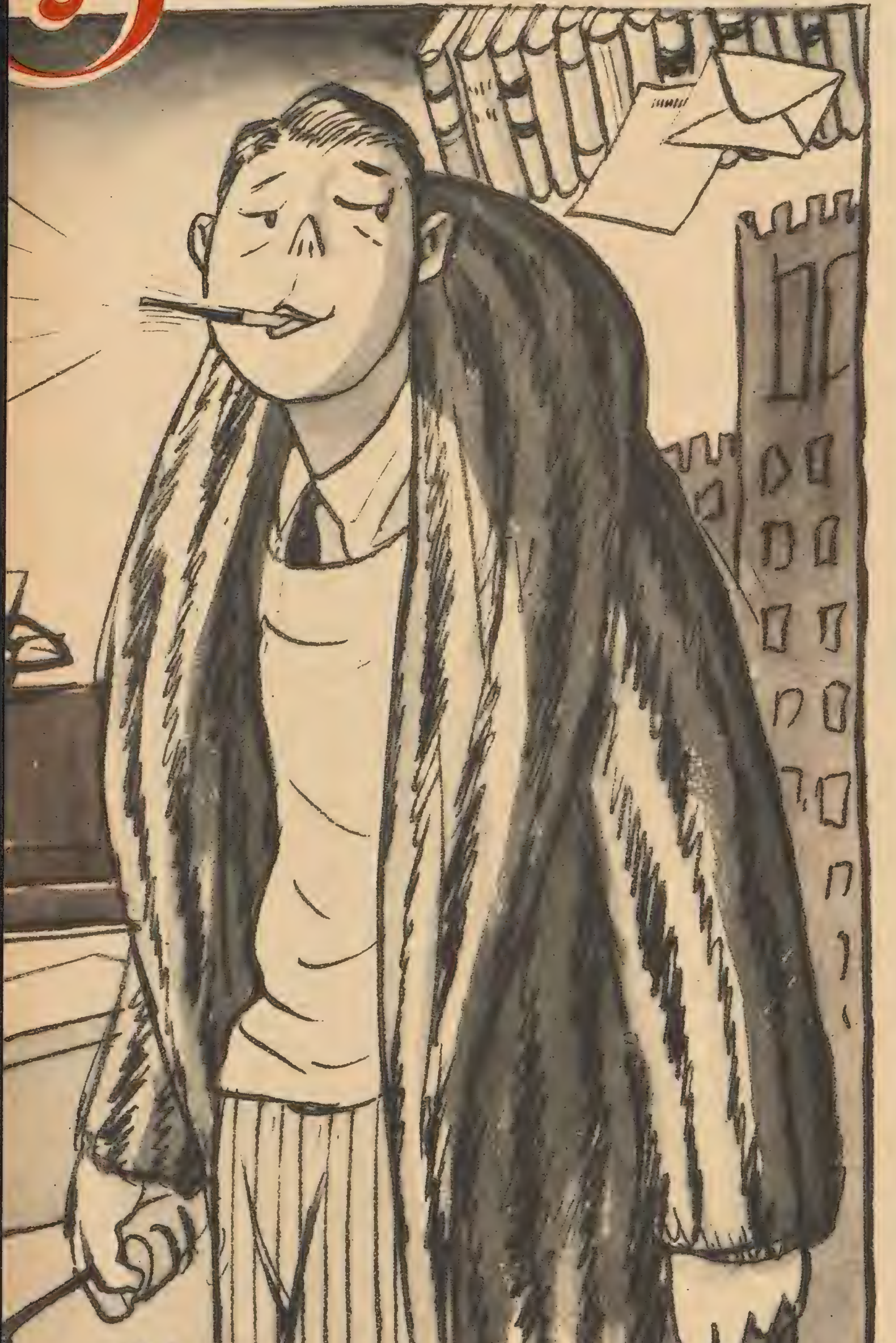
But we bought our slates and our sponges and our crayons (sometimes with a ruler for slapping purposes), and then never used them, for the school furnished all the pencils and pads of yellow paper which were necessary. One of the great releases of my grown-up life has been that I don't have to write on a yellow sheet of paper with blue lines ruled on it half an inch apart. I don't *like* to have to write my lines half an inch apart, and now that I am a great big man, I don't do it. That is one of the advantages of graduating from school.

Today, however, although the slate and the sponge have been removed from the list, there are plenty of " incidentals " even for those children who go to what are known as public schools. What with the increase in high-school fraternities and fixings, high school today resembles the boarding school of yesterday, the boarding school of today resembles the college of yesterday, and the college of today (let's see if I can keep this up) has turned the corner and resembles the public school of yesterday. Is that clear? Or shall we go over it just once again?

OF course, according to the clothing-store lists, once your child gets into a so-called private school (which means that no child who has killed an uncle, an aunt, or any nearer relative, can enter) he is in for an outfitting such as hasn't been seen since Byrd started for the South Pole. You wouldn't think that merely sleeping away from home, in a nation as strict as ours, would entail so many extra clothes for a child.

And not night clothes, either. A boy, when he is living at home, may just sit around the house reading and grousing all day, but the minute he gets away at school (according to the lists) he goes in for fox-hunting, elk-hunting, and whatever it is they hunt with falcons (Falcon hood, $45.50). Then for caber-tossing, you can get a good caber for $24, but the suit that you have to wear

SCHOOL BELLS



ve hundred pairs of socks. One overcoat. One old model Ford.

must be made by a Scottish tailor out of regulation St. Andrews heather, made up into a smart model for $115.

As I remember my school requirements (I am both a public and a private school boy myself, having always changed schools just as the class in English in the new school was taking up Silas Marner, with the result that it was the only book in the English language that I knew until I was eighteen—but, boy, did I know Silas Marner!), I would substitute a list something like the following in place of that sent out by the clothing store:

One sheet of note paper (with envelope to match) for letter home. This should do for the school year. Requests for money can be made by telegraph, collect.

Five hundred pairs of socks, one to be thrown away each day.

One hat, in a hatbox, the key of which will be left with the school principal for safekeeping until the end of the term.

One overcoat, to be left with the hatbox key, *unless* the overcoat is of raccoonskin, in which case it should be made adaptable for wear up to and including June 10.

ONE copy, in clear English translation, of each of the following books: The Æneid, Odyssey, Immensée, La Fontaine's Fables (be sure that this follows the original French; there are a lot of fancy English adaptations which will get you into trouble with words which aren't in the text), Nathan the Wise, and Don Quixote. There should be plenty of room between the lines in these books, to allow for the penciling in of a word now and then.

One rubber mouth appliance, for making the sound commonly known as "the bird."

One old model Ford, with space for comments in white paint.

One pipe, with perhaps an ounce of tobacco, for use about four times, then to be discarded or lost.

One pocket lighter, made to harmonize with the other bureau ornaments.

Three dozen shirts, with collars already frayed to save the laundry's time.

One very old T-shirt.

Three dozen neckties, for use of roommates.

One set of name tags, to be sewn on clothing to insure roommate's getting them in return for clothing marked with roommate's name.

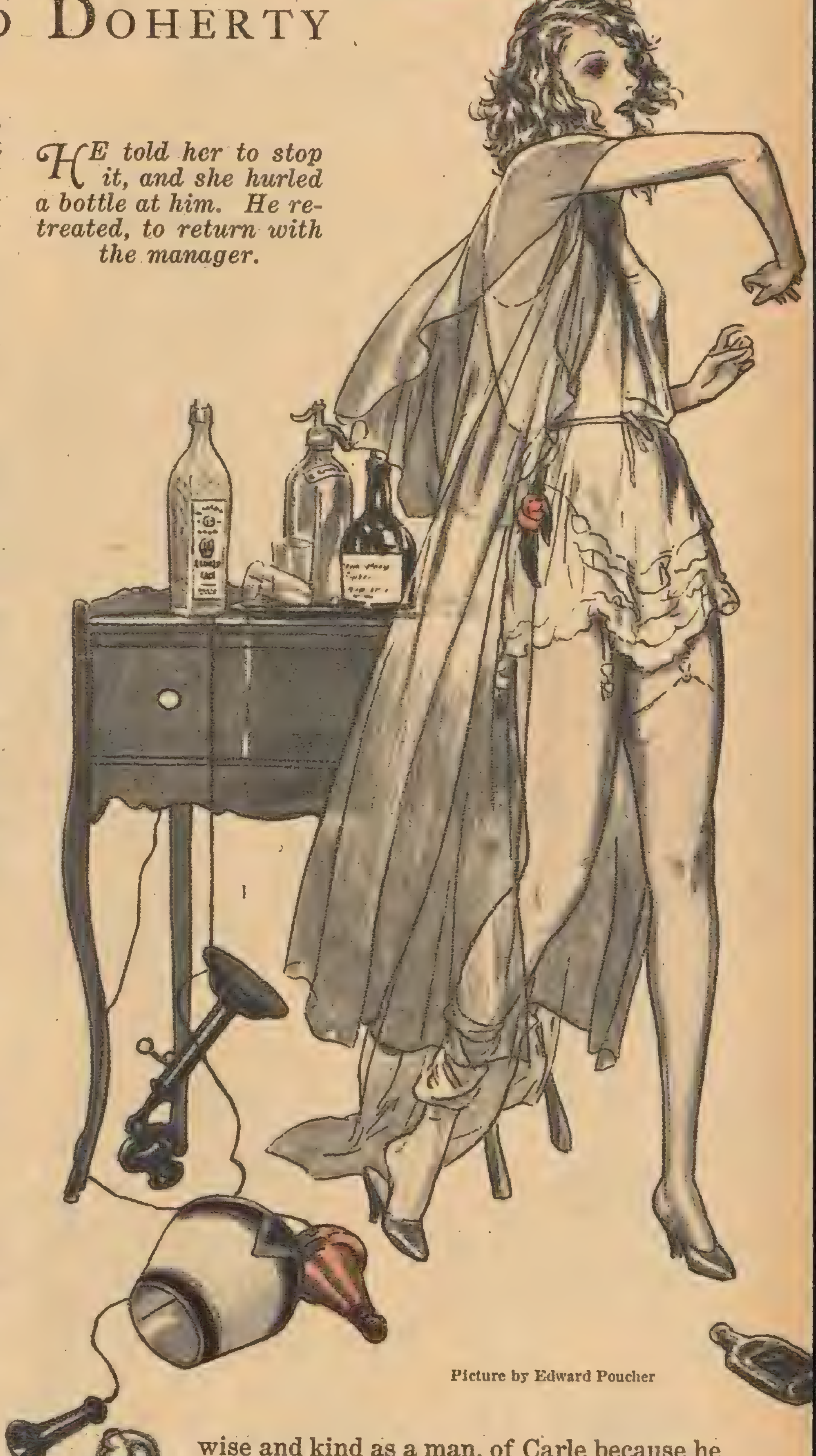
There is no sense in trying to provide handkerchiefs.

Here, then, Mr. Boy's Outfitter, is my list. I think that it takes care of everything. I am not prepared to go into as much detail as to the requirements for a girl's school, because my daughter (if I had one) is not old enough. But I don't want to get any more intimations that I am not doing right by my boy if I don't buy him a red hunting coat. If he wants a red hunting coat, he can let the sleeves of mine down an inch or so and wear that.

Equally helpful hints about another of life's problems will be dropped by Mr. Benchley in an early issue.

Jeanne Eag

By EDWARD DOHERTY



HE told her to stop it, and she hurled a bottle at him. He retreated, to return with the manager.

Picture by Edward Poucher

LAST week's installment of Mr. Doherty's story was devoted to Jeanne Eagels' foibles in the days of that prosperity which, with her temperament and her bodily ills, was to destroy her. Having taken leave of her celebrated rôle of Sadie Thompson, she bobbed up in Hollywood, leading lady with John Gilbert in the picture, Man, Woman, and Sin. Then Sam Harris engaged her for the play Chicago, but during the rehearsals she flounced out on him. After that she played in Her Cardboard Lover, making a stage masterpiece—her last—of the rôle of Simone. Her marriage to Ted Coy had turned out to be a sad mismating.

PART FOURTEEN

A FEW weeks before she died, Jeanne Eagels went to the opening of a new play with G. B. Outhwaite—"Icky," she called him—a thin, spruce, aristocratic-looking real estate broker.

He lived in Jeanne's apartment building, and they had become quite good friends after several months of saying "Good evening" and "Nice day." She liked him because he was young and wholesome and gay, and because he was different from any other man she had liked, but principally because she couldn't handle him.

She could not make him drop everything in the middle of the afternoon to go shopping with her. He knew nothing about theatricals, and when Jeanne's guests talked shop he would curl up on the davenport and go to sleep. When she attempted brusqueness with him she arrived nowhere. When she said "Here's your hat," he said "Good night," yawned, and left her. When he felt she was drinking too much he said so frankly.

"But it's so refreshing to go anywhere with him," Jeanne used to say. "He actually insists on paying the check for my dinner. That hasn't happened to me in years."

"That's because she's been going out with actors," Outhwaite would explain.

A Broadway columnist saw Jeanne and Outhwaite at the opening, and asked Jeanne about the new play she was to do for Harris.

"It's a gorgeous thing," Jeanne said. "One hundred men make love to me. And in the last act I'm a wreck."

That line may illustrate her life.

Many men had made love to Jeanne, and she had loved a few—in her own way. She loved men most for qualities of their minds, for the things they had accomplished, or might accomplish, for their philosophies of life. Physical love she felt but lightly. Passion she did not know, except on the stage. She was more actress than woman in her relations with men.

Really she had but two great loves—her mother and the theater.

She was so lovely, so dainty, so fragile, and yet so gay and reckless and irresponsible and brave, that men fell in love with her at sight. If they were young and good-looking, or if they were big men in their professions—"top dogs"—she was glad. She liked to surround herself with young men she could pamper and advise. "My boys," she called them.

She was fond of Arliss because he was the perfect actor, Eltinge because he was so beautiful as a woman and so wise and kind as a man, of Carle because he was the perfect comedian, of Mack because he was such a dynamic personality, of Forrest because he was her ideal stage director.

Jeanne told "Handsome Ed" Dubinsky that her love for his brother Maurice was the great love of her life. She told Barry O'Neill that he was the one real love of her life. And she told Mama Froggy that another man was the only man she ever cared for "with all her heart and soul"—until she met Ted Coy.

els

Hearts and Flowers—Jeanne Disappears and "Equity" Casts Her Out—Vaudeville, and a Refuge on the River

Jeanne saw life and love not as the average woman sees it, but as the actress sees it—strained through the romantic mind of a playwright, brightened and shadowed as by stagecraft, quickened or softened by the music of an invisible orchestra.

She loved but three men with anything like real and deep affection. Two of them were Coy and Barry O'Neill. And it may be that this affection was neither so genuine nor so deep as she fancied. Yet she did love these three more than she loved the others. And all three of them brought her anguish.

She was ill for months after the first of them left her—broken in spirit, void of ambition. Then when she married Coy she began to drink all the liquor she could find. And her love for Barry O'Neill swept her off the legitimate stage forever.

Barry O'Neill was in her company in Her Cardboard Lover. And though she saw him every day—and he made stage love to her every night—she did not notice him off stage; did not deign even to say " Good evening " or " Good night."

Barry is tall and strong and dark. He is handsome, and his hair has a slight curl in it. He is English. He served in the war and won a few decorations. His voice is deep and rich, and his stage appearance excellent. But for months he was to Jeanne only a member of her cast.

One night she spoke to him and he answered.

" Good night," she said.

" Good night, Miss Eagels."

And they were sweethearts.

IT was in Chicago, and they were playing at the Adelphi Theater. Jeanne had filed suit for divorce, but it would take months before the case was heard and the decree awarded.

The management of the Adelphi was more or less hostile to Jeanne because of her record. She had been ill in Philadelphia. Her throat had swollen so that she could not swallow, and could barely speak. The doctors—she visited them in every city—advised her not to continue playing. But the house was sold out for a week, and she played her rôle every night. However, she refused to play the week in Boston, for her throat was worse—and she was blamed for drinking.

She was sent from Boston to Chicago on a special train—a ruse to escape a creditor who threatened to sue—and had to change cars at Albany. There was a blizzard in Albany, and Jeanne berated the company manager—and again was accused of being drunk.

Ralph Kettering, Chicago manager for Gilbert Miller and Al Woods, waited in the box office of the theater every night until she appeared—expecting every night that she would not appear. She would come tripping lightly into the foyer, doing her dance step, humming a song. She would smile brightly at the men in the box office, including Kettering, who answered smile with scowl.

" Hello, Bustards," she greeted them.

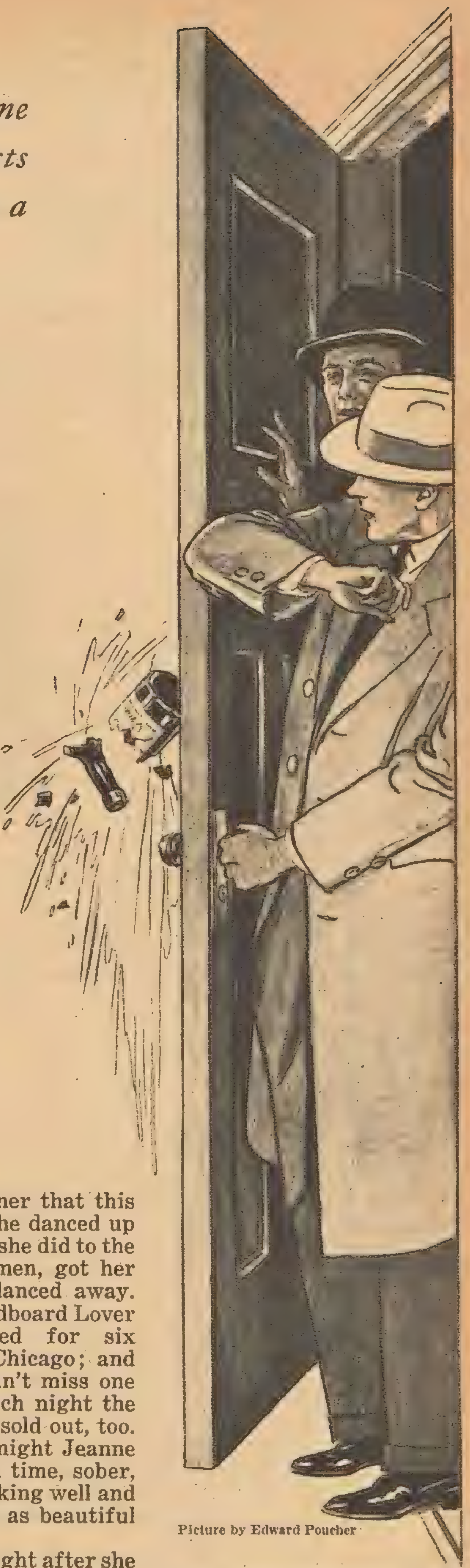
" Howdy, Witch," they answered.

It was sort of a password with her everywhere in Chicago. Even the hotel clerks were trained, it appears, to answer her " Hello, Bustards," with " Howdy, Witch." It tickled her that this was so. She danced up to them as she did to the box-office men, got her key, and danced away.

Her Cardboard Lover was booked for six weeks in Chicago; and Jeanne didn't miss one night. Each night the house was sold out, too. And each night Jeanne came in on time, sober, cheery, looking well and young and as beautiful as ever.

Every night after she greeted the box-office men she would ask about Ethel Barrymore. She hated Ethel and was jealous of her. She wanted to know every night how Ethel's play was doing, whether she or Ethel had drawn the bigger crowd. Every night she laughed when she heard that Barrymore, too, had sold out.

Every night after the show she would wait in her dressing room for Barry's knock on the door. Eve



Picture by Edward Poucher

She threw bottles at both of them and locked the door when they fled.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-one

night they would find a new speakeasy and drink and talk. Perhaps on their way to her hotel they would pass an all-night restaurant, and Jeanne must get out of the car and enter, to explore the kitchen and talk to the chef. Or they would go looking all over town for a hot-dog stand—and they aren't easy to find on winter nights, even in such a city as Chicago. Or they might spend an entire evening in a chop suey restaurant. Every night two or three drinks, and no more.

She was badly cut and bruised in an automobile accident on the night of Washington's Birthday, between matinée and evening performance. But she went on with the show that night as though nothing had happened.

One night Jeanne talked of theatrical stars, and the homage people paid them, and of the grandeur and dignity that stars deserved.

"We should surround our every public action with pomp and magnificence," she said, carried away with her own enthusiasm. "We should be almost as unapproachable as queens. We should walk on rich purple carpets from our dressing rooms into the streets. We should never let down. Now we shine for a little hour or two in a darkened theater. We are glorious, unearthly, people set up above all others because of our genius, our capacity to sway others, to make them laugh and cry, to make them live a romance we but play. And when the lights go on, what happens to us? We go through dim little passageways, and through a door opening on a dirty alley. Presently we are on the sidewalk, mingling with people, lost—nothing but individuals merged in the common herd."

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Jeanne as she looked shortly before she left the stage forever.

The next day she went to the house manager, dancing up to him but not humming.

"I was reading the other day that Marilyn Miller's manager had a carpet stretched from her dressing room into the street," she said.

"How interesting," the house manager said. He smiled broadly.

"Isn't it? And if there isn't a carpet from my dressing room into the street tomorrow, I shall not appear tomorrow night."

The house manager's smile was not so broad as he watched Jeanne dance away.

SHE phoned the next night, half an hour before the curtain was due to rise.

"Is the carpet stretched?"

"It's stretched."

"Thank you," Jeanne answered, and in less than five minutes danced into the foyer.

"Hello, Bustards."

"Hello, Witch."

She looked about the foyer.

"I detest these decorations," she said. "They must be changed tomorrow."

The house manager, who had come in time to catch the last words, looked distressed—but game.

"I'll have them changed," he said.

"They're atrocious. And Miss Barrymore?"

"Sold out again," said the house manager, savage glee in his tone.

"And so am I," Jeanne answered sweetly, dancing away.

On the last night of the Chicago run, Barry went out of the theater without knocking on Jeanne's door. He went out alone, without telling Jeanne, without asking her permission. Jeanne waited for him a long while. Then she sent for him, and learned that he was gone.

Her career in the legitimate theater ended that night ever.

II

IT was a Saturday night early in March, 1928, that Her Cardboard Lover ended its run in Chicago—and closed the book of Eagels in the American theater.

The play was to open in Milwaukee the following Monday. The Milwaukee Press Club had bought out the house for every night in the week, and had sold thousands of dollars' worth of advertising for the program.

But Jeanne Eagels had disappeared, and there was no understudy. She had left the Adelphi Theater in Chicago after the last performance, and though two cities were searched for her it was not until after midnight Sunday that she was found.

"Drunk again!" everybody said. "Look in every speakeasy." An impossible task, but it was attempted.

Ralph Kettering found her. She was in a room in the Congress Hotel, ill, and seething with rage and jealousy, and overcome by drink. She had been weeping. But when Kettering appeared she began to laugh and to hurl bottles out of the windows, empty bottles that had contained Scotch and champagne. Kettering told her to stop it, and she hurled a bottle at him. He retreated, to return with the manager of the company. She threw bottles at both of them and locked the door when they fled.

"Send for Red Gallagher," Kettering advised.

"Red" was the only man in the world who ever completely dominated Jeanne Eagels. Arliss and Forrest and Belasco had managed to tame her after a fashion, and Eltinge and Carle had been successful, at times, in bending her will to theirs. But Gallagher had never failed.

Gallagher is a stage hand in the Harris Theater, and is known both as "Senator" and as "Red." For more years than most of us care to acknowledge he was "Red the Bat Boy," the great mascot of the Chicago Cubs. He was the bat boy before Anson was Anson, and after Chance was Chance.

Jeanne met him when she played Rain in the Harris Theater, and liked his masterful way, his beaming good-natured face, his grizzled red hair, his stories of "Tinker to Evers to Chance," and his willingness to oblige.

And Red adored Jeanne, though he admitted she had "a nasty temper." Gallagher doesn't make a habit of coddling anybody, especially temperamental actresses. And the first time he saw Ted Coy knocking on the door of Jeanne's dressing room, he felt that something should be done.

Ted knocked gently, timidly. "It's Ted," he said. "May I come in, darling?"

Gallagher snorted.

"Huh!" he said. "Imagine that! Are we a man or a mouse? 'May I come in, darling?' is it? I know how I'd treat that neurotic lovely thing if I was her husband. Catch me knocking on her door! Why doesn't he just bust in like a man?—and if she gives him a bit of her lip, let him kiss her or kick her. 'Tis one and the same."

Jeanne liked to hear Red talk.

"Listen here," he said to her when she had fired her maid for no reason at all. "Are you one of these cuckoo dames who fly off the handle every minute? What's eating you? You put the Frenchy back to work, or you and me ain't pals."

"A man!" cried Jeanne. "My God, a man at last! I'll put the Frenchy back to work."

Ralph Kettering knew that Gallagher could make Jeanne get out of bed and go to Milwaukee, because he had heard the story of how Red had treated her on the last day of Rain.

Jeanne was leaving after the matinée, when she noticed that her name had been taken down from the marquee and

Margaret Lawrence's had been substituted. She saw, too, that all her posters were covered with Margaret's pictures.

She erupted. Men hid themselves or stood silent and appalled. Eagels had been insulted, and wasn't going to give the evening performance—and the house sold out. She was going to have everybody fired.

But Red strolled up to her and said, "Come here. I want to talk to you before you bust a blood vessel." He marched her into her dressing room.

"You're making an awful fool of yourself," he said. "Don't you like Maggie Lawrence? Don't you know it's union rules to change the posters between the last matinée and evening performance of a run? When you came here, didn't you see your name up in lights as the coming attraction? Huh? And wasn't it the Saturday night before you opened? Then what the hell are you kicking about? Go out there now and apologize to all them men."

Jeanne emerged sweet and gracious and told everybody it was quite all right and they were all dears to be so sweet to her. They were not to mind about putting up her name again, and she would play that night as usual.

"For the love of Mike, Jeanne Eagels, look at you now," Red greeted her as he stood in the doorway of her room in the Congress. "For two pins I'd go out and never come back again. I'm ashamed of you! You're acting like a spoiled baby. You ought to be spanked! Get up now and put on your clothes, while I turn my back. And no monkey business out of you, either. I'll not stand any shenanigans. You'll be on your way to Milwaukee in an hour."

Jeanne dressed hurriedly, laughing, giggling, making jokes. And Red, with his back to her, went on with his half-meant abuse.

"Drinking, eh? Throwing bottles out the window! Throwing bottles at people, like a southpaw with the charley horse! All because a man goes out to take a drink alone. A fine pride you have, Jeanne Eagels. A great goose you are. Are you dressed?"

JEANNE was ready to go, but she would not go by train. She insisted on a taxicab. Red put her into one, grumbling, and bade her good-by. And as soon as Jeanne left him she collected her maid and Charley Clow, a rich man's son, and a whole case of champagne.

Jeanne got to Milwaukee—eventually, and went to her hotel and stayed in her room all week. She was too ill to go to the theater, she said, and there was no Red Gallagher in Milwaukee to make her change her mind.

The manager of the Milwaukee Theater, Kettering the company manager, and members of the cast did what they could—but Jeanne refused to leave her room.

Jeanne never denied that she had taken too much liquor in Chicago, and in Milwaukee also. But she claimed that her consumption of liquor was not to be blamed for her illness, and that it was illness and not drink that caused her to miss that week in Milwaukee—and the week that was to follow in St. Louis.

She had visited three doctors during the last week in Chicago. They were ready to swear that she was suffering from nervous exhaustion when she visited them, and from a serious infection of the throat which was sapping her strength and making it dangerous for her to speak. They were not allowed, however, to swear to anything in Jeanne's favor when she was brought before Equity on charges.

Jeanne's record was against her. She was sick—but nobody in Boston or Milwaukee or St. Louis would believe it. The manager of the Milwaukee Theater called her "an imp from hell," and complained to Equity.

Jeanne missed the week in Milwaukee, but promised to go to St. Louis if she had to go by plane. The company and the scenery were waiting for her. But she stayed in Milwaukee, and when Equity's representative called to find out why, she refused to see him.

With Equity's board of managers, it was not a question whether Jeanne was suffering from nervous exhaustion and a throat infection, or from plain alcoholism. It was a question whether she had or had not defied Equity's representative.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAPPY FEET
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Corns and bunions ruin golf scores. Hurting feet hurt everything you do. Active men and women keep their feet happy with Nyal Corn Remover. One application and the pain is gone—a few more and the corn goes too. In applicator bottle, 25c. Use Nyal Eas'Em Foot Powder for tired, aching feet.

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It seems queer, but the modern method is to feed away excess fat. The food is a gland substance, taken from cattle and sheep. The amount decided by scientific tests is two grains a day.

The reason is this: Medical research has found that the great cause of excess fat lies in a weakened gland. It is really a disease. No exercise or diet can correct it.

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The main factor is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. They were perfected in a famous medical laboratory. People have used them for more than 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Not only constant loss of weight, but new health and vitality. Thus the use has spread, from year to year, until countless people use this modern method.

You can see the results wherever you look. Slender figures are the rule. Excess fat is now a rarity. Men and women try to look and feel their best.

Try this method for excess fat in any part that makes you look old or abnormal. Watch the fat fade away. Watch the new vigor that comes. You will be amazed and delighted. Don't go on with a weight of fat when so many are getting slender. Start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

JEANNE EAGELS

Continued from page sixty-three

They found she had defied him, and they fined her two weeks' pay—which was figured at $3,600, though Jeanne's contract called for a salary and a percentage of the profits—and banned her from the stage for eighteen months. They wanted to make it a permanent ban, but Ethel Barrymore—though she knew Jeanne hated her—would not tolerate that. And Ethel is powerful in Equity.

Jeanne's friends maintain she never had a chance. The witnesses against her, they say, were a stage manager she had discharged and his friends. She was not allowed to hear the testimony against her. Her lawyer was not permitted to cross-examine witnesses. Jeanne was given the chance to defend herself—after being made to wait three hours in an anteroom—but she was not permitted to bring as her witnesses the doctors in New York and Chicago who could and would testify that she was too ill to work on the stage.

Jeanne admitted privately that she should be punished. But she felt that Equity had not been fair in its proceedings against her, that it had humiliated her, by making her wait so long in the anteroom—where she could refute nothing that was said against her—and that the punishment was excessive.

"I was too sick to play," she summed up the case. "But I had been drinking, too. That aggravated my illness. I admit that. But I didn't have a fair trial. And Equity can go to hell."

Jeanne had joined Equity after her return from London, but only under protest.

"I am not thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of my act," she wrote. "I cast my lot with you because I do not wish to embarrass my associates or oppose in any way an adjustment by which the managers, my own among others, may continue in the business of theatrical productions."

In the movie, Man, Woman, and Sin.

When she arrived in Minneapolis months later, in vaudeville, she was glad to give an interview.

"I arrived Sunday," she said. "My trunks and wardrobe didn't. Therefore it was impossible for me to give a show. The papers will say that I've been on a spree, or that I reeled into the theater too drunk to play. Well, let them say it. I'm the girl that always gets the swell breaks. I'm the hard-hearted Hannah of the stage."

Equity's finding was announced on April 6, 1928. Jeanne's attorney asked for an appeal, and a committee of nine members was appointed to hear the appeal. A time limit was fixed, but Jeanne was on tour in vaudeville when it expired. She did not appear. She had become convinced there was no use in appealing—and she wasn't going to let Equity make her wait three hours again. The ban would have been lifted on October 6, 1929.

On that day Jeanne's body, in the bronze and silver coffin, was lying in state in the family undertaker's parlor in Kansas City.

III

"BANISHED from Rome! What's banished but set free?"

Jeanne Eagels laughed about her banishment, after the first few days, and defied Equity and everybody connected with it. But she wept bitterly too, and said that her life was wrecked—"because I was sick and desperate and all alone, and drank too much trying to forget my illness and my loneliness, and because I refused to see that man from Equity. I was too sick to see him. But what do they care? I'm thrown out. I've lost everything. The most brutal criminals are given more consideration in our courts than Equity gave me. But I'll show them! I'll come back in eighteen months. And in the meantime there's always vaudeville and the movies."

She realized that vaudeville would pay her more than the legitimate theater, and that the movies would pay more than vaudeville—both in money and in fame.

Already people pointed her out in restaurants and hotel lobbies, not as Jeanne Eagels who was the star of Rain and Her Cardboard Lover, but as "Jeanne Eagels, you know—she played with John Gilbert in Man, Woman, and Sin." It was a joke, this thing called fame. She received more recognition for one rôle in a movie than she had gained in all her years on the stage.

Jeanne went to her country estate near Ossining, taking with her the members of the Her Cardboard Lover company who were out of a job through her fault, and who had neither homes nor money. Several of them lived on her bounty for weeks. She took delight in cooking for them, and taking them to and from New York in her cars, and calling up men who might have work for them.

She had divorced Ted Coy, and there were a number of young men living at her home, but there was always someone to act as chaperon.

Jeanne had been banished but a few weeks when she was asked to appear at an actors' benefit performance in New York. All the others on the bill were members of Equity and all those to be benefited were members of Equity, but Jeanne accepted the invitation gladly.

"I'LL give them a little of Sadie Thompson," she said. "And then I'll make a quick change and give them the telephone scene from Her Cardboard Lover."

There was as much difference between Sadie and Simone as there was between the ancient bar maid in A Gentleman's Mother and the young soubrette. And Jeanne's versatility was appreciated by the great audience at the benefit and vigorously applauded.

The skit led to her appearance in vaudeville. Harry Weber booked her for twenty weeks at $4,000 a week, and suggested that she needed two men to support her in the act. She selected two members of the Her Cardboard Lover troupe; but Equity objected. No union players might be associated with her. She was an outcast. Jeanne laughed, and selected a couple of nonunion men. And then the Keith-Albee-Orpheum circuit canceled her bookings—probably because it didn't care to antagonize Equity.

No matter; Jeanne made her vaudeville tour, and it was a triumph for her. Audiences marveled at her. She was a headliner wherever she went, and nobody seemed to care that Equity had thrust her into limbo.

She drank more than ever, after the show, and kept a supply of liquor in her dressing room. Friends would call for her and drink with her. They'd take her places sometimes when she could hardly walk.

It was no uncommon sight to see her come into a room walking sedately between two men who held her arms. She would look serene and charming, and only a few would realize that if her escorts should let go her arms she would totter and fall.

Jeanne's companions would seat her in a comfortable chair, and she would say "How j' doo?" "How j' doo?" smiling and democratic, but extremely dignified. A princess could do it no better.

Along about four or five in the morning Jeanne or someone else would remember another party, until then forgotten, at which Jeanne was supposed to be the guest of honor. The escorts would lead her out, and she would drink again until seven or eight. A few hours' sleep and she was sparkling with life, sober, funny, trying to please everybody in the place.

She returned to New York well satisfied with herself, but worrying about Barry O'Neill.

Barry was sweet, but he was trying, too. On the first night of a play, for instance, Jeanne would leave him standing in the foyer of a theater while she went about greeting friends. Barry would sulk.

"What's the matter with you?" he would demand—it happened many times. "Why don't you introduce me to your friends? Are you ashamed of me? You needn't be. I'm as big as you are."

Jeanne would laugh at him, or tell him never to speak to her again. Or she'd read him a lecture.

"Don't cheapen yourself. Don't run after people. Make them come to you. Don't be seen drinking in the

Broadway night clubs. The speakeasies on the side streets are more private. Don't go around with cheap people. Give the public all it expects of an actor."

When she wasn't with O'Neill she was with Outhwaite.

Jane Cowl was puzzled the first time she saw Jeanne and Outhwaite together.

"Is that another one of Jeanne's lovers?" she asked.

"Tragedy!" cried Jeanne, imitating Jane Cowl in her most tragic moments. "Tragedy, tragedy, tragedy! For God's sake, try to be human once in a while!"

IV

SHORTLY after she signed a contract to make three talkies for Paramount, Jeanne sold her estate in Briarcliff Hills. But she felt she must have a country place, so she bought another nearer Ossining.

The house is the kind one sees on the sides or the tops of California hills. The land drops away from it in an almost sheer descent to the Hudson River. One might roll down, but few could walk down that slope. Jeanne realized this—but the view from her windows was so lovely that it compensated for the fact that neither she nor her guests could use the hill.

She bought a lot of toys, that her guests might amuse themselves indoors; and had an expert come up from New York to show her exactly how to use them.

"The house is divine," she said, "and next year I'll have trees and gardens all around it—if I live."

She spent much time furnishing it, matching colors in the various rooms, buying beds and chairs and tables and window drapes and curtains. She spent much time studying the best places for vases of flowers. She wanted them where the lights would shine on them with the best effect. She oversaw everything, and bossed the carpenters.

"Look!" she said to a man putting up her screens. "You've left a little chink here. Is that so the bugs can run in and out?"

"Yes, ma'am," and the man went on with his work.

She would sit for hours looking at the river and the mountains.

"There's something about a mountain that makes me seem little and no-account. Mountains are so vast, so mysterious, so patient. They were there thousands of years before I was ever thought of. They will be there, calm and unconcerned as ever, thousands and thousands of years after I am dead."

Judith Anderson, who made her big success in Strange Interlude, was one of Jeanne's last guests at this house. She remembers Jeanne sitting on the driveway wall, dressed in white with a blue band around her fine blonde hair, looking like a girl of seventeen.

The guests were running around in bathing suits. They had been swimming in the river, and were now playing with Jeanne's toys. Jeanne sat quietly, watching, smiling.

"That's a wonderful diamond," Judith said, looking at the ring Jeanne had worn for years.

"It's only a chip," said Jeanne. "Tomorrow I'll get a real one."

She laughed and turned to Judith seriously.

"I can say these things to you, and you will understand. If I said them to other people they would believe me."

Jeanne had met Judith in Chicago, when Judith was playing in The Dove with Holbrook Blinn. They were of such different types that they became friends at once. One was nervous, frothy, tender, and gay, the other quiet, poised, and sedate. Judith was a restful person for Jeanne, and Jeanne realized it and clung to her.

She went to see Judith in Quincy, where Strange Interlude found refuge when Boston banned it.

"I'll come up again soon," she said as she left, "and we'll go away some place in the country, and pick flowers and red and gold leaves, and talk, and not drink anything at all—just you and I, Judith."

Jeanne felt she could confide in Judith, and, riding into town with her after the last week-end, she told her something of her life, her loneliness, her constant illness. She talked of God and religion, and her need to regain her old faith.

Her talk rambled. She spoke of a play she was going to write, and became almost incoherent. But as the car left Yonkers and entered the traffic of New York, she brightened, became gay and understandable.

"I must have a salon!" she cried; "a salon where I can have open house, but not too open. Say, on Sunday afternoons, and perhaps one night a week. I'll have artists, writers, musicians, singers, dancers, people of the stage, everybody—well, of course, not everybody; only the people I like and revere. I must do that—if I live."

V

JEANNE'S contract, arranged by Sam Harris and Monta Bell, called for three pictures, The Letter, Jealousy, and The Laughing Lady. Jeanne was to receive $200,000.

She made the first two pictures, but Ruth Chatterton was called in to take her place in The Laughing Lady. Jeanne could not possibly have finished it. She was content to have the studio officials buy up her contract.

If her reputation had grown with the years, her infirmities had kept pace with it. The throat infection had not been cured. Her chest was weaker than it had ever been—and the dread of consumption had grown strong. She had developed neuralgia and a kidney disease. Her broken jaw pained her almost constantly, though the drugs dulled it somewhat. Her sinus trouble had returned, and her eyes needed the attention of a surgeon.

"My body looks like a war map,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OVER

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JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-five

from all the scars the doctors have made on it," she said. "Now I must have an operation on my eyes."

But she gave that tired worn-out body no rest. More and more drugs were needed to make it do the work her will demanded—more sedatives, more stimulants.

At times her mind was troubled, and her memory distorted. She fully believed that Fay Bainter, while a guest at her home in Briarcliff Hills, had dug up her finest trees and transplanted them.

Just as Jeanne Eagels was perhaps the greatest actress of her time on the speaking stage—so

MABEL NORMAND

was unquestionably the greatest comedienne of the screen.

The life story of

Madcap Mabel Normand

By Sidney Sutherland

begins in Liberty next week.

"She got out of bed in the middle of the night," Jeanne said. "She came out in her nightie and dug them up and planted them again."

Yet she looked beautiful and well. She danced all over the Paramount studios, she laughed, she sang, she played Puckish jokes.

The Letter was the first big dramatic smash of the new talkies, and though it wasn't a great box-office success, it was one of the finest pictures ever made.

After Jeanne's death it was shown in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City—and all the actors and actresses were compelled to see it, that they might observe a really great actress in a really great play.

They watched Jeanne on the witness stand, fighting for her life. They saw no tearing of handkerchiefs, no biting of the lips, no writhing hands; only a slight gesture now and then to show her nervousness. They were amazed. Jeanne's attitude, Jeanne's voice, made them almost ready to believe that the heroine she was playing was telling the truth, though they had seen her kill her lover in a fit of jealousy and not in a fight to save her virtue.

Yet when The Letter was finished, the assistant directors, the stage hands, the actors and actresses who had worked with her, all gave vent to their happiness, until they learned that they had two more pictures to make with her.

JEANNE EAGELS was temperamental, they said—ritzy, cruel, and pathetically dumb. She insisted on doing things, not as the assistant director or the director thought they should be done, but as she believed they should be. Strangely enough, the shrewd Monta Bell usually sided with Jeanne—which did not make her popular.

She paid no attention to schedules, though she arrived on time every morning. Bell would make an appointment for her to see the dressmaker at ten o'clock in the morning, and fix an hour in the afternoon for the selection of shoes. The other members of the cast would be instructed to appear at eleven o'clock. Everything would be so arranged that the picture might be shot between that hour and the time set for Jeanne to visit the shoe stores.

And the next day she would appear at noon, with a dozen pairs of shoes, to explain that she had spent the morning shopping. The unit would be disorganized for several days.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 44 AND THE ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 48

Automobile headlights do not match.
The car has no rear door.
Luggage is not secured to the car.
The car has one disk wheel.
The radiator cap is out of place.
The license plate is upside down.
The car has no steering wheel.
One of the front fenders is missing.
The signpost points in two directions.
Two kinds of leaves are shown on the tree.
Man in front seat of

E	D	I	T		P	O	L	A	R		M	A	N	U
L	A	D	E		A	R	I	S	E		O	B	I	S
I	T	E	R		T	E	M	P	T		R	U	N	E
T	E	A	R		T	A	P	■	■	M	A	T	E	D
E	S	S	A	Y	E	D	■	T	R	O	Y			
			C	A	D	■	T	O	I	L	■	E	V	A
L	A	T	E	R	■	O	R	A	T	E	■	B	I	B
O	V	A	■	D	E	V	I	S	E	S	■	O	N	E
G	E	M	■	A	D	A	P	T	■	T	E	N	E	T
E	R	E	■	G	A	L	E	■	P	E	R			
			H	E	M	S	■	R	E	D	U	C	E	S
F	A	D	E	S	■	■	S	E	A		P	A	N	T
A	V	O	W		M	E	T	A	L		T	I	D	E
R	I	L	E		I	R	A	D	E		E	N	O	W

Jeanne didn't care what they said about her. As a matter of fact, she wanted them to think her temperamental and savage and all but impossible to handle. It gave her a chance to have her own way about things—and she felt that having her own way was vital to the picture. If she let all these "stupid people" tell her what to do, the picture would be terrible.

She had various methods of letting everybody know she was in a vicious mood and not to be trifled with. She would slip a bill into the pocket of the hall porter as she entered the studio, and then—first winking at him to show it was all fun and good nature—she would scream insults at him until men came running to see who was being murdered.

SHE seldom missed an opportunity to further her own ends thus. Even the boy who brought meals to her room was a more or less unwilling accomplice.

"Where's my butter?" Jeanne shouted at him.

"Butter? There's butter right here, Miss Eagels!"

"That little piece? I know what you've done, you rascal. You've stolen my butter and given it to Gertie Lawrence. You go right back this instant and take it away from her."

Gertrude Lawrence was in another unit in the same studio; and the boy's confused statements to her that Jeanne thought she was stealing butter didn't make for peace and amity.

Jeanne's secretary, 'Stina Larson, and a maid usually accompanied Jeanne to the studio, and 'Stina was always near-by holding a lizard-skin box tenderly in her hands. Frequently Jeanne would call her, sometimes interrupting a scene, and bid her "Powder my nose!"

Directors, actors, extras, electricians, cameramen, and others would stand around, cursing inwardly, and wait until 'Stina had performed this rite for her mistress. It must be done just so. It must not be done hurriedly.

'Stina was impressed and bewildered with this world of make-believe.

She was so overcome on her first visit that she could hardly talk. The orchestras playing everywhere; the beautiful stages and the men and women on them, singing and playing; the lights, the cameras, the people walking around—soldiers, generals, beautiful women, gypsies, gangsters, policemen, sailors—everybody painted, everybody silent and glum. It was only in the studio café at luncheon that 'Stina found her voice. She had been looking at a couple of nuns who had just entered, and was thinking, "What a contrast to all these make-believe people," when one of them saw an acquaintance across the room and cried, "Hello, Billy. How the hell are you?"

'Stina gasped and turned to Jeanne.

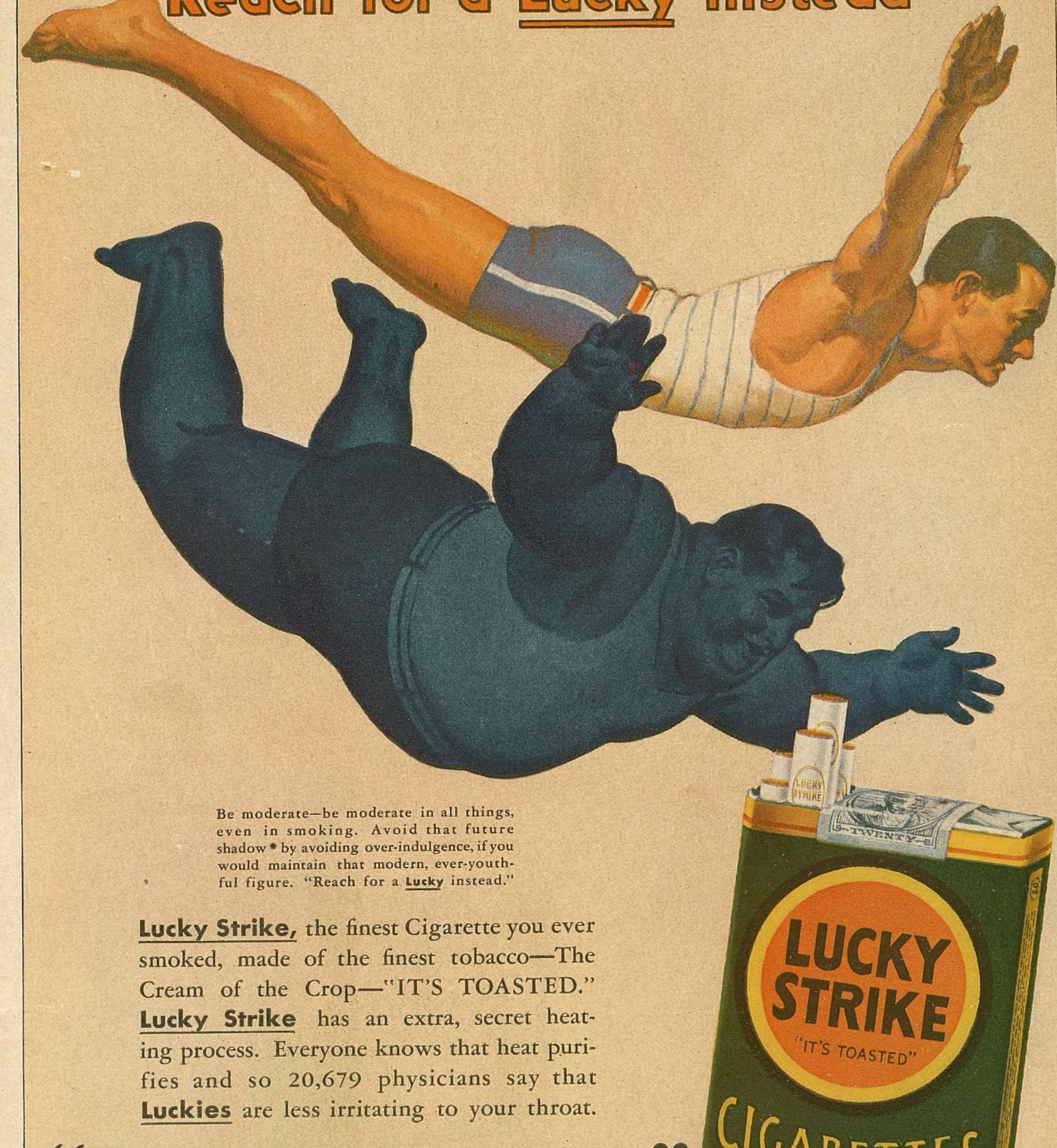
"Aren't they real, either?" she asked.

Mr. Doherty's life story of Jeanne Eagels will be concluded in next week's issue.

SOUND ADVICE!

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"



Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a Lucky instead."

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"It's toasted"

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Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

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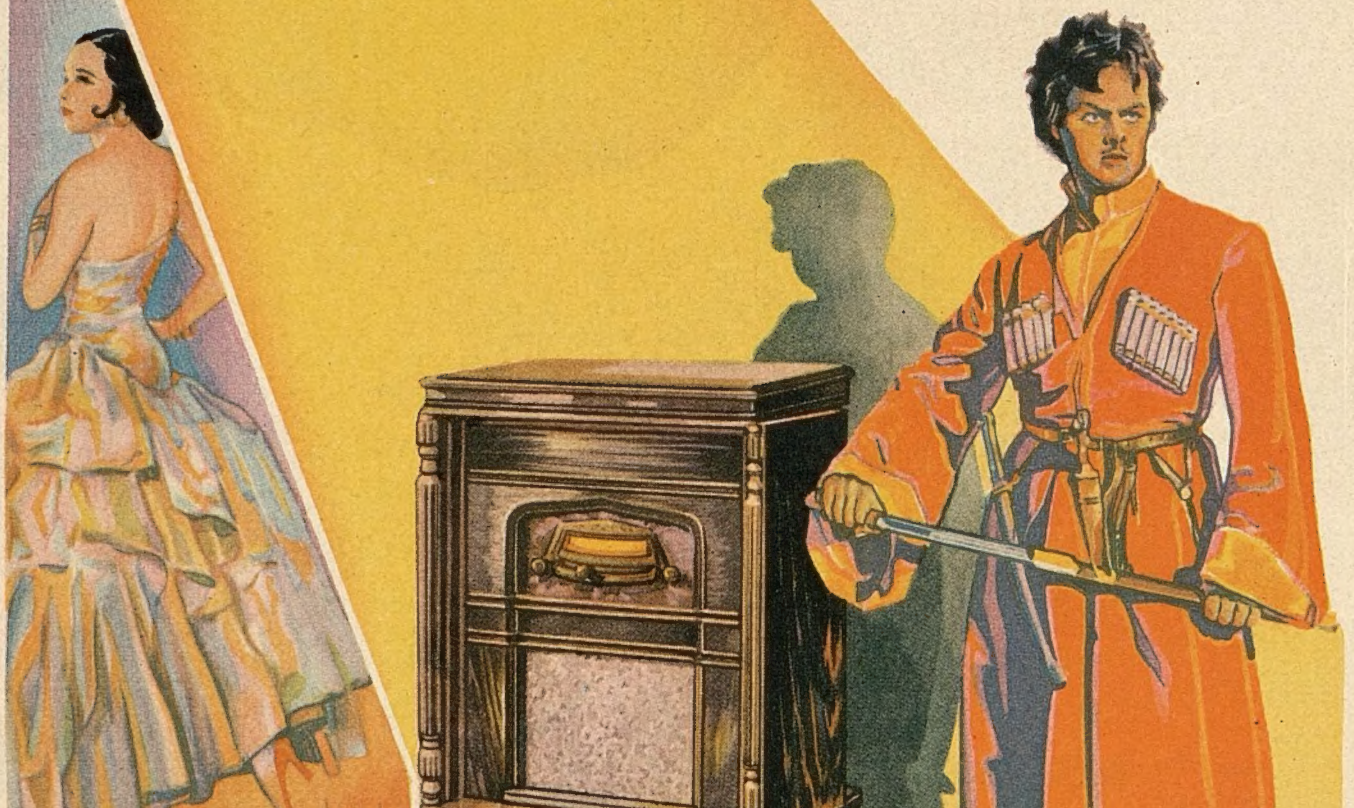

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